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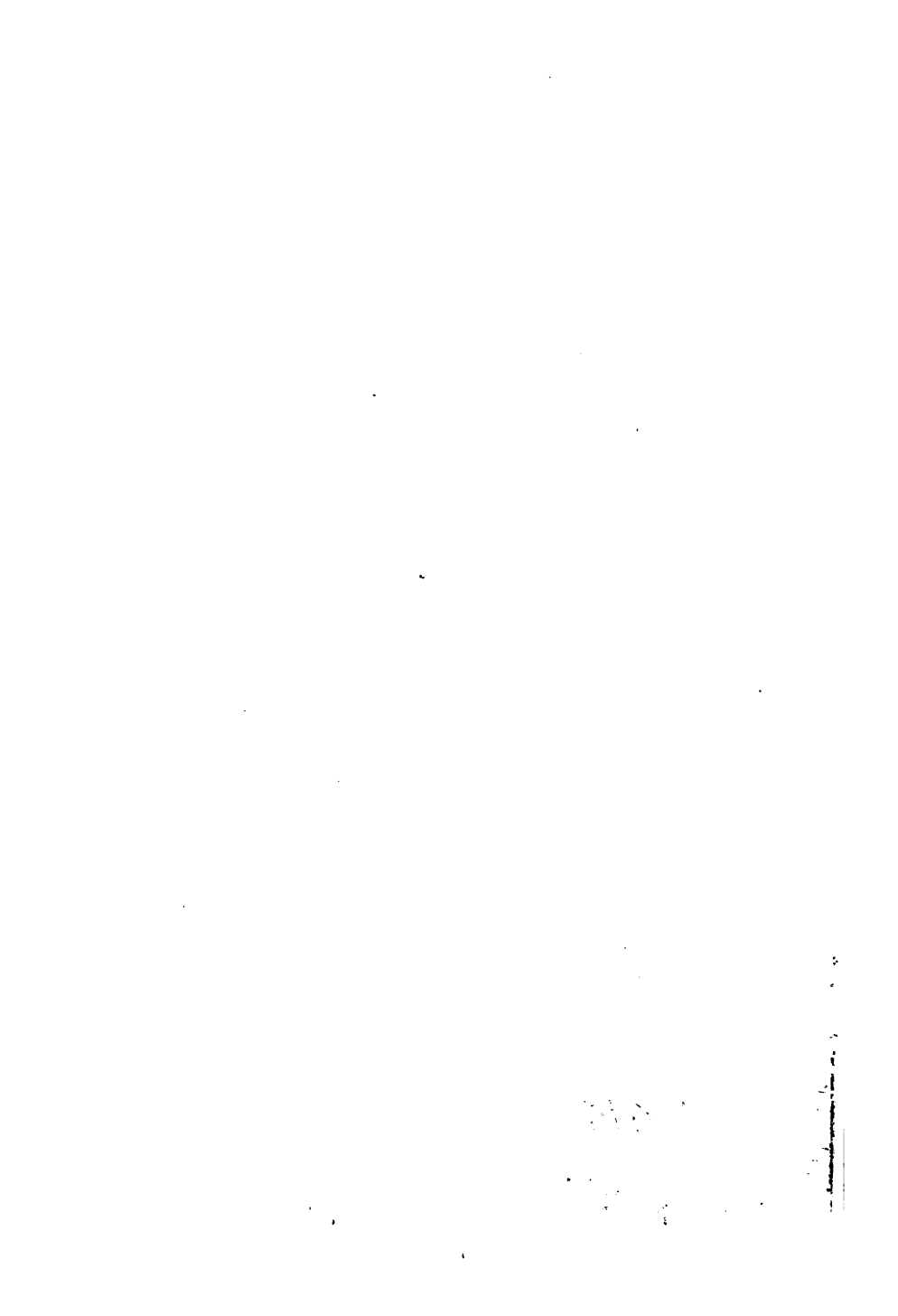
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Patriotic Illustrations for Public Speakers

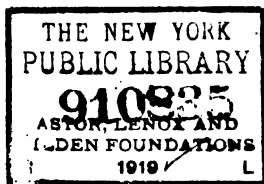
BY
WILL H. BROWN

*Author of "The Call of Service," "The Legacy of the Golden
Key," "Illustrative Incidents for Public Speakers," "With
and Humor for Public Speakers," "Poems of Pep
and Point for Public Speakers," "The Sex Life
of Boys and Young Men," Etc., Etc.*

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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DEDICATION

To the Instructors of the Youth of the World—
Parents in the Homes, Teachers in the Schools
Workers in the Churches, and the Leaders in
every Organization looking to the right guidance
of Boys and Girls, who will be the Men and
Women of the Coming Generation.

“Train up a child in the way he should go,
and when he is old he will not depart there-
from.”—Prov. 22:6.

Loyalty to the welfare of humanity must rest
upon an understanding of the rights of human-
ity. A properly instructed and guided child
will produce a Loyal Citizen.

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INTRODUCTION

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

Man has been taught for ages that patriotism is:

"Love of one's country; devotion to the welfare of one's country; the passion of inspiring one to serve one's country."

America's participation in the great world war has enlarged that definition. It must now be:

"Love of the *world*; the passion inspiring one to serve *humanity*."

America, of all nations, was best fitted for setting forth the larger meaning, for here all races have a home under the flag that spells freedom wherever it waves. In one training-camp on American soil were the sons of parents who came here from fifty-seven other countries, from the uttermost parts of the earth, to find a home where justice reigns.

Yes, stalwart, loyal sons, ready to fight for world freedom, whether it be for brave little Belgium, struggling for its very existence, or for big and ponderous Russia, with its 170,000,000 inhabitants; for the people of a nation fighting against an outward foe, or for those of a nation oppressed, deceived and threatened by their own heartless, autocratic rulers. *America stands for the liberty of the world.*

THE CONDUCT OF NATIONS.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," we read in Prov. 14: 34. As a nation holds to the true or the false in civilization, will it be lifted up or debased.

"Made in Germany," formerly a mark that meant honor in the world of nations, has been driven by Germany from the face

of the earth, at least for a time, for now it is everywhere known that the most destructive, cruel, corrupting force in all history was also "made in Germany." The sin which the rulers of Germany have brought upon their own people is only comparable to the suffering they have caused, both at home and in other lands.

At the opposite extreme stands America, with no selfish interests at stake; America, spending billions of dollars and sending men by the hundreds of thousands over the sea, to fight for the common rights of all people everywhere, forever blotting out national limits of patriotism and responsibility.

REAL PATRIOTISM EXALTS.

We hear it said that war has a brutalizing effect. Yes, upon the nation engaging in it for selfish ends, and perhaps upon a few individuals in other countries. It is probable, however, in the latter instance that war only brings to the surface whatever of grossness and brutality may be smoldering in the heart.

It has been noticeable that even some public speakers, under the guise of patriotism, have taken advantage of the highly wrought-up feelings of our citizens to resort to the language of the bar-room. Coarseness of speech everywhere and always leads to coarse thought, which in turn results in coarse conduct. The high ideals for which America entered the great war which threatened the peace and safety of the world must not be dragged into the dust on any pretense whatever. Real patriotism exalts both in speech and conduct.

America, through the Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., the high schools and the universities, has encouraged "clean speech" for our boys and young men, with very satisfactory results, and public speakers should scorn to lower the standard in the least. Imagine the surprise and shock that would come to every one on a crowded street-car should a Boy Scout, clad in his manly uniform, enter the car and, in conversation with an acquaintance,

use the word "damn," as some speakers have had the effrontery to do, in discussing the great war. Every one would feel that the Boy Scout had no right to the uniform he was wearing.

Leave the low language to those who, in their ignorance and degradation, do not realize the meaning of what they say.

BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA.

It has been truly said that because of the great war the world will never be the same again. Certain it is that America will never be the same. A new page has been opened. Our giving, toiling, serving, sacrificing, even to the lives of some of our most precious boys, has made us all *one* in a sense never before realized. The rich, the poor, the official, the laborer, regardless of race or religion, working, suffering, fighting side by side, have been brought to a new and higher appreciation of the things for which our beloved America stands.

In harmony with the new spirit in the world, this volume of "Patriotic Illustrations for Public Speakers" has been prepared, covering every possible phase of the new patriotism. In addition to the index, with a classification of about eighty subjects, will be found, on page 301, many cross-references.

In the future the public speaker, in societies, clubs, fraternal organizations, on the lecture platform, the rostrum and in the pulpit, will have greater need of modern, thrilling incidents of patriotic devotion to high ideals, hence many of the illustrations here given are chosen from the most impressive and outstanding features of the world struggle. Here are scores of heart-searching incidents and experiences which we should never forget, nor permit the coming generations to forget, whether we be public speakers or private citizens. The loyalty, the heroism, the sacrifice, the love and devotion, the giving and serving, such as here recorded, should be cherished by one and all, that America and the world may go onward and upward to a glorious destiny.

WILL H. BROWN.



CLASSIFIED ILLUSTRATIONS

ACTIVITY

PREFERRED REAL ACTION.

An American Indian, who enlisted in Uncle Sam's army and returned to his reservation on a furlough, was asked what he thought of being a soldier. Recalling the drilling and the necessary formalities for the maintaining of discipline, he replied with disgust:

"No much good. Too much salute; not enough shoot."

When asked if he knew what our country was fighting for, he brightened up and promptly answered:

"To make the whole world the Democratic party!"

WHEN THERE'S SOMETHING DOING.

"You don't mind how many of your men are shot," said an old soldier, "when you are charging forward. It is when you are standing still and men are falling all about you that it has a terribly depressing effect upon you. But when you are rushing forward you do not see it."

This is just as true in any calling in life. When you are making progress, or helping the community to go forward in all that makes for the best things of life, you don't stop to worry over discouragements or apparent failures. Anything you do for the good of others is true patriotism.

PRIZED SERVICE MORE THAN MEDAL.

Thor Bayward, a San Francisco young man, was so anxious to help France in the great war that almost immediately after the

Germans began their devastating march through Belgium, he rushed to Canada and enlisted in the Eighteenth Battalion of the Second Canadian Contingent. He was made a non-commissioned officer, and rendered such distinguished service on the field of battle that he was notified to appear in London to receive the famous Military Cross at the hands of King George. Upon his arrival in the great city he learned that the decoration would not take place for four days, so did not wait for it.

"When there is so much doing in France and the need of men is so great," he said to a friend, who reported his action to his home folks, "I don't like to hang around London four extra days."

He at once departed for France.

AGITATION

IN A DIFFERENT WAY.

Harkins: "There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people."

Clark: "Great war agitator, I suppose?"

Harkins: "No; manufacturer of alarm-clocks."

DEMONSTRATING HORSE SENSE.

A citizen of Albany, N. Y., went to Washington, determined to stir things up in behalf of war sentiment. In an effort to demonstrate that what the United States needed was confidence and horse sense, he mounted a horse and galloped the animal up the Capitol steps. Policemen who arrested him agreed with his sentiments, but sent him to an insane asylum.

TALK ABOUT THE WAR.

It will be remembered that for some time after the great war broke out and before the United States was drawn into it, people

were urged to refrain from discussing the matter in a way that would hurt any one's feelings, and especially German sympathizers. In many places the sign, "No War Talk Here," was posted.

When we entered the war, however, the sentiment changed, and gradually became so pronounced that the person who didn't "talk war," and stand up for Uncle Sam, was suspected of disloyalty. Then these same signs were ordered down. One chief of police, in doing so, said:

"We want war talk now."

WHAT WOMAN COULD DO.

Just prior to the Civil War, Susan B. Anthony was endeavoring to enlist the support of Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, in the cause of woman's rights. The great editor was opposed to woman's suffrage, among other reasons declaring that women were useless in wartimes.

"What would you do," he demanded, "in the event of civil war?"

"Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," promptly replied Miss Anthony. "I should sit in my office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."

AMERICA

FRIDAY ALL RIGHT FOR US.

Columbus sailed for America on Friday and landed here on Friday, according to an Eastern magazine, which also says that the "Mayflower" reached Provincetown Harbor on Friday; that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock on Friday; that George Washington was born on Friday; that St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest settlement in the United States, was founded on Friday, and that it was on Friday that John Adams made the motion that the United States should be made independent.

AMERICA FIGHTS FOR THE WORLD.

Belgium fought for her homeland,
 And held back the tide of the Hun,
 Sacrificed all for her honor,
 And priceless the glory she won;
 She feared not the wrath of the Kaiser,
 Against him her own power she hurled.
 Belgium fought for her homeland—
 America fights for the world!

France fought for personal freedom—
 That her own republic might live;
 Laid everything on the altar
 And her sons she gladly did give;
 She poured out her blood so freely,
 The tricolored flag she unfurled.
 France fought for personal freedom—
 America fights for the world!

England fought for right in Europe,
 And to help her allies to live;
 To crush the New Barbarian,
 She gave all a nation could give;
 To curb the beast without honor,
 Her national anthem she purled.
 England fought for right in Europe—
 America fights for the world!

—Jacob H. McCartney, in *San Francisco Call*.

“AMERICA SHOULD WORRY.”

“America’s trade with Germany shows one great feature,” says Herbert Bayard Swope, in his book—“Inside the German Empire”—“and that is we can more readily do without Germany than she without us.”

He then gives our table of imports and exports with Germany since 1912, as follows:

	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
1912	\$186,042,644	\$330,450,830
1913	184,211,352	351,930,541
1914	149,389,366	158,294,986
1915	44,953,285	11,788,852
1916 (Jan.-Apr.).....	3,141,791	58,646

The noticeable decrease in trade in 1916 was due to the tightening of the British blockade and the blacklist.

The Kaiser's petulant remark to Ambassador Gerard, "I will stand no nonsense from America after this war," caused no anxiety in our country.

OUR RESOURCEFUL NATION.

Of all the nations in the world, the United States is the most independent industrially. Within our confines there is produced every cereal, every vegetable and every fruit grown in any zone. In our forests may be found every wood; from our mines are extracted ores of every metal—precious or base; our supplies of coal and of fuel oil are practically inexhaustible; in our machine-shops and furnaces and forges and shipyards is made everything from a hair-pin to a steamship; and there is not a tissue of cotton, wool, silk or hemp, from a spool of thread to a carpet, that is not made in our factories.—*Oakland Tribune*.

THE COST OF OUR COUNTRY.

That we as Americans may the better appreciate our beloved nation, it is well for us to keep in mind at least a part of the awful cost of it in lives of our citizens. While the cost to the Union Army was \$8,000,000,000 for the four years of the Civil War, the cost in lives was terrible. Of the 2,200,000 different men in the Union Army, the death-roll was 359,528, including the killed, deaths from wounds and disease. This does not include many thousands who died of wounds after being mustered out, which would bring the total up to about 400,000, or about one-sixth of the entire number. The losses to our brothers of the South were proportionately large.

So heavy were the losses it was necessary for mere boys to enlist, and while boys under eighteen were not supposed to be in the army, yet many were so anxious to help save the Union that they gave their ages as "going on nineteen." Rev. J. C. Jackson,

in an article in the *Christian Endeavor World* a few years ago, gave these figures:

“Of the 2,200,000 men in the Union Army, 412,000 were enlisted as professedly eighteen, although many were younger (as already stated); 212,000 were nineteen, 173,000 were twenty, 184,000 were twenty-one, and 153,000 were twenty-two. It will be seen that more than half of them were twenty-two or under. In a literal sense it was proper to speak of them as ‘the boys in blue.’

“The Government finally began to enlist boys as young as eleven, as powder-boys on men-of-war, as musicians, orderlies and the like, so that there were 39,590 boys in the army *under eighteen years of age.*”

Rev. Mr. Jackson, in giving the percentage of losses of some of the great wars of the world, says: “There has never been so desperate fighting at any other time in the annals of warfare as in the struggle for the Union.”

APPRECIATION

TO HELP PAY AN OLD DEBT.

An American farmer sent a check of \$50 to President Poincaré, of France, accompanied by a letter saying it was one-tenth of all he possessed, but that he was glad to give it to help pay the debt of the United States to General Lafayette. The incident provoked much enthusiasm in France, following its publication in the French papers.

YANKEE WHISTLE CAUSES TROUBLE.

Because American soldiers at a moving-picture show in France whistled lustily when a picture of Premier Clemenceau was thrown on the screen, some French soldiers rushed at them in anger, but before coming to blows it was explained to them that when Amer-

icans whistled at a show it was always an expression of their hearty appreciation. It was then the Americans learned that whistling in France was always an expression of displeasure or disapproval. With this the friendly feeling between the representatives of the two friendly nations was speedily renewed.

ENLARGED HIS CODE.

A man in Cleveland who had made it a rule, when fortunate enough to get a seat on a street-car, to keep it, with but three exceptions—giving it up to an elderly woman, to a woman carrying a child, and to a sick person—one day suddenly enlarged his code of street-car courtesy. Springing to his feet and giving his seat to a plainly dressed woman, a friend who knew of his former rule looked at him questioningly, whereupon he explained:

“That woman has a husband, a son or a brother in the army. But probably you didn’t notice it.”

“Notice what?” queried the friend.

“Her service badge.”—*W. E. Ross, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

GERMAN SNEERS GIVE WAY TO WONDER.

An American soldier in France, among the first to go over there, wrote back home to a relative, in the fore part of 1918:

“When we first came here last year and were not as many as now, the German prisoners, from officers to privates, sneered at us and evidently thought we did not amount to much. As the concourse of ships increased, and thousands upon thousands of husky khaki boys and millions of tons of war munitions showed up, and the Germans saw with their own eyes how our officers treat us, how well we are paid and fed and cared for, their demeanor changed. They now ask about different parts of the United States, whether Americans hate Germans as much as English, French and Belgians do, and if they will be allowed to come over without returning to Germany.”

BELGIUM

THE HUNGRY LITTLE HEARTS.

He was a little Belgian lad
Whom war had somehow failed to mar.
Almost a baby face he had,
Bewildered now and vaguely sad.
"Where are you going in the wind
And rain! And must you travel far!"
He said, "I've started out to find
The country where the mothers are."

—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE KAISER AND THE ELEPHANT.

In his native land the elephant has an enemy in the chacanas, a little animal about the size of a mouse, and much resembling it. When the big, clumsy elephant is feeding, the chacanas runs up his trunk, digs its tiny claws into the flesh, poisoning the blood and often causing death to the elephant. Once the little animal gets in the trunk, it can not be dislodged by any effort the elephant can make. The big creature has learned to dodge this little enemy whenever possible, having learned from experience that size cuts no figure in the case.

If the Kaiser, representing the big German Empire, had used as much sense in regard to little Belgium in August, 1914, he could have saved himself and his people a lot of sorrow and loss, even though his wicked selfishness would have no regard for other nations.

WHEN BELGIUM WAS INVADED.

When Germany tore up that "scrap of paper" which guaranteed the integrity of Belgium, every patriotic man there volunteered for the defense of his country and shouldered a rifle, though he had never fired a blank cartridge, and put on some kind of a uniform, though he had never drilled in a barrack square. Lawyers, merchants, schoolmasters, poets, actors, singers,

farmers, peasants, rushed to take up arms, and when the vanguards of the German army struck across the frontier they found themselves confronted, not only by the small regular army of Belgium, but by the whole nation.

Even the women helped to dig the trenches at Liege, and poured boiling water over Uhlans who came riding into Belgian villages.

The German generals were afraid of a nation where every man or boy who could hold a gun shot at the sight of a pointed helmet. Those high officers to whom war is a science, without any human emotion or pity in its rules, were determined to stamp out this irregular fighting by blood and fire, and "frightfulness" became the order of the day.—*Philip Gibbs, in "The Soul of the War."*

BIBLE

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

Within one year from the time America entered the great war, the American Bible Society had issued in its army and navy editions over two million copies. The greater part of these were free gifts to chaplains of the United States Army and Navy, and to the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., for distribution among troops.

BIBLE CLASSES IN ARMY CAMPS.

The Y. M. C. A. began a systematic movement for organizing Bible-study classes in the various camps within a few months after the United States declared war against Germany. This met with almost immediate success. The soldiers were eager for the studies. Not many weeks had elapsed until a Bible class had been organized in every squadron of four regiments at Waco, Tex., with six thousand members. Results similar to this were obtained in other camps.

More surprising still was the fact that over four hundred thousand copies of the four specially prepared courses of Bible study in book form were called for, most of them actually purchased by soldiers. It was soon found that no studies were so attractive to the men of Uncle Sam's great new army as those which relate to the life and teachings of Christ.

The leaders of the Bible-study groups were chosen from among the soldiers themselves, as there were tens of thousands of college graduates and members of the Y. M. C. A. in the army, capable of acting as leaders.

BIBLES SAVE LIVES OF SOLDIERS.

There are many well-authenticated instances of copies of God's word shielding their owners from death upon the battle-field, by receiving the bullets which otherwise would have inflicted mortal injuries. The great world war had many such instances, among which may be mentioned the following:

William R. Wilson, a nineteen-year-old youth of New Castle, Pa., had a narrow escape from death while on duty in the American Army in France. A German sharpshooter fired at him so accurately that he would have been killed had it not been that a Bible in his left breast-pocket arrested the bullet sufficiently to cause only a slight wound.

A young officer was given a Bible which he carried in his hip-pocket. His mother had written on the fly-leaf the seventh verse of the ninety-first Psalm: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." A shrapnel shell burst close to him, a piece of it struck the Bible and cut through to Psalm 91, blackening the very page containing the verse quoted, but glanced off and the officer's life was saved.

"One of the most frequently recurring reports coming from the trenches is that men are more and more turning to religion and to the Bible for strength and for peace of mind and soul,"

says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in its December (1917) issue adding:

"As one author quotes a soldier: 'Strange as it sounds—and I am far from being a religious man—the biggest factor in the war is God. However little religion you've got at home the biggest blackguard in the ranks prays as he goes into action. There are no skeptics in the trenches.'"

THE POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE.

The conditions of membership in the Pocket Testament League are very simple—the promise to carry a pocket Testament and to read one or more chapters daily. The league was originated a number of years ago in Birmingham, England, by Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, wife of the well-known gospel singer, and has spread rapidly throughout the world. During the first three years of the great war nearly four hundred thousand British soldiers became members.

The league met with a hearty welcome in all of the United States Army camps, at home and abroad, and our boys in khaki joined by the thousands. Many distinguished Americans belong, including President Wilson, Speaker Champ Clark, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Henry Ford, John Wanamaker and H. J. Heinz.

ATTRACTIVE BIBLES FOR SOLDIERS.

The great publishing-houses of America and Great Britain have brought out many attractive editions of the Bible for soldiers and sailors. The American Bible Society received one order for one million copies for distribution to the armed forces of our country. This edition was bound in khaki and also in navy blue, and bears this imprint on the cover: "Army and Navy Edition."

Another is printed with khaki binding, with the flag and the words, "Active Service Testament," embossed in colors on the cover. In addition to special helps are indicated selections for

the enlisted man to read when he is lonely, troubled or in danger. Inside the back cover is a page marked "My Decision"—what it means to accept Christ as the Saviour—which soldiers and sailors have signed by the tens of thousands.

THE BOOK FOR THE TRENCHES.

Every one knows it is the Bible. It is the exception in modern warfare when a soldier in the American Army, as well as in the armies of Great Britain and some other countries, does not carry with him a copy of the New Testament. In one very popular edition for soldiers is printed a message to the soldiers from President Wilson, as follows:

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will not only find it full of real men and women, but also of the things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always; and the more you read, the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what things are not, what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed, and everything that is low and mean.

"When you have read the Bible, you will know that it is the word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty."

Another popular edition of the New Testament contains the following message from General Pershing:

"To the American Soldier: Aroused against a nation waging war in violation of all Christian principles, our people are fighting in the cause of liberty. Hardships will be your lot, but

trust in God will give you comfort; temptation will befall you, but the teachings of our Saviour will give you strength. Let your valor as a soldier and your conduct as a man be an inspiration to your comrades and an honor to your country."

BROTHERS

SIXTEEN FROM EIGHT FAMILIES.

There were eight pairs of brothers in Company H of the Ohio National Guards, in 1918. Their pictures, which appeared in a popular magazine, showed them to be an attractive bunch of fellows.

TO AVENGE DEATH OF BROTHER.

Within twenty-four hours after news reached West Hammond, Ills., of the death of Private Joseph Lietzan on the battlefields of France, four of his brothers residing there enlisted, and with raised hands took an oath to avenge the death of Joseph.

SIX SONS IN THE SERVICE.

Press dispatches from Springfield, Ills., in July, 1918, announced that a service flag of six stars adorned the window at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Widner, in that city, and that two other sons of this couple might join the service under "Old Glory" within another year.

A GOVERNOR'S SIX SOLDIER BOYS.

Six sons of Governor and Mrs. Richard I. Manning, of South Carolina, have entered their country's service. On the enlistment of the sixth son the New York *Herald* sent his father a telegram of congratulations, to which this reply was wired: "My sixth son, Vivian Meredith Manning, is enlisting as a volunteer. My seventh son is only fifteen years old."—*Christian Herald*, June, 1918.

SEVEN BROTHERS JOIN NAVY.

Edward, Rudolph, George, John, Oscar, William and Flavus Eskew, seven well-to-do brothers living near Havre, Mont., enlisted in the U. S. Navy in the summer of 1918. No one of them owns less than three hundred acres of land, and Edward, Flavus and John are married and have children. They are of German descent.

ADVICE FROM AN OLDER BROTHER.

An American soldier in France, upon hearing that a younger brother in the United States had enlisted, making three from the same home, wrote him quite frankly, saying:

"I am sorry you didn't stay home with mama and Lucy, but, since you have enlisted, let's make the best of it. *Make good*. That means a decent life. Cut the rough stuff—women and booze. Venereal disease must cease, to make a better army to win the war. There are unusual opportunities for advancement. The man who is on the jump is going to get there eventually.

"Remember, we three want to go back home to mama and Lucy, whole and in good health. This means the better you take care of yourself, the better resistance to disease and the better chance to return. I know how it feels to receive all this dry stuff, but I learned it in two years, and I don't want you to make any mistakes.

"Write often to mama and Lucy and keep them encouraged. Mama is old and needs encouragement. You will realize this after awhile. Now remember, old top, soldier: Don't try to burn the candle at both ends. Go to church and pray to God to help us all, especially mama."

"BROTHER O' MINE."

Signaler Tom Skeyhill lost his sight in the great war in France, while fighting as a member of the Eighth Anzac Bat-

talion. Fortunately, his sight was restored after coming to America. While in this country, lecturing in various cities, telling of his war experiences, he wrote this beautiful poem as a tribute to his brother of eighteen, who enlisted for the war after Tom himself became blind:

"You're only a lad of eighteen years,
All of them spent with the one whose tears
Have guarded you through life's early spheres,
Sharing with you in your joys and fears,
Brother o' mine!

"Your limbs are clean and your heart is true,
And somehow I think you'll see it through,
So come back again when peace is new,
Then we'll pay you the homage due,
Brother o' mine!

"Remember your oath when under fire,
And let neither fear nor base desire
Stem the flood of your youthful ire,
But march to the front and never retire,
Brother o' mine!

"And should you fall 'neath an alien sky,
I'll always mourn, but I'll never cry,
For you'll not be dead—only cowards die!
And we'll meet again—yes, you and I—
Brother o' mine."

BROTHERHOOD

THE CONDUCT OF GOOD SOLDIERS.

General Foch, commander-in-chief of the Allied armies in the great war, gave rules of conduct for all soldiers under his command, among which were the following:

"Be of good cheer and high courage, shirk neither work nor danger, suffer in silence, and cheer the comrade at your side with a smile.

"Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.

"Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother, or your fellow-soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate."

ENEMIES FRATERNIZE IN SUFFERING.

These touching incidents are related by Philip Gibbs, in his book, "The Soul of the War":

"A French soldier gave his water-bottle to a German officer who was crying out with thirst. The German sipped a little and then kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy, saying: 'There will be no war on the Other Side.' Another Frenchman found lying within a yard of him a Luxembourgeois whom he had known as his chasseur in a big hotel in Paris. The young German wept to see his old acquaintance. 'It is stupid,' he said, 'this war. You and I were happy when we were good friends in Paris. Why should we have been made to fight each other?' He died with his arms around the neck of the soldier who told me the story, unashamed of his own tears."

CHINESE USE SHOVELS AND RIFLES.

Within a year from the time America entered the world war there were one hundred thousand Chinese also "over there," not with rifles, but with picks and shovels. Their principal work was back of the lines, doing all sorts of necessary labor—and they did it so well that some of the British officers gave them credit for playing a large part in bringing about some of the Allied successes.

On one occasion, when a large number of Chinese were working under American engineers just back of the fighting-line, it was announced that the Germans were coming. Immediately the engineers mustered them in platoons, distributed rifles and ordered a counter attack. "They fought with surprising gallantry," said one officer. They held their line, and begged to

be allowed to retain their rifles. They had been under fire for a long time, and were delighted at the feel of a rifle to use against the Huns.

GERMANS SHELL A CEMETERY.

Here is one cablegram of hundreds that could be given, showing the difference between Americans and Germans in their attitude toward the finer sentiments of human interest:

"With the American Army in France.—The Germans have been deliberately shelling an American cemetery near the front in Picardy. Recently one grave was torn up four times.

"It may be cited in contrast that the Americans in this sector a few days ago took a German prisoner who was mortally wounded. He died, and was accorded a Christian funeral and burial in the American cemetery near the front. His grave was marked in the same manner as the others."

FOR EVERLASTING PEACE.

J. Y. Garcia, a native of the Philippines, who died in California in 1918, made a will leaving \$140.95 to the United States Government, in which were these words: "That President Wilson, with powers larger and greater than mine, might succeed in bringing everlasting peace."

The President acknowledged receipt of the money, and, in a letter to those who had forwarded it to him, said: "I wish that the poor fellow who left the little sum of money might be accessible to a message from me, but since he has gone, I can only express to you the deep feeling which the incident has caused; a feeling of gratitude that the simpler people, as well as the better informed, in the Philippines should have acquired in this short time such friendly sentiment toward this country. I shall not know exactly what to do with the money, but you may be sure I shall try to apply it to the object that Garcia had in mind."

IF THE GERMANS HAD KNOWN.

Fifteen young men in Newark, N. J., enlisted to avenge the death of a chum lost on board an American ship that had been torpedoed by a German submarine. When the Germans thought they could accomplish anything with Americans by resorting to methods of "frightfulness" and barbaric cruelties, they only showed they had something yet to learn. The incident given is typical of the American spirit of brotherhood. It made the Americans fifteen times as determined to put a stop to the depredations of the "Beast of Berlin" and his followers, once and for all time.

BRITISHER GIVEN GERMAN IRON CROSS.

During a terrific engagement on one of the French battlefields a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire between the lines, writhing in agony. Notwithstanding the heavy firing, the Englishman deliberately walked out under the storm of shell-fire, released the sufferer and carried him on his shoulder to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act in amazement. Then the commander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross and pinned it on the breast of the British officer, who returned in safety to his comrades.

WINNING THE WAR BY KINDNESS.

Mervyn R. Loganecker, a California soldier fighting in France, in a letter to his parents gave several instances of kindness manifested by American soldiers to Germans taken captive, and of the surprise this brought to the prisoners. One, who was held four days, enjoying the same food provided for the Americans, was released and went back to his own lines, only to return the next night with fifteen more German soldiers, who gave themselves up.

Their reason was that they were tired of being deceived by their officers, claiming they had been lied to continually. They said they had been led to believe the American soldiers would treat them cruelly should they be captured; that Uncle Sam's men were small and would run when the Germans came toward them.

"Well, did we run?" one of the American boys asked, good-naturedly.

"Yes, you ran all right," replied one of the prisoners, "but in a different direction from that we anticipated. We were in the lead. I hope they got my commander. They tell us lies, and say we are on the verge of victory, when now I can see that we are on the edge of defeat. I wish it would end."

THE SECOND LIEUTENANT—NEW STYLE.

He's younger than the most of us—far younger than the Top,
And, bein' young, he's full of pep and keeps us on the hop;
He hasn't been in long enough to sour on the game;
He's tickled as a kid with it—that's why we bless his name!

He puts us through all sorts of stunts to liven up the drill;
He laughs when he turns corners sharp and takes a muddy spill;
It's up and in it all the time—he never seems to tire,
And doesn't know what duckin' means in face of Fritz's fire.

He always calls us "fellows"—never pulls the line, "my men;"
He likes to think he's one of us; and back in billets, when
He has to make inspections, he'll sit down and chin awhile,
And so to all this "Yes, sir," stuff, "Oh, can it!" That's his style.

—From the *"Stars and Stripes,"* Organ of the American Army in France.

OUR BOYS DIDN'T WAIT.

Gipsy Smith said to an American audience: "There were thirty thousand of your brave American boys fighting beneath the British flag before you declared war. I know, because I met them and worked with them; I saw them in the hospitals and in the convalescent camps. And do you know what they said to me? They said: 'We could not remain men and keep out of it, sir. We had to get into it to save our manhood.'

And so they crossed the border of Canada and joined the Canadian forces, and some of them have won the D. S. O., and they have won the Victoria Cross and the military medal, and they are entitled to everything they got, God bless 'em!''

THEIR UNCLE'S UNCLE SAM.

They're drilling, drilling, drilling,
With eyes fixed straight ahead,
Determined not to drop this thing
Till tyranny is dead.
They've come from every station,
From mansion, cottage, shack,
And some of them are yellow,
And some of them are black;
But every one is training
To throttle greed and sham.
No matter who their father was,
Their uncle's Uncle Sam.
Just out of college, some of 'em,
And some were never in,
But they all have learned the lesson
That the right has got to win;
Though some are swart of feature
And their words are strange of sound,
They've caught the noble spirit
Of the brothers they have found—
And you'll weaken, Mister Kaiser,
When you get the telegram:
"They're landing by the millions—
And their uncle's Uncle Sam!"

—Roy Temple House.

FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD.

Harold Bell Wright, the noted author, says in the *American Magazine*: "In the ranks of those who carry our country's flag are men of every land and blood. It is the blood of humanity. Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.' Well, this nation sings no hymn of hate. The spirit of those who will carry the 'Stars and Stripes' to Berlin is not the spirit of hatred. When the well-beloved and faithful dog of the household goes mad, and menaces the lives of friends and neighbors, it is not hatred that fires the bullet to end its madness.

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“Because this ‘mad dog of Europe’ must be stopped in his career of death does not mean that hatred has raised the army that will accomplish that necessary end. ‘Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you,’ said Jesus. Well, the blessings of our cause in victory will be to those men who face our soldiers in battle, as well as to those brave ones in whose support our men are fighting. The good of liberty will be for the German people as well and as truly as for all other peoples of earth. No greater good could come to the people of Germany who are fighting now the battles of their Kaiser than the defeat and utter annihilation of the spirit of that ruler who drives them to the battlefield.”

WAR INTENSIFIES SPIRIT OF UNITY.

In a Red Cross address in New York some twelve months after the United States became a party to the great war, President Wilson said:

“Have you formed a picture in your imagination of what this war is doing for us and for the world? In my own mind I am convinced that not a hundred years of peace could have knitted this nation together as this single year of war has knitted it together. Look at the picture. In the center of the scene, four nations engaged against the world, and at every point of vantage showing that they are seeking selfish aggrandizement; and against them, twenty-three governments representing the greater part of the population of the world, drawn together into a new sense of community purpose, a new sense of unity of life. . . . Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together. And this intimate contact of the great Red Cross with the peoples who are suffering the terrors and deprivations of this war, is going to be one of the greatest instrumentalities of friendship the world ever knew. . . . One of the greatest stains that rests upon the reputation of the German army is that they have not respected the Red Cross. That goes

to the root of the matter. They have not respected the instrumentality they themselves participated in setting up as the thing which no man was to touch, because it was the expression of common humanity."

"THE NAVY NEVER DIES."

Charles F. Church, a first-class gunner's mate of the U. S. Navy, is the author of a poem with the above title, in which he brings in some historic events with the names of great men who have served our country in years gone by, but have passed on:

"And many who fought these battles
Sleep under foreign skies,
But men may come and men may go—
The Navy never dies!"

Here is the last verse:

"We belong to the Navy that Perry
Anchored on Nippon's shore;
The Navy that took Fort Fisher
To the tune of its cannon's roar.
Brave men, great captains and noble ships
Writ large on the scroll of Fame;
Brothers are we to the full degree
In which we follow the game.
We are linked to the past and future
While a ship the old flag flies,
And while men serve from love of country,
The Navy never dies!"

AMERICAN GRAVES IN FRANCE.

William C. Levere, a Y. M. C. A. secretary in France, wrote to a mother in Maine: "I stood to-day by the grave of your boy, in a little French village near the spot where he fell. A simple cross at the head bears his name and command. The colors of our country are also there. Tenderly and beautifully caring for his quiet couch was a group of little French children. With spade and trowel they planted flowers over the grave of this American boy, who had come to fight for their land and

had given his all. For all the future I shall remember the afternoon scene—the colors, the children, the hills which surround the village like sentinels with protecting arms. It is because I want you to have the same picture with you through the years that I have taken the liberty of writing.”

WE'RE ALL ONE NOW.

The *Oregonian*, issued by the crew of the battleship “Oregon,” published a conversation between two veterans of the Civil War—a soldier who fought for the North and a soldier who fought for the South. The argument was in regard to that great conflict, each still contending that the men on his side were the best fighters. Just as the subject was getting quite warm, a procession of boys from the U. S. Navy came along the street, with the “Stars and Stripes” at the head. In an instant the two old soldiers forgot their discussion and stood at attention, while with eager, glowing faces they watched with wistful eyes until the last bluejacket had passed by. Then the two “old vets” turned and looked at each other with lumps in their throats as they clasped hands. Finally the one who had worn the gray said with much feeling:

“‘Fine-lookin’ boys, ain’t they?’”

“‘They sure are,’” replied the one who had worn the blue; “‘I wish we could get into it.’”

SOLDIERS OF MANY LANGUAGES.

A young man of twenty at Camp Greene, N. C., wrote to his father in Detroit that in his tent the soldiers were composed of one Luxemburger, one Parisian, two French Canadians, one Arab, one native of Cyprus and two Americans, including himself. He added:

“‘French, German, Greek, Arabic, Turkish and English are all spoken in the tent, and my opportunities for learning languages are unequaled.’”

The fact that many nationalities participated in the battle of democracy against autocracy is bringing about a feeling of wonderful world unity that will no doubt go on with increasing power in the years to come.

TO THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

This poem, written by George Morrow Mayo, a young Kentuckian, formerly a resident of Washington, and later a gunner's mate in the United States Navy, has been pronounced one of the richest poetical gems growing out of the world-war conditions:

"Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance.

"And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance.

"And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance."

WHERE BANK CLERK LOVES FIREMAN.

Donald Hankey, author of "A Student in Arms," who was killed in action on the western battle-front in France, on October 26, 1916, wrote of the great leveling influence of army life:

"Here one sees men as God sees them, apart from externals such as manner and intonation. A night in a bombing party shows you Jim Smith as a man of splendid courage. A shortage of rations reveals his wonderful unselfishness. One danger and discomfort after another you share in common till you love him as a brother. Out there, if any one dared to remind you that Jim was only a fireman while you were a bank clerk, you would give him one in the eye to go on with. You have learned to know a man when you see one, and to value him.

“When the war is over, and the men of the citizen army have returned to their homes and their civil occupations, will they, I wonder, remember the things they have learned? If so, there will be a new and better England for the children. In those days men shall be prized for their courage, their honesty, their practical ability. In those days charity and brotherly love shall prevail mightily; for all shall have learned mutual understanding and respect.”

A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully boys in gray;
I heard the thunder roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way;
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee,
But if this old nation goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I'm not so full of fightin',
Nor half so full of fun,
As I was back in the sixties,
When I shouldered my old gun;
It may be that my hair is white,
Such things, you know, must be—
But if this Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin',
Nor how, in sixty-two,
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts,
I charged the boys in blue;
And I say I fought with Stonewall,
And blazed the way with Lee;
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AMERICAN COURTESY IN BATTLE.

A contrast of the conduct of the Germans in war, with that of Americans, finds illustration in an incident of the great naval battle at Manila, May 1, 1898, when Admiral Dewey's ships destroyed the Spanish fleet. The Spanish admiral in charge

there, seeing that his flagship was doomed and unable to fight, ordered a small boat lowered, and, with a daring crew, rowed to a small gunboat, where he again hoisted his flag. The American sailors refused to fire on the plucky admiral.

HATE NOT AMERICAN CHARACTERISTIC.

The *Stars and Stripes*, official paper of the American forces in France, published this story, showing the lack of hate or meanness on the part of the soldiers of Uncle Sam: "After a raid in which the Germans were beaten off, the body of a German officer was found. From his neck hung an Iron Cross. On his body was his identification tag. Papers and documents were taken in the search for military information, but the Iron Cross was carefully removed and sent to the officer's family in Germany through the representatives of a neutral power."

CAMOUFLAGE

HAMMERING THE KAISER'S HEAD.

Sidney Shaw, a soldier in the U. S. Army at Camp Fremont, and also a regimental drummer, was so anxious to "get a whack at the Kaiser" that he had the head of the German emperor painted on the head of his drum, where he could take pleasure in beating it every time the band played. He took much pride between times in exhibiting to his comrades and others what he termed his "drum-drum bullet."

FINED FOR WEARING UNIFORM.

That it is considered an honor to wear the uniform of a soldier of the U. S. Army has been demonstrated in many ways. In a Pacific Coast city a youth of nineteen was so anxious to make a good impression and to receive coveted attention that he wore a soldier's uniform to a dance, although he had not

enlisted. He was fined \$50 by the Federal judge who heard his case. The youth said he did not know his action was in violation of law. To prove that his heart was all right, he then and there offered to enlist in the service of his country.

ARTISTS FOOLING THE ENEMY.

A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* tells how the camoufleurs were used to help win the war. Just before the attack on the Somme the German aviators were very active and made it difficult, except at night, to move large bodies of troops to the front. One road especially, leading from a small forest, but lying straight and white over the fields, was closely watched. The camoufleurs got busy, and painted on canvas nearly two miles of white roadway, bordered with green. When the enemy aviators arose to reconnoiter they reported, "Nothing moving in the road from Amiens," while all day long, for five long days, a continuous line of heavy artillery and thousands upon thousands of troops passed under the painted roadway to their assigned positions for the great attack.

The art has been so well developed that almost any desired situation can be made to appear upon canvas to fool the enemy aviators flying overhead.

KAISER'S GOLD CUP WAS PEWTER.

After the manner in which the Kaiser violated treaty obligations and sanctioned all sorts of hypocrisies and cruelties, it seems a small thing, perhaps, that he should practice deception in the awarding of a trophy. A "gold cup" reputed to be worth \$5,000 was presented by the Kaiser, in 1905, to Wilson Marshall, a well-known American yachtsman, as the winner of a race off Sandy Hook. When the big Red Cross drive for \$100,000,000 was begun in 1918, Marshall decided to give up the cup to be melted, and donate the proceeds to the Red Cross. Before this was done, however, it was auctioned and reauctioned until

it added \$125,000 to the fund. Then the truth came out. Instead of being made of gold and worth \$5,000, it was found to be made of pewter, with a thin veneer of gold, and worth scarcely \$40. Perhaps the Kaiser was just beginning then to learn the art of camouflage.

CAMOUFLAGE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The camouflage practiced in the armies in the big war reminds one editorial writer that it is no new art—that among animals it is as old as nature itself. The tiger's stripes make his yellow coat less perceptible in a jungle, and enable him to slip around unnoticed. The humble katydid, when in danger, will extend its wings and lie stiff upon the ground, resembling a leaf, or fall downward in a zigzag fashion, from a tree, just as a leaf would fall. Many butterflies look so much like leaves that, when resting upon them, they can scarcely be seen.

"But of all the creatures which practice camouflage," says this writer, "the chameleon is the most successful, for it has the power of changing its color to any background against which it may find itself. At one moment it may be red and the next green."

NEW USE FOR ALARM-CLOCKS.

In order to fool the Germans, an American patrol leader, with an alarm-clock under his arm, quietly made his way into "No Man's Land" at night, placed the timekeeper in a hidden place, and attached to it a wire. Soon thereafter the alarm rang out, whereupon the German soldiers opened fire on the vicinity from which the strange noise came. Then the noise ceased, but the alarm had been arranged to start up intermittently, and each time it did so the Germans wasted a lot of ammunition shooting at the hidden mystery. The Americans, resting in their trenches, enjoyed many a hearty laugh over this variation of army life.

GERMANY AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Judge Wilbur, of San Francisco, soon after being elected president of the California North State Sunday School Association, in 1918, made an address in which he outlined the fundamentals of Christian civilization. He took up the Ten Commandments, one at a time, and impressively showed how Germany, through her rulers, had violated every one of them. "It is," he said, "as though the Kaiser had shaken his fist in defiance of almighty God."

The following is simply a brief outline of his address, without any of the striking illustrations:

1. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The Kaiser frequently speaks of what he and God are doing, but surely the god he had in mind is not the God of the Bible. The Germans have evidently set up a god of their own.

2. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image; . . . thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." (Similar to 1.)

3. "Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain." Surely, linking the name of God with that of the Kaiser, in all his terrible cruelties, and giving God a portion of the credit for the atrocities of the Germans, is taking the name of God in vain.

4. "Observe the sabbath day to keep it holy." It was on Easter Sunday that the Germans, with their long-range gun, shooting seventy-six miles, killed seventy people worshipping God in a church in Paris.

5. "Honor thy father and thy mother." By Germany's practice of dishonoring womanhood everywhere, bringing tens of thousands of illegitimate children into the world, they make it impossible for many of these to even know who their parents are.

6. "Thou shalt not kill." That is the business of Germany—to kill and to destroy all opposition to her selfish plans.

7. "Neither shalt thou commit adultery." (Similar to 5.)

8. "Neither shalt thou steal." Germany started out on a plan of world-conquest—the most stupendous system of thievery the world has ever known.

9. "Neither shalt thou bear false witness against thy neighbor." Witness her false statements for invading the territory of her neighbors, Belgium and France.

10. "Neither shall thou covet thy neighbor's wife," etc. Witness her treatment of the wives of Belgium, France, Russia and other countries.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says the Kaiser has taken the "not" out of the commandments against wrong-doing.

DECOY SHIPS DESTROY U-BOATS.

Great Britain used decoy ships with great effectiveness in destroying German submarine boats. The decoy craft were in reality floating batteries, with false sides, and were made to represent lumbering sailing vessels, too slow to escape the U-boats. As a rule, when a German submarine approached, its officers were permitted to go as far as to inquire the nature of the cargo and to order the crew to get into their life-boats. The crew almost invariably included two or three men dressed as women. In getting over the sides they would show great awkwardness, as a part of the game they were playing. Sometimes they carried bird-cages or cats. Then, when the unsuspecting Germans were about ready to sink the craft, within point-blank range of the gunners on the decoy ships, the concealed guns of the British would be run out and sink the submarine. It is claimed a large number of German U-boats were destroyed in this way.

After the sinking it was an easy matter for the British to pick up the men dressed as women, in their own life-boats near at hand.

CHARACTER

NO STANDING STILL FOR NATIONS.

Viscount Grey, of Fallodon, who was Secretary of Foreign Affairs under Asquith at the beginning of the world war, in his pamphlet, "The League of Nations," says:

"There is more at stake in the war than the existence of individual states or empires, or the fate of a continent. The whole of modern civilization is at stake, and whether it will perish or be submerged, as has happened to previous civilizations of older types, or whether it will live and progress, depends upon whether the nations engaged in this war, and even those that are onlookers, learn the lesson that experiences of the war may teach them.

"It must be with nations as with individuals in the great trials of life. They must become better or worse. *They can not stand still.* If this war does not teach mankind new lessons that will so dominate the thoughts and feelings of those who survive it as to make new things possible, then the war will be the greatest catastrophe, as well as the most grievous trial and suffering, of which the world has any record."

SOLDIER SAYS CAMPS MAKE MEN.

John B. Glavin, of the 118th Aero Squadron, while stationed at Brooks Field, wrote as follows concerning camp life:

"If the mother or wife of any khaki-clad boy now in camp is worrying about him, let her please, in the language of Chimmie McFadden, 'forget it.' He is a better man in every sense than when he left her. His own mother would hardly know him. He is as hard as nails and almost as brown as his shirt. He comes in from a hard day's work with a swing in his gait, a smile on his lips. He is learning that a canvas cot may be sweeter than a couch of down. He is getting good food, well

cooked. He is far from any evil influence, and his life is in the open among simple, pure-minded folks, and the men over him are not only officers, but fathers. He is learning that discipline is the best thing that can come to a man, because it teaches belief in one's self and one's fellow-men. These American sons of American mothers have blossomed into men in the truest sense of the word."

CLEANING UP OUR CITIES.

Daniel A. Poling, associate president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who spent some time in the war zone in Europe, in commenting upon the splendid work done by General Pershing and other army officers, both abroad and at home, in making the surroundings for our soldiers as clean morally as possible, and of the splendid results accomplished, said:

"There has been much discussion of the proposition, 'The soldier must be kept fit to return.' As we continue this discussion of vast importance, let us not neglect the other proposition, which is equally vital: '*America must be fit for the American soldier to return to.*'"

Thoughtful people can not fail to feel that it is just as important to have clean surroundings for our boys and young men in their home communities as it is for our boys and young men when in uniform. This being true, Americans owe it to the growing youth, the splendid youth of our nation, to clean up our cities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian boundary to the Gulf of Mexico. Anything short of this is *treason to our future manhood.*

THE COMMODORE HAD NO PRICE.

Real patriotism does not take dollars into consideration. Dr. J. F. Cowan, in the *Christian Endeavor World*, relates this incident of the Civil War: A bluff old commodore commanded a blockading squadron in the Southern waters so effectually that

no ships were able to pass the blockade established by him. One day a finely dressed man, representing certain English firms, came to him and said they were desperately in need of cotton; that the children of the idle cotton-mill operatives at Manchester were starving. While talking he slipped a roll of bills amounting to \$50,000 into the commodore's hand, and said: "This is a present to you if you will let one ship go through the blockade." The commodore replied: "This thing is absolutely impossible, sir! Keep your money!"

In a few days the man returned to renew his plea. He spread out \$100,000 in bank-notes, but the commodore seized him by the neck and kicked him out unceremoniously. The man never came back. He had learned that the old sailor's patriotism was not for sale at any price.

THE WAR MAKES MEN OVER.

A Missouri soldier in the trenches in France wrote as follows to a friend in America: "I don't know of a time in my life when I was more care-free, contented and happy than I am right here in my little dugout where shells are flying, and at times it seems as though it is a regular inferno. I can't understand just why we should feel that way about it. A man never knows just when he is going to get in front of a piece of bursting shell or shrapnel. A man here soon learns to look at things in an altogether different way. It seems like the more chances a man takes, the more contented he is. We are a different bunch of men to-day than we were two months ago. We never grumble any more.

"The men who live through this war will certainly be greatly benefited by the experience. Everything is so big over here that a fellow will regard the things that used to worry him at home as mere trifles in comparison with the obstacles he encounters here. Few men are cowards when it gets right down to the real thing. There is no better way to die than in fighting for a

man's country. We used to think we were patriotic, but one doesn't know how to appreciate a great and glorious country like the United States of America until he has fought for it."

WHITE IN THE ARMY.

In the army it is a term of supreme praise to call a man *white*. When you say a comrade is a *white man* there is no more to be said. A man must be brave to be called white, and he must be generous, noble and good. I don't know where the term came from, but I think its footprints could be traced back to the Book of Revelation for its starting-place. In the first chapter we have a picture of Christ as the first "white man." "His head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow."

And surely the climax is reached when we read in the seventh chapter that a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes. "And these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God."—*Thomas Tiplady, in "The Soul of the Soldier."*

AFTER "THE BOY" LEFT HOME.

The following is an extract from a letter of a father to his son after the boy had enlisted and started for France:

"It has been something of a grip to your mother and me, my dear boy, these last days. But I hope we have kept our feelings in our pockets. We have tried to look 'right' in the face. We wouldn't have you do otherwise. I would have hung my head in shame if my son had not wanted to go when his country called. God knows I would go with you, shoulder to shoulder, if I could.

"It's going to be very hard on your mother. She has been very fine so far. But mothers have a way of lying awake in

the darkness and talking to the God of their boys at such times. She has—and she will. She is giving all she has; all she can give; and she does it, thank God, with a brave heart. But you are her all. It isn't easy. It's no use to say it is.

"But you have a wonderful chance to repay her. You are going into a big thing, standing for a big idea. But don't forget that the biggest thing about a principle or a battle or an army is a *man*. . . . Don't forget that when you are invited somewhere to hang up your hat, it doesn't mean to hang up your conduct also. Think of every woman you meet as a member of your mother's sex, and treat her accordingly. Think of every girl you meet as you would Nell, and treat her as you hope every chap in the camp near us will treat her. . . . And when you come back I want to feel that, clean-blooded and clear-eyed, you can look your mother straight in the eye, and that she will feel that most glorious of all exaltations that come to a mother when her mother-heart says within her, 'Thank God, my boy has kept the faith!'"

MEN FIND THEMSELVES IN CRISIS.

Coningsby Dawson, of British Columbia, who enlisted and served in the British Army in France, wrote many letters back to his parents from the battle-lines. These have been published in a book entitled "Carry On." In one of the letters, written soon after crossing the Atlantic, he says:

"Now that at last it has come—this privileged moment for which I have worked and waited—my heart is very quiet. It's the test of character which I have often doubted. I shall be glad not to have to doubt it again. Whatever happens, I know you will be glad to remember that at a great crisis I tried to play the man, however small my qualifications."

In his last published letter were these words: "This war is a prolonged moment of exultation for most of us—we are redeeming ourselves in our own eyes. To lay down one's life

for one's friends once seemed impossible. All that is altered. We lay down our lives that the future generations may be good and kind, and so we contemplate oblivion with quiet eyes. Men die scorched like moths in a furnace, blown to atoms, gassed, tortured. And again other men step forward to take their places, well knowing what will be their fate. Bodies may die, but the spirit of England grows greater as each new soul speeds upon its way."

THE OLD NAVY AND THE NEW.

"To come off leave sober thirty years ago was a sailor's disgrace. *To-day it is his pride!*" So declared Rear-Admiral Wood at the opening of the Navy Building at Charleston. Ensign Crosby, taking this as his text, wrote a wonderful account of the honor of the present navy, in which he stated:

"During a period of three months that one of our greatest ships was in port for repairs, there were sent ashore on liberty over thirty-three thousand men (that is, thirty-three thousand leaves), who, arriving on the dock, were free to choose their own recreation. Out of this total, only fifteen reported back to ship late, and only eight were under the influence of liquor! Truly a record to be proud of. Indeed, what civilian community of like size can equal it? It reveals the navy's high efficiency."

PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL TO SOLDIERS.

The first soldiers for the American Army raised under the draft law, in September, 1917, were welcomed into the nation's service by President Wilson in a most cordial and affectionate manner. Here is his message:

"To the Soldiers of the National Army: You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides.

For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything, and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you."

WHAT "AMERICAN MANHOOD" MEANS.

To-day, as never before, American manhood *must be clean*. We must have fitness. America stands in need of every ounce of strength. We must cut out the two cancers of drink and social evil if we would quickly win this war. May America fear moral disease more than German bullets. Those who do the most for clean living and clean thinking do the most for the victory that will make a better world.—*Secretary of the Navy Daniels*, 1917.

TWO ENEMIES COMPARED.

M. S. Grady, in a letter published in *Grit*, calls attention to the difference in the enemies of the Civil War and the Germans, the enemies of the United States and other nations in the world war. In the days of 1861-65, "when officers and men were forced to search an enemy's house, they knocked at the door for admittance, raised their caps and talked bareheaded to the woman of the house, asked to be excused for intruding upon the privacy of the home, explaining that duty demanded that the house be searched from cellar to garret. Then, after this

duty was performed, the officer thanked her and bowed himself and men out of her presence.

"Quite a contrast in our enemy of to-day, is it not? There were no assaults and outrages upon defenseless women and girls, little children were not persecuted and made hideous cripples, babies were not snatched from their mothers' arms and killed before their eyes. The men were gallant and courteous, and fought on both sides as men, and when the war was over they clasped hands as brothers, and many a happy marriage took place between our Northern and Southern lads and lasses.

"As the war with Germany goes on, and we learn more and more of the awful deeds enacted by the enemy, we wonder if it will ever be possible for us to respect and consider Germany as a brother nation. The deepest regret is *not* that our boys are forced to fight, but that they are called to fight a foe seemingly devoid of all sense of honor and modesty, and cruel beyond expression."

PERSHING'S CARE FOR HIS MEN.

Perhaps no officer in the history of the world ever manifested such genuine interest in the welfare of his soldiers as did General Pershing, who was sent to France in charge of our forces over there. Dr. Luther H. Gulick, who returned from France after two months' study of the moral conditions of the American army, said the most reassuring thing he got was General Pershing's attitude toward his men:

"On his breakfast table every morning is a report on the condition of the men from the different parts of the field. He has reduced the rate of venereal disease below that of any army in the world, and way below that of the civilian rate in America. Up to the date of my sailing for America (spring of 1918) it was but one-third of one per cent. This means that there is only one man out of each three hundred who is incapacitated for service by venereal disease. This is lower than can be found

among any other group of men in America or elsewhere. The army, instead of debauching men, is cleaning them up, making a more moral atmosphere, and giving them better opportunities for clean recreation than any city or town in America.

"No soldiers debark until there are adequate preparations on shore to take care of them in ways that are clean and fine. . . . On their leave they can go to Aix les Baines, to which place have been moved the best operas from Paris, where seats were from \$3 to \$7 apiece, and given to the soldiers with seats at twenty cents apiece. The speakers, singers, quartets, bands and players are among America's most noted.

"No such piece of team-work designed to improve the fiber and grip and fighting quality of men has ever been put up as between General Pershing and the Y. M. C. A. Never in the history of the world were men given such splendid ways to fill their hours."

HELPING ENLISTED MEN TO LIVE CLEAN.

No other Government ever before made such determined and far-reaching efforts to aid its soldiers and sailors in living the clean life as did the United States after calling the young manhood of the country to the national colors in the war against Germany—the war of democracy against autocracy. While the warring of these forces rages, there is always and ever another war—the fight of the right against the wrong, the uplifting against the degrading, the clean against the unclean; the fight of self-respect and self-control against lust and passion and loss of manliness.

When the United States Government announced its attitude toward these forces of evil, for the good of our enlisted men, it was just as determined to conquer as when it announced the policy of America against Germany. The forces of the *under-world* are just as far from *real civilisation* as the forces of the *Kaiser*.

When our Government issued orders that all cities and communities within a certain radius of camps and naval stations must clean up and stay clean, the officials in most places took Uncle Sam at his word, and got busy driving out the saloons, gambling-joints and red-light inhabitants. Where the officials refused to do so, the Government did the job for them. Conspicuous examples of this action are the cities of Vallejo and Philadelphia.

In the latter city, where vice conditions were permitted to continue after the notice had been issued, the Government took the police department out of the hands of the mayor and his appointees, and placed it in charge of Capt. William B. Mills. In assuming control he issued orders to the police force, among other things saying:

"Get out of politics, pay no political assessments, forget your friends who want political favors, and do police work only, if you wish to hold your jobs. This is my first order, and *it will not be repeated.*

"Responsibility for police work will reach from the patrolman on his beat *all the way up the line.*

"And remember, orders will be issued *once.* There will be no reminders."

CHILDHOOD

GERMAN CHILDREN IN REFORMATORIES.

Not only did German cruelty, well directed and intentional, greatly afflict the children of Belgium and France, but it has reacted upon the children of Germany. A report sent out from Amsterdam stated that Westphalia, considered the worst part of Germany in this regard, had only 4,832 prosecutions of minors in 1913, the year before the war began, against 25,000 such prosecutions in 1917. The average increase in juvenile crime for all Germany was given as nearly four times as large

as in 1913. According to a director of a big reformatory, who gave out these figures, reformatories all over the country were filled to overflowing and the authorities at their wit's end as to what to do with the ever-growing number of candidates for such institutions.

SUICIDE OF CHILDREN IN GERMANY.

The *Atlanta Journal* quotes a Berlin paper as authority for the statement that among the schoolchildren of Germany there is at least one suicide a week, which is attributed largely to the ruthless school system prevailing, and which existed for years before the war. The German idea of kultur and efficiency is so strict and exacting that it has largely taken the joy out of child-life and crushed the child's spirit into a mold of heartless discipline, the one purpose of which is to make the child a competent slave for the empire. Children barely out of babyhood are hustled into the hands of severe educational drill-masters.

A process of schooling that kills fragile bodies, and crushes every free and generous impulse, was the ideal of Prussianism. And this is the kind of civilization that Germany wished to fasten upon the world, under the domination of the Kaiser!

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Men who are truly great are possessed of noble minds, tender hearts, love of the pure innocence of childhood and the sacredness of motherhood. Measured by these standards, there are but few really great *men* in Germany to-day—instead, they are great *brutes*.

When Marshal MacMahon had won the battle of Magenta, and was entering Paris amid the plaudits of the thousands, a little girl approached him with a bouquet which she held up in her childish way. The great man stopped and picked her up, placing her before him on the saddle. She put her little arms

around his neck and kissed the soldier's bronzed face, and he returned her caresses as tenderly as a father. Not all his brave deeds called forth so much applause as this one simple act. Here was the measure of the man.

A DOLL AS A WAR "ORPHAN."

Lieut. Jack O'Brien, who was relieved from the French Foreign Legion to do recruiting service in Canada, used a doll with great effect in his campaigns. He explained that the doll was handed to him by a seven-year-old girl in France, with the request: "I want you to take my dolly to freedom." The Germans were then approaching the village in which she lived, which they finally captured. Later they were driven back, and Lieutenant O'Brien said:

"I found the town a scene of terrible desolation. Among the dead was the little doll-mother who wanted her 'baby' to have the freedom of which she had been robbed. I buried her in the village from which the Germans had been unable to drive her, and promised myself that I would indeed take her dolly to freedom."

MILLIONS OF EMPTY CRADLES.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, in May, 1918, gave some startling figures on the decrease of population of European nations, aside from the millions of deaths due to the war. In terms of percentage he says Germany lost 5; Austria, 5; Hungary, 7; Italy, 3; France, 6; Great Britain, 4. He sums up the situation in these words:

"War empties cradles, while it fills graves. It is no exaggeration to say that the war, by the fall of the birth-rate, has cost the belligerent countries of Europe not less than 12,500,000 potential lives."

Add to these the number of the killed and those dying from disease and wounds, the grand total had up to that date reached

the astounding total of approximately twenty million lives. One of the dark phases of the situation is that the nations lost through war the very best of their men, leaving the weakened and otherwise undesirable to become the fathers of future generations. It will require many years to overcome the handicap due to the war along the line of numerical and physical strength.

AMERICAN BABIES IN ONE YEAR.

During 1917, according to figures compiled by baby-welfare organizations, 2,678,000 babies were born in the United States. This is considered very encouraging for the future welfare of the race, for these babies will not be taught national greed and cruelty as they grow up into manhood and womanhood, as is the custom in Germany. It should be considered an encouraging fact, also, that in the same year the birth of babies in Germany decreased 50 per cent. No friend of humanity can rejoice in the increase of a population which means no good for the world. At the same time one can not help but feel sympathy for the mites of humanity in Germany. It is to be hoped that with monarchy there dethroned the rule of kindness and love shall take its place.

COINCIDENCE

WAR AS A GREAT LEVELER.

The *Wall Street Journal* tells the story of Jack McFadden, a popular society leader, who was serving in the French ambulance corps. While on the battlefield he picked up a soldier who was so badly wounded he could not talk at first. Placing him on his back, McFadden carried him to the ambulance. On the way the man's cheek, with two weeks' growth of stubbly beard, rubbed against McFadden's smoothly shaven chin.

"Excuse me, Mr. McFadden," said the soldier, who suddenly had found his voice, "I couldn't help it."

"Why, that's all right," said the society leader, "but how do you know my name?"

"The last night you were in New York you were at a dinner party at the Biltmore. Do you remember?" the soldier asked.

"Perfectly," answered McFadden.

"I was your waiter that night," said the wounded soldier.

We can imagine McFadden pressing the fellow a little closer to his heart, glad that he could serve him now.

TROUBLES MULTIPLIED.

A soldier in the English Army wrote home as follows, according to a Philadelphia paper: "They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church where I'd never attended before, and made me listen to a sermon forty minutes long. Then the parson said, 'No. 575, art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days in the guard-house because I answered that I certainly was."

REMARKABLE WAR SOUVENIR.

Of the many unusual things that happened during the big war, here is one related by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: A British aviator flying over the German lines was soon in the midst of a whining swarm of bullets. The Germans in the trenches were firing straight up at his machine, evidently hoping to pierce his gasoline tank. With wonderful self-possession he watched their operations, when all of a sudden he saw a bullet slowly ascend the last few feet of its maximum height. To him it seemed to stop perfectly still for an instant, and he quickly reached for it, grabbed the bullet and put it in his pocket to keep as a souvenir.

So exceptional was this incident, it is safe to presume that no other soldier of all the millions in the great war obtained a souvenir under similar circumstances.

COMRADESHIP

THE WISE SEA-GULL.

H. M. Delanty, an officer at the naval training-station at the University of Washington, in a letter to a friend, shows how even sea-gulls love the sailor, associating the blue with their native instincts of home life:

"While motoring in eastern Washington, accompanied by a bluejacket, we came on a sea-gull, sitting on a fence post, the picture of despair. On getting a look at the sailor, the bird set up a chattering as if he had met a long-lost brother. The gull associated the bluejacket's uniform with the sea, and rightly reasoned we were headed for salt water. He followed us *forty miles*, chirping with delight as he wheeled around and around our machine."

When the sea-gull sees the blue of the sailor's uniform, it feels a sense of comradeship. We Americans know how to sympathize with this bird of the seas, for when we see the red, white and blue of the American flag floating anywhere in this big world we at once feel at home.

"THE BELOVED CAPTAIN."

Donald Hankey, who gave his life for France, fighting as a subject of Great Britain, wrote in "A Student in Arms" of his captain:

"We felt that he was a credit to us, and we resolved to be a credit to him. There was a bond of mutual confidence and affection between us, which grew stronger and stronger as the months passed. He had a smile for every one, but we thought that he had a different smile for us. We looked for it and were never disappointed. On parade, as long as we were trying, his smile encouraged us. It was not monotonous like the smile of 'Sunny Jim.' It meant something. When we failed him, when

he was disappointed in us, he did not smile. He did not rage or curse. He just looked disappointed, and that made us feel far more savage with ourselves than any amount of swearing would have done. It was not what he said. He was never very good at talking. It was just how he looked. And this look of displeasure and disappointment was a thing we would do anything to avoid. The fact was that he had won his way into our affections. *We loved him.* And there isn't anything stronger than love, when all's said and done."

WHEN A FELLOW FINDS A DAD.

While Dr. Allen A. Stockdale was at Camp Sheridan a soldier remarked to him: "Stockdale, while these Y. M. C. A. huts are open, it makes a fellow feel as if he had a dad in camp." From this remark Dr. Stockdale wrote the following poem, published in *Association Men*:

"It's a bloomin' new experience
When a fellow goes to war;
Sure you're brave and know exactly
What your country's fighting for.
But the camp life is not home life,
Nor the days like what you had,
And there often comes the feeling
That you'd like to talk to Dad.

"Soon you see the 'Y' huts open
On the job from morn till night,
With a husky bunch of workers
And the stuff that steers you right.
They are quick to tell a fellow
What is good from what is bad,
And you feel when they're around you
That in camp you have a Dad.

"Mother's tender love is with you,
'Round your heart it throws a spell,
And her honor-call controls you,
Love more precious none can tell.
But the counsels of a father,
In a world gone fighting mad,
Is a help a fellow longs for
From the cool old head of Dad.

"So you seek the 'Y' hut often,
Clean and active, made for man;
You believe they really mean it
When they say, 'Come when you can.'
There you get a lift in thinking
When your whole insides are sad,
For the strong men in the 'Y' huts
Take the place in camp of Dad."

"COMRADES IN SERVICE."

This is the name of an organization started for soldiers in the army of Uncle Sam, by Dr. O. D. Foster, formerly on the Faculty of the University of Chicago, and later religious director of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Custer, Mich. From the first the organization enlisted members rapidly in many of the cantonments, and had a most wonderful influence in building up and maintaining high standards of conduct among the soldiers. The only pledge the Comrades took was printed on a card, as follows:

"Having answered the call of my country and recognizing that on me falls the obligation, as a soldier of the American Army, to be the strongest and best man possible in service, and realizing my need of help in meeting this obligation, I do hereby pledge myself to an organization known as 'Comrades in Service,' to be maintained in the company of which I am a member, for the purpose of enlargement and enrichment of character and life."

Swearing, gambling and the unclean story were practically eliminated from some of the cantonments through the Comrades' work, says one writer. Hundreds of instances of the good influence of the organization could be given similar to one in a cantonment where, at a meeting of the Comrades, a big private offered the following prayer:

"O God, I know I'm a tough guy, but I want to amount to something and live straight and white. I want to do something worth while for the other fellows what needs it worse than I do.

I hope you'll come across and let Jesus be our chum. Make us hard-workin' and talk good and do good, and—"

Here the strong soldier in khaki broke down, and, quivering with emotion and with feelings he could not express, sat down. Soon the soldiers went out from the room with a strange light in their eyes, and a determination to make a stronger, cleaner army.

CONSERVATION

STANDING THE TEST.

During the days when the American people were required to practice economy by "Hooverizing," Dorothea Childs, of the Los Angeles High School, wrote the following (with apologies to Kipling):

"If you can eat your grub when all about you
Are Hooverizing theirs, and saving too;
If you can eat—and eat, and make them doubt you,
By thinking that to Hoover you are true;
If you can eat and not be sick by eating,
And still look patriotic and 'U. S.,'
And talk about 'how Uncle Sam is beating
The Germans by a long sight,' so you guess!
If you can drink your coffee without thinking
Of only putting in one lump—or two,
But throw in four—without an eyelash blinking,
And fool 'em all by looking sad and blue!
If you can manage to get fat, and fatter,
Without exciting people to suspect
That of this food control and 'Hoover matter
You take the leading 'antis' so select;
And if you think you'll fool 'em all the season—
You'll soon find out, before all's said and done,
That Hoover will be asking for the reason,
And what is more—he'll get you soon, my son."

PERMANENT BENEFITS MAY RESULT.

As a result of enforced conservation of certain food products, compelling people to use other substances, some predict permanent benefit, claiming that many new combinations have proven helpful and wholesome. The sentiment is expressed in the fol-

lowing words, sung to the tune, "The End of a Perfect Day," at a Bible-class conservation banquet held in the First Presbyterian Church of Atlantic City, N. J.:

"When you come to the end of a meatless day,
And you peacefully lie in your bed,
Let your thoughts revert in an amusing way
To the food which to-day you've been fed.
When you think of the cheese and the beans and fish
And oysters you've had to eat,
Do you feel regrets for the 'good old day'!
Did you really miss that meat?"

"Well, this is the end of a wheatless day;
You have eaten no cookies nor pie;
You have had no bread that was made with wheat;
It was made out of corn and rye.
But you'll like it so well that, when war is past,
And a glorious victory won,
You'll keep on observing these 'wheatless' days,
And you'll chew rye bread for fun!"

GOOD ADVICE FOR WIVES.

The Boston *Transcript* says the best food-conservation slogan to date is: "Don't stuff your husband, but husband your stuff."

A MODERN VERSION.

"Kaiser Bill he went up-hill
To whip the American nation.
Bill fell down and lost his crown—
He stuck on conservation."

CONSISTENCY

A LOGICAL MIND.

A new recruit was on sentry duty for the first time at night, when he saw some one approaching.

"Who comes there?" he challenged sharply.

"The officer of the day," said the other.

"Then," was the sentry's unexpected inquiry, "what in Sam Hill are you doing out at night?"

BONDS AND BONDAGE.

In St. Louis, during the third Liberty Loan drive, five hundred saloon-keepers were ordered to appear before the Excise Commissioner and produce evidence that they had purchased Liberty Bonds. Those who had not done so were denied a renewal of their license.

Inasmuch as saloons place many of their patrons under bondage as enslaving and cruel as German autocracy, those who make money out of the business should at least be willing to help bring about liberty for others.

SAYING AND DOING.

Undemonstrative persons are often misjudged. We Americans place so much stress upon "pep" with noise in it that we sometimes forget the quiet man may possess more real loyalty than a dozen of the "hurrah" kind. Ponder these lines:

He didn't rave when the Banner
Was passing by in parade;
He sometimes forgot to arise
When the National Air was played.
He didn't enthuse at the bugle,
Or the speeches the mayor read—
He'd lost his love for the country,
The people around him said.

He didn't come to the town hall,
Cram-full of us patriots bold,
Who gloried long to the echo
When tales of prowess were told.
He seemed to think we were boasting—
We growled at the things he said—
We thought him poltroon and coward,
And that's why we cut him dead.

But now we've found that the cheering
Isn't all that the Nation needs;
That noisy toasts to the Banner
Had better be backed by deeds.
Misjudged him! Sure; and I tell you
That some of us feel quite queer,
To think that he's in the trenches,
And all of us loud ones here!

CO-OPERATION

MORMONS RELEASE MUCH GRAIN.

For the first time in a generation the great granaries of the Mormon Church in Utah were empty when, in June, 1918, the church officials turned over to the U. S. Food Administration 250,000 bushels of wheat which had been saved on the tithing plan established by Brigham Young, the object being to create reserve supplies that would protect the people against a day of possible famine. The system in Utah is that the Mormons who are farmers contribute one-tenth of their crops each year for the reserve supply.

GREETINGS TO OUR ALLIES.

We're Yankees, and there are a lot of us,
And we're coming, from preacher to sot of us;
There's a whole nation-wide melting-pot of us,
And we're with you for all that we've got of us.

The Land of the Free is the nest of us,
And we're fighting, 'cause deep in the breast of us
We know, though it may take the best of us,
We must make the world clean for the rest of us.

—*M. Ray Phelps, in Oakland Tribune (1917).*

A LAW-ABIDING ARMY.

Joseph H. Odell, writing in *The Lookout*, one year after America entered the world war, says that one of the most astounding things about the cantonments was the ease with which the heterogeneous mob settled down into orderly, obedient and cheerful units. He referred to a statement from Maj.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell concerning Camp Upton, L. I., which was practically true of all the camps in the country:

"We have a democratic army, where no one shirks, but every one does his utmost to help. Do you know that we have had the troops at Camp Upton, thirty thousand of them, for two

months, and not a single court-martial? We have had no court-martial because nobody has done wrong intentionally. We are all learning, beginners as it were, but all of us are doing our best."

AMERICA'S ALLIES IN THE WAR.

Their trials, our trials, nothing can abridge;
Their Verdun, our Verdun, ghosts of Vimy Ridge.
Their ocean, our ocean; ever must it be
Their safety, our safety, on the rolling sea.
Their sorrows, our sorrows; history will tell
Their losses, our losses, in a seething hell.
Their wounded, our wounded, all to us the same;
Their triumph, our triumph, Victory its name!
Their future, our future, when "the die is cast";
Their soldiers, our soldiers, brothers to the last.

—Irving J. A. Miller, *in Grit*.

TO HELP GREAT BRITAIN.

England's provinces responded loyally to the call of the mother country in her time of threatened danger from the Germans. Some of them sent tens of thousands of soldiers many thousand miles overseas to fight for human liberty. Among them, in addition to Canada, Australia and New Zealand stand out conspicuously. Those who followed the progress of war events no doubt often saw mention of the brave deeds of the "Anzacs"—the successive letters of that coined word standing for "Australia—New-Zealand-Army-Corps."

FILIPINOS DO THEIR PART.

Fourteen months after the United States entered the war to make the world safe from Hun rule, twenty thousand Filipino soldiers were trained and ready for service in France, as a part of the American Army under General Pershing. Brig-Gen. Thomas L. Hartigan, of Manila, says of them:

"There are no better soldiers in the world than the Filipinos. They take to military training naturally, and their development

is amazing. Physically, there are no better men anywhere. Their muscular development is almost unbelievable. Their mental growth is in keeping with their physical development. They will drill cheerfully all day. Their bravery makes them ideal soldiers. The Philippine Division is commanded by about three hundred American and six hundred native officers, who have been graduated from training-camps."

OUR PART.

Our part may not be at the front,
Where cannon roar and thunder.
Our part to plan 'midst war's dark ban
The type of new world wonder!
Ours to keep what they shall win
In Death's great holocaust;
Ours to see, though we anxious be,
The part reserved for us.

Ours to back with soul and might
Those at the battle-front;
Force back the sigh, stifle the cry,
For those who bear the brunt.
Ours to rally 'round the flag
And ever loyal be;
Make freedom strong, put down the wrong,
For all eternity!

—H. M. Griffiths, *in High School.*

RAILROAD SHIPPED TO FRANCE.

During the third year of the world war, when there was a possibility of a crisis in handling supplies on the western front in France and Belgium, Canada tore up one thousand miles of railway to meet the emergency. The rails were shipped to France to be relaid there in building the necessary tracks from a French port to the fighting-line.

After our Government took over the railroads of America, Mr. McAdoo, appointed as director of the same, ordered one hundred thousand new box and coal cars to meet the increased shipping demands of Government materials for prosecuting the war.

WHO MADE THIS FLAG?

A flag was raised over the Jamestown worsted-mills which was made of wool from American sheep, sorted by an American, carded by an Italian, spun by a Swede, warped by a German, dressed by an Englishman, drawn in by a Scotchman, woven by a Belgian, supervised by a Frenchman, inspected by an American, scoured by an Albanian, dyed by a Turk, examined by an Irishman, pressed by a Pole. Where else could this be true except in the "land of the free and the home of the brave"?—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

OF ONE MIND.

Our hands and our boys' hands
Are joined in a grip unbroken,
Though they fight in far stern lands
'Mid tragedies unspoken.
Our eyes and our boys' eyes
Gleam with one high decision.
Our skies and their skies
Shine with one bright, clear vision.

Our wills and our boys' wills
Are tense for the great endeavor.
One thought our mind fills:
All peoples free forever.
Our lives and our boys' lives
Are gifts to the mother nation,
While the new world in travail strives
For birth's great consummation.

—*Lynn H. Hough, in Epworth Herald.*

COURAGE**COSSACKS' AMAZING HORSEMANSHIP.**

The Cossacks, who claim to be pure Russian stock, and point proudly to the fact that they fought for Russia as far back as the tenth century, now number about 1,600,000 men. They are capable of doing almost anything in the saddle, and amuse themselves by such feats as leaping from the saddles while the horses

are going at full gallop, and then remounting, springing from one horse to another, riding double, snatching from the ground a man supposed to be wounded, and picking up coins as they hang head downwards from the saddle, while the horse is traveling at full speed. The Cossacks, by reason of their military prowess, have for centuries past lived on land granted them by the Russian Government as part payment for the military service required of them.—*Tit-Bits*, 1917.

PRAYING SOLDIER PROMOTED.

The *Washington Post* published this incident:

A soldier at Camp Meade, who knelt beside his cot every night in prayer, before retiring, was jeered and mocked by his associates in his barrack house. Everything possible was done to make life miserable for him. The captain of the company heard of their conduct, and made it a point to watch and listen. For three nights he heard the ridicule heaped upon the fellow who had grit enough to obey his conscience. On the third night the captain broke in upon the group and severely reproved the scoffers. Then, turning to the young man on his knees, he said:

"I shall recommend that you be made the first sergeant of this company."

The recommendation was promptly approved by the regimental commander. Another paper, in mentioning the incident, said: "The captain ought also to be promoted."

BOY CAPTURES TWO GERMANS.

Two Germans who had escaped from a prison camp near London were walking along a road when they encountered Thomas Gibson, a sixteen-year-old boy, who was small for his age. He was carrying a shotgun, and forced the two to walk ahead of him to the nearest police station. Although his gun was not loaded, the Germans did not know it. He recognized them from a newspaper picture as fugitive enemies.

“WHAT’LL WE DO WHEN WE’RE BACK!”

A poem by Robert E. Brown, in *Association Men*, pictures the dissatisfaction of soldiers, after the war, with the things that once satisfied—a round of life in the store, the shop, the field; of social affairs and a general condition of ease.

“Who wonders that men who have danced with death,
And thrilled with the strange embrace,
Would rather die than come home to lie
In the arms of an indolent peace!”

He asks, and then proceeds:

“This we will say—battles are here waiting your courage and skill;
Waiting to test your manhood out—brains and heart and will.”

A portion of the rest of the poem follows:

“Battles demanding as brave a soul as ever a soldier had,
Battles between the false and true, between the good and bad.
Greed is here, and lust and pride, foes of freedom’s increase;
For every blow you’ve struck in war there’s a hundred to strike in peace.

“Enemies trenched and armed and trained, sneering at moral law;
Enemies fighting with dollars and votes, rather than tooth and claw;
Brutal foes of womanhood pure, and childhood glad and free;
What care they for the wrath of God or the threats of such as we!

“What’ll we do when the war is o’er! *Finish the fight at home!*
For all the cost of a world at war will be waste till that is done.
Belgian, Armene, Servian, Pole—and millions more beside—
Will still be bound with the tyrant’s chains—perhaps you’ll think he died!

“Well, change your ‘think’; he’ll still be here, no war has hurt him much;
So, homeward come in your fighting mood, come home for a closer clutch.
Grapple the spirit of evil here as you’ve gripped his body there;
Live in peace as you live in war, with a soldier’s *do and dare.*”

FACING THE FIRE OF RIDICULE.

Rev. A. C. Preston, who was camp pastor at Camp Sheridan, Ala., told in the *Christian Endeavor World* of a soldier in the 146th Infantry who was called “Smiles” by his comrades, because he was always cheerful. At night he would read his Bible and say his prayers aloud by his cot. The corporal of the

squad made things just as hard for this soldier as possible, but, no matter how disagreeable the task assigned, he would just smile.

The captain of the company heard of the rough treatment, so one night about bedtime took occasion to walk by this particular tent. He found "Smiles" upon his knees and the others gambling. He also heard a coarse remark from the corporal to the praying soldier. The captain then and there told the corporal what he thought of him, and that the one he was ridiculing could outdrill him any day. Before taking his departure the captain ordered that the others were to be confined to the company street for two weeks for gambling, and that "Smiles" was to be let alone.

Not long after this the corporal was sent to the hospital with a severe case of pneumonia. A few days later it was said he could not live. That afternoon he sent a message to "Smiles" to come and pray with him, notwithstanding the latter was on the drill-field. The captain at first objected to releasing him from the drill, but the one whom the captain had found upon his knees in his tent while the rest were gambling, said to him: "Captain, my corporal is dying, and has sent for me." Then permission was readily granted.

In the hospital the brave soldier knelt by the bed of his corporal, who had persecuted him, and prayed earnestly that his life might be spared. The corporal recovered, contrary to the opinion of the doctors that he could not live, and one evening a few weeks later, when the captain again walked down the company street, he looked in and found the whole squad studying the Bible, with "Smiles" as leader.

HIS NERVE WAS TESTED.

Of a hundred business men from a near-by city, who visited a camp of soldiers, one of them says that, in a tent where he sat talking to the men, a soldier asked if it was possible to live

the Christian life in the army. A young man in khaki, who had been rather quiet, pointed to a tent across the way, and said:

"In there is a youngster who has made it a rule night and morning to kneel by his cot and pray; this he has done in the face of ridicule and persecution, even the corporal joining in. The captain of the company is a Christian man, and a few days ago, after hearing of the treatment this boy was receiving, sent for him, but he wouldn't say a word about it, being unwilling to 'squeal' on his tent mates. The captain then sent for the corporal and got him to acknowledge he had persecuted the boy. Turning to him, he said: 'Corporal, you are reduced to the ranks.' Then addressing the other, he said: 'And you are promoted to the position of corporal.' To my mind," said the one who related the incident, "that's an example of what a fellow can be in camp if he has a mind to, and we all respect the boy for his true courage."

CONFESSED SAVIOUR BEFORE COMRADES.

It is a fine thing to be possessed of sufficient courage to face any danger on the battlefield, but it is even better to have the necessary moral courage to follow the dictates of conscience in relation to the Christian life. J. S. Robison, a Y. M. C. A. worker at Camp Jackson, sent a report of this splendid and unusual incident to *Association Men*:

The camp pastor had been informed by the secretary that a certain soldier wished to take his stand for the Christian life, and be received into church membership. At that very moment the company to which the young man belonged was leaving the camp for the train, with orders to go to France.

The pastor followed, hoping for an opportunity to speak to him. They marched several miles, and finally, when they halted, the minister spoke briefly to the captain, stating his purpose in being there. The captain kindly called out the name of the soldier. Instantly a rugged youth stepped three paces to the

front, and stood at attention while every man in the company watched him with keen eyes, wondering what was going to happen.

The camp pastor stepped up and extended his hand. In answer to several questions, which the soldier answered in a clear, steady voice, the minister said he was ready to receive him into church membership, to which the young man responded heartily: "I am glad."

With every comrade listening intently, there under the beautiful Southern sky, the minister clasped his hand and said: "I rejoice to receive you as a member into the church of Christ."

"To whom shall I send your certificate of membership?" he then inquired. With a slight quiver in his voice, the strong young man in khaki replied:

"Send it to my wife; she will put it in the little church at home."

After a parting "God bless you," the captain gave the order, "Forward, march!" With a new light in his eyes, and no doubt a new peace in his heart, the new soldier of Jesus Christ marched away with his comrades to fight for the very things for which he had just taken his courageous stand—peace, honor, justice, truth and righteousness upon the face of all the earth.

COWARDICE

WHERE RANK DIDN'T COUNT.

When Tim should have been on duty he was discovered by his sergeant in a hole, out of the reach of even a stray bullet.

"Get out of that!" commanded the sergeant; "get out of that hole immediately."

The good-natured Irish face looked up pleasantly, but with stubborn resistance written on every feature as he replied:

"Yez may be me superior officer, but O'im telling yez Oi found this hole fir-rst, sorr!"

EXACTLY THE SAME.

Simpson joined the army and learned to drill. One day he took part in a sham battle. He heard the general say before the battle started, "Everything is to be done exactly the same as in actual warfare."

No sooner was the first blank cartridge fired than Simpson dropped his gun and took to his heels.

"Hey! Simpson, what are you running away for, and going so fast?" shouted the general as the recruit dashed by him.

"Just as I would in actual warfare!" he called back over his shoulder, gasping for breath.

GOOD FOOT-RACERS.

Said a German prisoner to a British soldier on guard:

"You'll have to admit that in that last retreat of ours we didn't lose a man."

"Nor a minute," quickly retorted the guard, and Fritz said no more.

KAISER SEES BATTLE BY TELESCOPE.

Emperor William of Germany lost no opportunity, apparently, to impress his subjects with his greatness, and he was also an adept at appearing very courageous. On one occasion, after the Germans had made some advance on the battle-front, the Kaiser, who was near enough to see the fighting, called some soldiers to him as he was taking his departure, and told them of the success, saying:

"Tell it to your comrades! Tell them that they, too, may rejoice! Tell them also that I have told you—I, in the midst of the fighting!"

This was reported by Karl Rosner, the Kaiser's favorite correspondent, otherwise it would be difficult to believe such conceit, even in the Kaiser.

Throughout the progress of the war he was frequently reported as being near the front—about twenty miles to the rear, one reporter gave it. The emperor often watched the battles of his armies through a telescope. The comment of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is very appropriate:

“The point is that he was so far behind the line that he had to use a telescope!”

CRUELITIES

ARMS OF CHILDREN SEVERED.

Emmett Hogan, an American soldier in France, wrote to his sister:

“A person can not realize what war is until he sees what the French have endured during these years of war. In the town at the post at which we disembarked I saw many French babies and children without arms, legs, etc. In Paris it is said that facts are being preserved to show the world. If this is true, Germany will be an outcast of the civilized world for a century to come. Everybody here will be glad to come home when this is all over, but I don't believe there is an American here to-day who would return, even if it were possible, until Germany is beaten into the realization of her foolishness.”

Others have written of seeing Red Cross nurses with their wrists broken to prevent them ministering to wounded Allies.

LIKE THE “HUNS” OF OLD.

In response to the request, “Please give me the origin of the term ‘Hun,’ as applied to the Germans,” Caleb Cobweb replied as follows in the *Christian Endeavor World*:

“Huns were a savage and powerful nation, probably of Tartar stock, which originated in northern Asia, and in the fifth century, under the leadership of Attila, overran the Roman Empire and almost destroyed it. The Germans are called Huns

because of the remark attributed to Emperor William, urging his soldiers to exceed the Huns in frightfulness. I believe that Rudyard Kipling was the first to apply the epithet."

A DISGRACE IN OUR HOMELAND.

Americans, with the rest of the civilized world, have been horror-stricken over the atrocities of the Germans, many of us seemingly forgetful of our atrocities at home. The *Christian Herald*, in referring to the negroes' memorial to the President and to Congress on lynchings in the United States, calling attention to the fact that the record shows 222 lynchings in this country in one year, says:

"If we are to command the respect of the world, even ourselves, we must awaken to the hideous American atrocity that is occurring almost daily and with scarcely any public comment or official check. The well-behaved negro is no safer than the ruffian, for nearly all the colored victims of 1917 were subsequently proved to have been innocent of the wrong-doing. It is not a sectional shame, for the most cruel of all massacres have taken place north of the Mason and Dixon line."

Rev. C. A. Tindley, of the Colored Methodist Church, addressing a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in June, 1918, turned to the flag in the auditorium and said, speaking for the negroes of America:

"Old Glory, we have never stained you! And, Old Glory, wherever you go we have gone. We came from Bunker Hill to Antietam, from Antietam to San Juan Hill, from San Juan Hill to Mexico, and we are in the trenches now. Old Glory, when you come back, will you give my race a chance to live? Old Glory, will you try our criminals with moral justice? But do not lynch them—give them a fair chance! If you do, we will clear your fields and stand with all your people on the edge of the Monroe Doctrine, daring any other nation of the world to trespass on it!"

President Wilson, in a statement to the public July 26, 1918, condemned mob law in severe terms, closing with these words: "I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty, either for ourselves or for the world, who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we ourselves have made. He has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise."

"GERMANY REFORMING ITS ARMIES."

The above headline in an American paper was followed by the statement: "Germany is reported to be enrolling criminals in her army. If there are enough yeggmen, murderers, sneak-thieves, swindlers and second-story porch-climbers to go around, such a step ought to raise the moral tone of the German army considerably."

It might be that men of this class would object to fighting under such leadership as the unprincipled Kaiser, "the Beast of Berlin," and his officers. In many instances there has been found honor even among hardened criminals. A common murderer, who kills to enlarge his bank account, might well hesitate to join in the slaughter of women and children, and in committing all sorts of atrocities upon them, just for the amusement of his superiors.

LEST WE FORGET.

Many Americans have the impression that the atrocities practiced by the Germans upon the Belgians, French and others in the great world war, were peculiarly distinctive to the war, entirely aside from the usual attitude of Germany toward weaker peoples. Lest we forget, it will be well for us to keep in mind this statement from a daily newspaper in a great Western city:

"Cruel and bestial as Germany's conduct has been during the course of this war, it is no worse than her behavior for many years past in her South African and Polynesian colonies.

Humanity stands aghast at the revelations of her worse than savage treatment of weaker races whose lives the German nation held in trust. A courageous German, Dr. Schaedler, speaking only a few years before the outbreak of the war, called the history of German colonies one of 'embezzlements, falsehoods, sensual cruelties, assaults upon women, horrible ill treatment.' Germany's murder of sixty thousand Herreros out of a total population of eighty thousand, turning one of her colonies into a vast graveyard, is but a single count in the long indictment against German colonial rule."

GERMAN SOLDIERS GLAD TO SURRENDER.

In one of the great battles in France, officers of the U. S. Army found that many German soldiers were anxious to surrender to the Americans, believing they would be treated humanely. One of the prisoners, a boy of eighteen, said German military draft officers came to his home when he was seventeen and showed false papers, making him eighteen, and that his parents objected to such proceedings, whereupon both were shot.

"FRENCHMEN, NEVER FORGET."

Rheta Childe Dorr, the newspaper writer, puts a vital question squarely before the American people:

"Can you imagine what it would be for our soldiers to come home from the war and find their wives and daughters with German babies in their arms? This is what many French and Belgian soldiers have had to endure. You will not persuade any of these men to listen to arguments in favor of peace without victory.

"All over France you will see in homes, in shop windows, on blank walls, a poster, bearing just three words: '*Frenchmen, Never Forget!*' In the upper right-hand corner of the poster there is a picture of some woeful thing that has happened since the German hordes began to overrun the world. Sometimes the

picture is of a burned and desolate village, a shattered hulk of what was once a beautiful old church. Oftener it is a picture of ruined womanhood, blasted childhood.

"In the lower left-hand corner of the poster is a picture of a smooth German salesman trying to sell something in France. 'Frenchmen, Never Forget!' They never will forget. They have tenacious memories, our French allies."

SOLDIER TELLS OF GERMAN GAS.

A California soldier, with the American Army in France, wrote to a friend of the three principal kinds of gas used by the Germans: "When the gas shells are fired, a fellow wants to get his mask on in a hurry, or he will have a permanent home in France. A good whiff of it will kill him. The mustard gas eats right into your flesh, so a fellow has to cover himself. Then there is the tear gas, which affects the eyes and nearly blinds you."

A fourth kind of German gas might be mentioned as "Kaiser gas." While the German soldiers were busy using the other kinds, the Kaiser was busy talking, talking, talking. His gas has caused more sorrow and suffering in the world than all the other kinds put together. It poisoned the minds of many of his own subjects, with false ideas of life; it has caused the spread of incurable diseases which have eaten "right into the flesh" of its victims; it has blinded the eyes of millions of women and children with tears that have fallen like rain amid the wreck and ruin caused by the Kaiser. No, the world has never before known anything so ghastly as "Kaiser gas."

SCIENTIFIC CRUELITIES OF GERMANS.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was sent by the United States Government to Europe with the Bankers' Commission to ascertain at first-hand if the stories of German cruelties were true,

told of what he saw, upon his return to America, and showed pictures of many of the terrible scenes witnessed. Pictures were exhibited of women, girls and children with their arms and legs hacked off, and their corpses in such condition that the most casual observer could but conclude as to the treatment they had received before death mercifully ended their agonies.

He told of the crucifixion of girls; of the killing of old men and women; of the murder, under most revolting circumstances, of over one hundred beautiful young women of Gerber-villiers; of the systematic poisoning of wells and other drinking-water; of the taking of one hundred thousand girls into slavery, and of other cruelties too terrible to print.

During his recital of the atrocities in some of his public lectures, accompanied by pictures of cruelties that could not be denied, it was not an uncommon thing for women to cover their tear-dimmed eyes, and to hear men sob as they whispered vengeance upon the head of the Kaiser and his followers.

GERMAN CRUELITIES CENTURIES AGO.

Pomponius Mela, a Roman Spaniard, whose writings apparently date from the year 42 A. D., gives a description of the Germans as they appeared in those days. Strange as it may appear, this account of their ancestors actually appeared in the Berlin paper called *Tag*, on March 5, 1917, from which it would seem, as a London paper says, that the present-day Germans are proud of the barbarity of their forefathers, and still show a desire to live up to the old customs of their race:

“The Germans are of well-developed physique and courage, due greatly to their natural wildness. They accustom their bodies to all kinds of hardships and fatigue, and especially to cold, the younger generation remaining naked in all kinds of weather until they arrive at the stage of manhood. They live in a constant state of warfare with their neighbors, not really out of sheer lust for battle, or in order to extend their land

possessions, but more out of pure wantonness. They find pleasure in seeing their peaceful neighbors suffer; they delight in destroying the crops and plundering the villages of other more industrious tribes.

"They are also not ashamed of open highway robbery, but, on the other hand, they show hospitality to their guests.

"Raw flesh of wild as well as of tame animals is their staple food, and they camp in such places where good grazing-ground for their cattle is to be found.

"They are of such warlike spirit and wildness that even the women take part in their battles, and, in order to have full freedom of their right arms, it is the practice to burn out the right breasts of all female children shortly after birth.

"Riding and hunting is the day's work of young girls, and for an adult not to have killed an enemy is counted as a disgrace."

GERMAN YOUTH TELLS OF BRUTALITIES.

A young man living in America, who was born in a little village in Germany, about two hundred miles from Berlin, wrote a letter for the *American Magazine* on the subject, "Why I Don't Want the German Emperor to Rule Me," in which he showed that German cruelties were not a product of the big war:

"As brother and I (we were twins) drew close to the age when every German has to give himself up to the monarchy and spend a required time in training for a soldier, our parents bought us tickets to America. Understand, we were not deserting because we were cowards, but because a soldier in Germany is looked down upon with shame, with fear, with dishonor; and if you saw the crimes these men standing behind the Emperor, guarding him, commit, you wouldn't wonder at the tales of the deeds the Huns are now practicing, deeds especially in regard to young girls and women. Why, man and woman, these things have been occurring in Germany ever since I can remember!

"One scene I shall never forget, and this occurred one morning when news was spread that soldiers were passing through our village. The women-folks flew into their little huts, down into the cellars, locked themselves up, and breathlessly, fearfully, refused to come out until they were convinced that every soldier had passed out of our village, and even then, in fear, they would not step out of the house for days."

The writer says that after all plans were made for the sailing of himself and brother for America, his brother, thinking he was already free from German authority, gave his opinion of the German Emperor and the monarchy. The next morning he was arrested and that afternoon led away. The letter concludes:

"In fear that they might take me, too, I sailed for America immediately. We never heard a word from my twin brother from that day to this, and have no idea what happened to him. That's only one reason of the many hundred more why I wouldn't care to live if the Emperor ruled the world."

"THE MAD WOMAN OF DIXMUDE."

Private Paul Stevens, of Santa Rosa, Cal., in writing a letter to a friend, sent a clipping from the *Spiker*, the monthly issued by the engineers with whom he was serving in France, telling of "the mad woman of Dixmude." Here are the facts as given:

A few weeks after the war began this French woman saw German aeroplanes flying over the town in which she resided, dropping bombs. One of them destroyed her home, killing three of her children. Soon after this the Uhlans came—experts in cruelty—murdered her young son, severed the breasts of her nineteen-year-old daughter, then shot her dead before her mother's eyes.

When the mother witnessed this last awful scene she went mad. So far as known, she had only one relative living, and to this home she was sent, in another town. Her insanity was not of the raving kind, so she was given the task of tending

the cows, in the meantime weaving baskets from reeds while the cows grazed by the brookside.

So passed the days for her, except when something would occur that seemed to remind her of the terrible tragedy in her life. For instance, when a cloud would pass between her and the sun, she would suddenly look up, gaze in fear, and shield her eyes with her hands as she searched the sky for the dreadful aeroplanes.

Whether or not she would sight one of these birds of destruction, it had the same effect, for her imagination pictured the horrible reality that had caused her mind to break. With her cane she would take aim upward in imitation of the anti-aircraft guns, then, as if the bombs were falling, run for shelter, covering her head with her arms.

While the spell is on, she again sees the Uhlans drag her son into the yard, and draws back in terror as they stab him to death. Still in the sway of her awful agony, she clasps her breast as her mind pictures the soldiers overpowering her daughter, draws her hand, knife-like, across her throat, then sinks to the ground, exhausted, and muttering to herself.

After some of these spells she has been seen to sit for hours. The chill of approaching night arouses her, and, rounding up her cows, she starts for the village. Thus she lives and does her work, even while her poor, broken mind is practically a blank much of the time. Every one in that part of France knows of the tragedy of "The Mad Woman of Dixmude."

GERMANS OBJECTED TO ENEMY CURES.

William Allen White, in some of his talks, throughout America, on German cruelties, told of a hospital being bombed a few miles back of the Allies' line on the French battlefield, notwithstanding it was marked in every possible way to show that it was a hospital—carried huge red crosses on the main building and on the wings, and at night carried distinctive lights, placed

by agreement on the hospitals on both sides, in order that neither army should bomb them by mistake.

German airmen fired pointblank into the doctors and nurses who were trying to get the patients out of the burning building, which German bombing had set on fire. On the final trip the Germans dropped a paper bearing this message: "If you don't want your hospitals bombed, move them farther back of the lines."

This, as Mr. White explained, was to force the Allies to move the hospitals so far back that the wounded men would develop gangrene before it was possible to get them there, so they would be put out of the war entirely. It had been found that if wounds could be cared for within a few hours, danger from gangrene would be averted, and thus the soldier stood a good chance of getting back into the firing-line within a few days or weeks. Improved surgical methods, many of them discovered under the stress of war emergencies, permitted sending eighty per cent. of the wounded men back to the fighting forces within three or four weeks, if taken in time. Formerly it took months to effect the same cures.

The bombing of hospitals, and the attempt to force them farther back of the lines, was a carefully studied plan of the Germans to reduce the fighting strength of the Allies. In other words, in German eyes the hospitals of their enemies were not for works of either mercy or efficiency so long as either of these results would help to hold back the hordes of the cruel and merciless Huns.

THE BRUTALIZING GERMAN SYSTEM.

Thousands of Americans, upon hearing of German atrocities, could hardly believe that the average German soldier would be so brutal. A wonderful letter dictated by a soldier wounded in the Kaiser's army, while in a French hospital, and for whom there was no hope of recovery, throws much light on the subject,

and to some may explain a condition that has been very perplexing. The letter was to his mother, who was an American woman, then living in the Netherlands. His father was a German and the son was born in Germany, hence a German subject. Extracts from the letter follow:

"You dreamed to make me a great violinist. It was my dream, too, mother. All through my boyhood it made life a heaven for us together. When I entered the German army *the dream left me*. Something else entered my soul, *ugly, cruel, stiff*. I lost my individuality. I became a goose-step, a fear of my officer. I became a Prussian. When I finished my first service you took me to America. There a great freedom entered me, and I felt the old life. I dreamed again. You said to me, 'Fritz, you are a man again; you do not look a stone.'

"Then the strange letter called us to Berlin that spring of 1914, promising me the wonderful situation in a publishing-house of music. So many others were called then. I went. War came, the great madness. I scarcely knew my own comrades, from their fierceness, that first night in the Unter den Linden, nor on the terrible march to Belgium. *We were all mad, part of a mad system*. But we went. Our souls were not our own. . . . We have been through hell in this war, mother. Many German boys have. I only want to tell you this now—that who frees Germany from its rulers, frees a people from a suffering that has become the martyrdom of a nation. . . . I am so glad to be out of it all. I die for no country. I die for a terrible egotism that has butchered a nation. Two Germans lie here dying with me. We have talked freely together at last. We begin to understand: That is the only light in this darkness."

SATANIC INGENIOUSNESS.

Sergeant Goad, a Scotchman who served over two years with the Canadian Army in France, and afterwards made a tour of America, telling of some of his experiences, related instances of

German cruelty—"not what I have heard," said he, "but what I have seen with my own eyes."

"In one little shed, the door of which we opened, we found four bodies, victims of crucifixion, all apparently of one family. The man, whose hands were stretched to the side, with heavy nails driven through them, was placed face to the wall. The woman was treated the same way, except that her back was to the wall. A boy, with feet raised from the ground, so that the entire weight of his body was suspended from his pierced hands. A girl, in the same position as the woman, had evidently been killed outright after being nailed up, for her throat was cut.

"An old man we found carrying the body of his fifteen-year-old daughter, whose breasts had been cut off.

"An old woman who had gone mad was holding and crooning to a dead baby which she swung in her arms. There was a hole almost entirely through the body of the child, as if a large knife had been inserted and then turned round and round.

"In one of our retreats we saw a boy of about seventeen trying to tie up the wound of a still younger brother. Later, in going back over the same ground, we found both bodies dead, with the eyes of the older one gouged out, and several gashes in his face.

"In another little house we found the body of a woman who had been crucified with her hands clasped over each other, above her head, and suspended from the ceiling in front of her, the body of a boy of two or three years of age, with a hook through the back of his neck. Both had evidently been placed in these positions alive, for the blood had run down their bodies from the wounds.

"We saw many with their noses cut off. If you have never seen a body thus treated, you have no idea how hideous a sight it is.

"When we witnessed these cruelties, we would swear that we would treat the Germans the same way, but in our cooler

moments we knew we would not do so. I can say before God that I never saw a British, French or Belgian soldier mistreat in any way a German prisoner or wounded man."

DEATH

"GOING WEST."

This expression is said to have originated among the soldiers of the Allies on the west battle-front of France, in speaking of death, although some contend it was used by sailors over a quarter of a century ago. Dan W. Totheroh, a youth from San Francisco, wrote the following after enlisting in the United States Army:

"'Going West' isn't dying;
It's just going west, to a glorified rest,
As the setting sun, when the day is done,
In a glory of red sinks low in the west,
Never suggesting a thought of the dead—
But rather, of rising again in the morn—
A sun reborn!
'Going West' isn't dying—
It's just going west to a glorified rest."

Lieutenant Odell, of the Twenty-fourth Canadian Battalion, says that what the soldier really means when he speaks of "Going West" is "*going Home*," the Home on the other side, beyond the setting sun.

SOLDIER WANTED NO MOURNING.

On April 21, 1918, Lieut. Dinsmore Ely, of the U. S. Army, whose home was in Wisconsin, was killed in the aviation service in France. It happened that just a few days before his death he had written a letter to his father, which was received after the notice of his death had reached the family. In the letter was this paragraph:

"And I want to say in closing, if anything should happen to me, let's have no mourning in spirit or dress. Like a Liberty

Bond, it is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country. It is an honor to a family, and is that a time for weeping? I would rather leave my family rich in pleasant memories of my life than numbed by sorrow at my death."

The *Christian Herald* comments thus upon the incident: "A nation is rich indeed that raises such sons. Not our farms, nor mines, nor mills, nor banks, nor cars, nor ships, make our nation rich. It is the priceless loyalty of our young men like Ely."

DYING FOR FREEDOM.

A soldier in France, who was severely wounded in the head, asked a Christian worker who bent over him whether the wound meant he would be sent home to his mother or whether it meant death.

"You are too far gone," was the reply; "you will never see mother again. Can I tell her anything for you?"

"Yes," said the soldier, calmly, "tell her I am not afraid to die; I have found Christ. It is great to die for freedom." Then, pointing to his bleeding head, he said: "Yes, it is battered and broken, but it will be all right when I get the crown."

In this faith he passed away as sweetly as a child going to sleep.

WHERE EVERY ONE WAS KIND.

Thomas Tiplady, in "The Soul of the Soldier," says:

"The immediate presence of death at the front gives tone to every expression of life, and makes it the kindest place in the world. No one feels he can do too much for you, and there is nothing you would not do for another. Whether you are an officer or a private, you can get a lift on any road, in any vehicle, that has an inch of room in it. You need never go hungry while others have food. It may be a man's own fault that he took no food on the march, and his comrades may tell him so, but they will compel him to share what they have, just the same.

"All this is the glamour of the front. England feels cold and dull after it. Kindness and comradeship pervade the air in France. You feel that every one is a friend and brother. It will be pretty hard for chaplains to go back to their churches. They have been spoiled by too much kindness. And after preaching to dying men who listen as if their destiny depended upon their hearing, how can they go back to pulpits where large numbers in the congregation regard their messages as of less importance than dinner—that is, unless the war has brought changes there also?"

DECEPTION

SUDDEN CHANGES OF LIQUOR MEN.

The Philadelphia *North American*, an advocate of prohibition, says that a number of years ago literature put out by the liquor interests stated that 600,000,000 bushels of grain were consumed annually in the manufacture of booze in the United States—this for the purpose of deceiving the American farmers and impressing them with the big grain market afforded by the liquor trade; then when the big war came on and it was necessary for the United States to conserve grain in every possible way, statements were sent out from liquor headquarters that only 140,000,000 bushels of grain were annually used.

Regardless of the inconsistency pointed out, the fact that the breweries and distilleries used about 140,000,000 bushels of grain each year in the manufacture of that which not only did not "help win the war," but hindered in the great work in hand, was little short of treason at a time when even children were asked to do without wheat and other nourishing substances, and all were asked to work and skimp and save to the utmost of their ability.

But a business so contemptible, selfish, greedy and cursed as the liquor business could not be expected to possess either heart or patriotism, even in the most trying time in the world's history.

It is no wonder that the American people are rallying for national prohibition, for the purpose of once and for all ending the legal existence of a traffic so un-American that it should never have been permitted to see the light of day in an otherwise highly civilized land.

GERMAN MASSES IN THE DARK.

The German war lords, in planning the conquest of other nations, made the masses of the people of that country believe that other nations would some day attack them. The spirit of fear had been drilled into them as a part of the propaganda to prepare them for the enormous sacrifices which the preparations for war had entailed. Former Ambassador Gerard, who spent four years at the Imperial Court at Berlin, says of this state of mind:

“This fear dates from the Thirty Years’ War, the war which commenced in 1615 and was terminated in 1645. In 1648, when the Treaty of Westphalia was concluded, Germany was almost a desert. Its population had fallen from twenty million to four million. The few remaining people were so starved that cannibalism was openly practiced. In the German states polygamy was legalized and was a recognized institution for many years thereafter.

“Of thirty-five thousand Bohemian villages, only six thousand were left standing. In the lower Palatinate only one-tenth of the population survived; in Wurtemberg, only one-sixth. Hundreds of square miles of once fertile country were overgrown with forests inhabited only by wolves.”

A TIME FOR WATCHFULNESS.

A young man of twenty-one, at Albany, N. Y., who had been blind, was befriended by a good woman of that city, who gave him instructions as to how to earn a living, and took care of him in her own home. His sight began to improve until he

was able to see her pocketbook—and he took it. He was arrested and pleaded guilty to the theft.

Numerous instances have been reported on the battlefields of France where soldiers of the Allies have befriended wounded Germans, and, while endeavoring to help them, were stabbed or shot by the very ones they were assisting.

Germany's many peace offers were viewed with suspicion, and no doubt rightly. The autocratic power of the German Empire has proven that it can not be trusted. Kaiserism was as treacherous as the blind man, with his sight restored, stealing from his friend, and was the father of the treachery of German soldiers on the battlefield.

DEFICIENCY

A SADLY AFFLICTED VOLUNTEER.

The press dispatches gave the report of a young man in Utah named Henry James, who applied for enlistment in the U. S. Marines at Salt Lake City. When he appeared before the examining physician he was given careful attention, for he seemed very anxious to enter the service of his country. He was much disappointed when told that he failed to meet the requirements.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked in surprise.

"You've got scoliosis, phthisis and synoritis," was the surgeon's reply.

The young man blushed and was plainly much disturbed as the expression of amazement spread o'er his countenance. He turned to go, moving slowly toward the door, when the surgeon continued:

"Not only that, you're troubled with slight astigmatism, also otitis media and chronic furmunculosis."

"Gosh!" was all the lad could say as he made a break for the door.

NOTED PHYSICIAN ON TOBACCO.

The following is from an article in the *No-Tobacco Journal*, July, 1918, by Dr. Charles G. Pease, the well-known New York physician, a veteran of the Seventh New York Regiment:

"When we realize that a prize-fighter would never use tobacco, and that our soldiers are having it furnished to them, seriously undermining their efficiency and jeopardizing recovery from their wounds—as every surgeon knows, as per abundance of scientific evidence, within the reach of all—greatly lowering accuracy of aim (Bulletin Department of Health, City of New York, September 1, 1917), and ask the question, 'Which is of greater importance, the result of a prize-fight or the result of the war?' we have a picture of the condition of the human race which is appalling. To keep silence in the presence of the undermining of the efficiency of our army and navy must of necessity constitute a crime against the state and the race."

THE CIGARETTE AGAIN.

If our country needed you for her defense, wouldn't you hate to think you had made yourself useless to her because you smoked cigarettes? At the time of the Spanish-American War ninety per cent. of the men who volunteered as soldiers, and were rejected because they were not physically able to do their part, were thrown out because they had smoked cigarettes till their hearts were no good. It looks as though cigarettes were unpatriotic, doesn't it?—*The American Boy*.

A SOLDIER'S VIEW OF TOBACCO.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg gives, in the *Good Health Magazine*, the result of an interview with a mess sergeant in charge of a battalion in one of the large cantonments. Said the sergeant:

"When the boys come here, most of them smoke cigarettes, but they soon find out they are harmful. When they drill with

their rifles, for instance, they can not keep the pace. You can always see a number of these fellows trying to catch up and get into line.

"And then they have hurdles to jump, sometimes three or four of them. Cigarette smokers—that is, those who smoke considerably—can not jump the hurdles. *They go down.*"

"Do the instructors tell the boys that cigarettes are responsible for their getting out of breath and failing to meet the requirements?" Dr. Kellogg inquired.

"Yes, but they all know it perfectly well."

"What do the medical officers say about it?"

"Oh, they advise the boys not to smoke. But then, they do not have to be told, for every one of them knows that the smoking does them harm, and a number have stopped smoking on that account. They simply have to cut out the cigarette to do the work expected of them," said the mess sergeant with deep conviction.

"DECAY OF AMERICAN MANHOOD."

Under the above caption, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, discussed in *Association Men*, October, 1917, the surprising revelations made by the work of getting together a large army for the United States. Here are some of his statements:

"We are going down mentally and morally at a terrific rate. We have foes at home more deadly and destructive than our European enemies. Recent military examinations have brought out appalling facts. Major Orr, an officer in the regular army, tells us that two to three out of every four applicants for the army are rejected as physically unfit. Draft examinations show more than half our young men unfit for military training.

"Eminent medical authorities tell us that every tenth man in the United States has been infected with syphilis. Canadian reports show that one in every seven or eight persons received into the Toronto General Hospital has syphilis. This disease is

becoming a greater menace than tuberculosis. It does not destroy its victim at once, but kills him by slow torture. A syphilitic father breeds syphilitic children, and so blights his progeny.

"Every State has laws requiring the reporting, isolation and quarantine of all infectious diseases. The law is enforced with every disease except syphilis and gonorrhœa. The public must be aroused to demand the suppression of the brothel. Men and women infected with syphilis and gonorrhœa must be put in quarantine the same as smallpox patients.

"What are the causes of our increasing physical and moral decline? The causes are many. Among the most potent and direct are: *The saloon, the brothel and the cigarette.* The saloon is passing. But we haven't begun to fight the brothel, and we are encouraging the deadly cigarette. The cigarette is known to be an enemy of scholarship, of culture, of morals, of health and vigor, and yet it is tolerated. The millions of cigarettes now being fired at our soldiers will every one hit its mark and do its mischief. *More American soldiers will be damaged by the cigarette than by German bullets.* A campaign must be waged against the cigarette, the pipe and the cigar until tobacco is buried in the same grave with Barleycorn. We must begin a great campaign for biologic living."

EACH SOLDIER'S LIFE PRECIOUS.

That the United States Government had regard for each individual who desires to serve our country has been emphasized in a most striking manner. A medical officer with the rank of lieutenant was dismissed from the army and sentenced to serve one year in prison at hard labor because he made a careless diagnosis of a recruit at Camp Dix, N. J., and failed to furnish proper medical relief, resulting in the death of the young man. This showed that our Government proposed to care for the highest welfare of every enlisted man; that each one was regarded individually, and not simply as a small part of a great whole.

ONE CAUSE OF SHELL SHOCK.

The *Good Health Magazine* says: "Sir Thomas McClerae, the eminent associate of Dr. Osler in the authorship of his great work on medical practice, after a study of the conditions at the front (on the battlefields in France), unequivocally states that 'shell shock' and 'soldier's heart' are primarily due to tobacco.

"There can be no doubt that Sir Thomas is right. The necessary effect of tobacco, as of any other poison, when habitually used, is to break down vital resistance. The body is less prepared than in health to meet any hardship, to rise above any emergency, to resist any form of attack which may be made upon it.

"An increasing number of intelligent people are getting their eyes open to the fact that the great campaign to raise money to buy tobacco for the boys is being engineered in the interest of the tobacco trust. The great sympathy for the suffering of the poor soldiers in the trenches is fine camouflage.

"The less tobacco the soldiers get, the steadier their nerves, the harder their muscles, the more accurate their minds, the better their resistance to disease, and the better their ability to endure hardships to which they are exposed, and to recover from the wounds which they may receive."

"WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR ME."

The *American Magazine*, December, 1917, published a number of articles on the above subject. One of them, by a young man signing himself "S. A. W.," contains the following:

"I have been before my district examining board and found physically deficient. Uncle Sam has turned me down. He doesn't want a *nicotine-saturated*, narrow-chested individual like me. I have been denied a chance to make my so-far useless life worth while. If you have ever looked through the wrong end of a telescope, you will understand how I feel. It is all my own

fault. I have failed to build my body clean and strong—the least that society asks of any man.

“I am unmarried, twenty-nine years old and not a coward. For ten years I have worked at an indoor trade in a large city, spending my salary and my youth as I went along. I am a victim of the common, every-day vices that are daily cutting down America’s manhood.

“My dad would be proud to see me in uniform. He doesn’t say anything, but I know he is thinking. To-morrow morning I will ride to my work on the 7:15 car for the last time. I have quit my job. I am going to hunt a job on a farm. I am not despondent, dejected, or anything like that, but I am ashamed of myself. When I came home from the examining-rooms I sat down and cursed the doctors for a lot of narrow-minded saw-bones, but finally I got to rummaging around inside of myself and discovered that they were right. I will make myself fit to fight. How many times before I have said, ‘I will,’ and how flat it always sounded. To-day it had a ring to it, and seemed to come from the bottom of my feet. Quitting my job seems to have put some pep into me. I feel that I’ve got one foot out of the rut.”

DISEASE

HOSPITAL HEROES.

The world war developed what was termed “trench fever.” That the doctors might carefully study and, if possible, conquer the disease, sixty American soldiers consented to be inoculated with this terrible virus. Amos R. Wells, in a poem in the *Christian Endeavor World*, lauds this true heroism, closing with this verse:

“Hail to the new crusaders! Genuine knights are these,
Facing the fiercest invaders, conquering foul disease.
And when the final story honors the hero’s name,
Theirs be a grateful glory, theirs be a lasting fame!”

LEPERS LOYAL TO UNCLE SAM

Americans were thrilled by the news cabled to our shores stating that the lepers of Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands, had bought \$5,000 worth of the third issue of Liberty Bonds. Even the lepers do not want to be under the control of so degrading a system as that in practice where Germany held sway.

SECRETARY DANIELS SOUNDS WARNING.

In an address in Chicago, before the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America, on October 22, 1917, Secretary Daniels, of the U. S. Navy, appealed to the medical profession to put an end to "the false double standard that decreases military efficiency." The profession, he declared, must share its part of the blame for the "unpardonable prudery that endured a festering evil rather than have it exposed and eradicated."

"There is not an army in the field," he said, "whose effectiveness is not reduced by reason of immoral disease. The navy suffers likewise, and business halts because these diseases destroy the manhood of workmen and fighters."

He gave figures showing that during the preceding fiscal year the American Navy lost 141,378 days' work from the illness of men having sexual diseases—an average of 450 disabled for every working-day in the year, which, with the men required to care for them, made enough men on the non-effective list each day to man a modern battleship.

Secretary Daniels expressed the belief that the new navy law which stops the pay of all sailors treated for venereal diseases, would reduce the number to the ratio of the army, where the same law is in force.

He quoted Hecht, of Vienna, as stating that at one time sixty thousand Austrian soldiers were under treatment for these diseases; that during the first five months of the German occupa-

tion of Belgium—with only a small portion of the army there—the Kaiser's soldiers had thirty-five thousand such patients; that at that time there were seventy-eight thousand such cases in the British Army; that a Canadian officer had said of the disease: "Its ravages to-day are more terrible for Britain and Canada than Vimy Ridge, the Somme and Lens."

"Continence," Mr. Daniels continued, "is no longer a matter of morals only. It has come to be seen as having its base in the great law of nature. New truths must take the place of ancient lies. We know now by the testimony of science that there is no foundation for a double standard for the sexes. To preach it is to preach immorality and a lowering of manhood. The lie that has lived so long must be driven out by the truth.

"To-day, as never before, *American manhood must be clean*. We must have fitness. America stands in need of every ounce of strength. We must cut out the cancer if we would live."

PRISONERS INOCULATED WITH DISEASES.

According to an official report received by the Serbian legation at Washington, in May, 1918, Italian and Serbian prisoners in Austria had been inoculated in large numbers with tuberculosis and other diseases. Ten thousand of these were sent out at one time into Serbia to spread the disease among the people of that country.

WOMAN POISON EXPERT INTERNED.

Prof. Rhoda Erdmann, lecturer on biology at Yale, was arrested, tried and interned for the period of the great war, as a suspect plotting to kill American soldiers with a virus so deadly as to be terrifying. A bottle of the poison was found in her possession, which the Federal authorities say contained bacteria sufficient to kill a million men. She was ordered to destroy the poison, and in the presence of witnesses literally boiled the life out of the microbes.

DOGS

WOUNDED DOG DELIVERS MESSAGE.

A crippled dog, one of the heroes of the battle of the Aisne, was brought to this country in 1917. It is said that this animal was wounded by shrapnel while carrying a dispatch to the first-line trench. With his left fore leg torn away, the brave dog struggled on and delivered the message entrusted to him. An artificial leg was made for the faithful dog, and by its aid he walks.

THE DOG TRUE TO HIS MASTER.

A poem by Sergt. Frank C. McCarthy, with the American forces in France, published in the *American Magazine*, contains these lines with reference to a dog on the battlefield:

"I found him in a shell-hole,
With a gash across his head,
Standing guard beside his master,
Though he knew the boy was dead.
When I crawled back to the trenches,
And I took his master, too,
Frenchie followed. Guess he figured,
Just because of that, I'd do.

"You wouldn't say he's handsome,
He's been hit a dozen times.
But when we boys 'go over,'
Over with us Frenchie climbs.
And when for home I'm starting,
If I live to see this through,
Just one thing is sure as shooting:
That my dog is going too."

TRAINED DOGS AID THE BLIND.

So many men were made blind in France by war injuries that an extensive movement was launched by military authorities for the training of dogs to lead sightless ones about the streets, or wherever they might wish to go. The dogs were first taught not to quarrel or play with other dogs, nor to stop at garbage-

cans or butcher-shops, and how to avoid vehicles in crossing a street. For several days after being assigned to a blind man, they were carefully watched to make sure that they were efficient and reliable.

DOGS HELP IN RESCUE WORK.

Training dogs for war work is a delicate and exacting business. The dog must be trained to do special work and to be indifferent to danger; to know whether wounded men belong to his army or to the enemy; to know whether a man is dead or living. If dead, he passes on; if alive, and a member of his army, he is to bring back something that belongs to the man, for identification—part of the uniform, a cap, or perhaps something taken from one of the pockets. With this the dog returns to his kennel, barking loudly, when he retraces his steps, with surgeons and stretcher-bearers following him back to the wounded man. It is said to be a touching scene when a faithful canine thus leads the way, eager to again be by the side of the suffering one he has found helpless.

Dogs have also been trained to mount guard in a trench at listening-posts for long hours at a stretch, ignoring danger, alert every moment. Some have saved whole companies, especially in fogs, revealing by their growling the nearness of the enemy.

That the dog should do all these things and many more, and do them successfully over and over again, as hundreds upon hundreds of them have done, shows to what extent he can be trained. In fact, one writer says he plays the game as if he knew all that lay behind it; that "no man with the highest theories of patriotism could do more than is done by the dog with only his inbred instinct for doing the thing that man asks of him."

Not all are dogs of high degree. Thousands have been just "plain dogs." It's what he can do, not his pedigree or where he came from, that makes a dog or a man worth while.

DUTY

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EPOCH.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels' philosophy of wartimes is good for all times: "The thought of the things to be done in the immediate present is too big to leave us time or inclination to think of the future. We are living and working in the biggest epoch of the world's history. Why neglect it for a moment? Our only concern need be that we produce something now that the future will have occasion to be grateful for."

THE ROTHSCHILDS IN WAR.

During our Civil War there were many instances of relatives being on opposite sides, some in the armies of the North and some in the armies of the South. There were also a number of instances of brothers being in opposing armies during intense fighting, each going where he thought duty called him.

Speaking of the big world war, Herbert Bayard Swope says that the Rothschilds family had representatives in the armies of five nations—Germany, Austria, France, England and Belgium.

THE HARD AND THE EASY.

The crew of the U. S. S. "Oregon" began the publication of the *Oregonian* in April, 1918, issued weekly, with the chaplain as editor. The sailors on this, as on all our Pacific Coast battle-ships, were anxious to leave for the Atlantic side, where there might be a possibility of taking part in the great war. Concerning this desire was this statement in one of the early issues of the paper mentioned:

"There is just as much honor in being here, if we do our work well. Some one must do it. If the Government sees fit to keep us here, let's do our part well. We should know it takes more grit to stay here than it does to go over to the other

side. The marine in Guam, the sailor in the Philippines, are doing their duty as much as those on the firing-line. It isn't a spectacular duty, it is true, but it's a conscientious duty—and who could do more!"

In every-day life it often requires more real courage to do the commonplace things than to enter largely into the greater struggles. "Act well your part. There all the honor lies."

ECONOMY

SAVING WHAT REMAINS.

Some divers have received as high as \$500 a week for finding ships that were sunk during the great war. While this work did not await the conclusion of the war, it was estimated that the operations along this line were very small compared to what would come later. The contents of the ships sunk by submarines and mines are of almost fabulous value, and many of them are near enough to the coasts for their cargoes to be at least partly saved. They are in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, the North and Mediterranean Seas, with gold, silver, precious stones, rare pottery, fabrics, diamonds, copper, lead, quicksilver, shipped from India, China, South Africa, Spain and other countries. The ships thus sent to the ocean's bottom during the first four years of the war number considerably over two thousand.

GERMANY IN WARTIMES.

Much light is thrown on real conditions in Germany by Herbert Bayard Swope in his book, "Inside the German Empire," 1917. "Nearly all the horses left in the cities," he says, "were white or flea-bitten. All the other colors are used for army work. The whites are not. Their color is too conspicuous. But the demand for horses has been so great that even the whites are used when they are young by being painted dark. . . . It is a rare thing to hear a laugh in Germany to-day, and I visited

many theaters without hearing any applause. The Germans take their pleasures seriously. They go to comedy as they would to an execution. It is a duty, they feel, to obtain recreation. Night life has disappeared. The supper restaurants are morgue-like in their lack of cheer. Dancing is an unheard-of pastime, and is actually forbidden, both in public and in private.

"As a matter of economy, the coats of both officers and men are cut almost waist high. Nothing is permitted to be carried off the battlefields as souvenirs. Every article that German ingenuity can bring into usefulness again is sent back to the quartermaster's depot."

HOOVER'S GOIN' TO GET YOU.

Oh, gone now are the good old days of hot cakes thickly spread;
And meatless, wheatless, hopeless days are reigning in their stead;
And gone the days of fat rib-roasts, and two-inch T-bone steaks,
And doughnuts plump and golden brown, the kind that mother makes.
And when it comes to pie and cake, just learn to cut it out,
Or Hoover's goin' to get you if you don't watch out.

—Mabel I. Clapp, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

WAR BREAD IN OLDEN TIMES.

War bread is not a modern discovery. Rev. Howard B. Grose, of the U. S. Food Administration, has pointed out the fact that when the children of Israel were defending the city of Jerusalem against the siege of their enemies, they were required to make war bread, and to use no other kind, for more than a year. That was twenty-four hundred years ago. The record of this is in the fourth chapter of Ezekiel, verse 9:

"Take thou also unto thee wheat, and barley, and beans, and lentiles, and millet, and fitches, and put them in one vessel, and make thee bread thereof, according to the number of days that thou shalt lie upon thy side, three hundred and ninety days shalt thou eat thereof."

The record further states that they were to eat their food by weighing it out, and to drink water by measuring it.

The supposition is that the inability of the Jews to get wheat in proportion to their former requirement made the use of other grains and vegetables with it an absolute necessity, just as the United States Government declared to be the case in America.

WAR WASTE SERVES AGAIN.

Cleaning up battlefields has become a highly organized system of economy. The amount saved, for instance, by the French Army amounted to several hundred thousand dollars each month. Hardly had the troops passed forward in an attack than a second army, usually of aged territorials, followed them to the battlefield and began the cleaning-up process. Their work, too, was often as dangerous as that of the troops who dashed to the assault, as not only had they to handle abandoned explosives of the most perilous kind, but often their work had to be carried on under a terrific bombardment.

Among the material gathered up were the unused French shells which the batteries and trench mortars had to abandon as they dashed forward. Sometimes they were in piles of half a dozen or more. Then, there were the unexploded German shells scattered all about. They might explode at the first touch, but nevertheless must be gathered up, both for the removal of such a menace and for the value of the material they contained. There were also the hand grenades, steel helmets, hundreds of thousands of rifle cartridges (both exploded and unexploded), bayonets, rifles, knapsacks, canteens, straps, shoes, caps, coats, overcoats, and many other things that went into the equipment of an army. Whatever it may have been, of the least value, it was saved for some future use.

Behind the battle-lines were established "hospitals" for the repair of battle wreckage of every description—tattered clothing, worn-out shoes, broken rifles, damaged cannons, shattered motor-cars, trucks and bicycles. When the repair of an article was not possible it was made into something else. Nearly every

particle of wreckage was thus utilized as an aid in winning the war. Sixty thousand pairs of shoes, 90,000 khaki uniforms, 125,000 undergarments, 25,000 steel helmets, 300,000 rifles, and so on, were renovated every month in just one "hospital" for a certain district, thus saving to the Allies many millions of dollars a year.

EDUCATIONAL

LEARNING TO SPEAK "UNITED STATES."

America's first draft army included more than seventy-six thousand foreigners of many nationalities, the Italians, Poles, Russians, Rumanians, Greeks and others being present in large numbers. In camps of thirty to forty thousand men there would be an average of nearly five thousand who understood and spoke but little English, although all potential Americans.

Fred H. Ridge, Jr., tells, in *Harper's Magazine*, of visiting a number of camps where he observed conditions in this respect, and of the remarkable work of the Y. M. C. A. in organizing and conducting classes for the purpose of teaching such men the English language. In his description of one class of twenty foreigners of several different nationalities, he says:

"In half an hour, by the rapid-fire Y. M. C. A. method, they had memorized seventeen sentences in English, and understood them—all without the aid of an interpreter. Both officers and men were amazed. New sympathies had been awakened in the officers, new encouragement had been given the men. . . . There are at least 250 classes with four thousand men in each camp where the need really exists."

STUDENTS IN THE WAR.

In the recent years preceding 1918 there had been from three to five hundred male students graduating from the University of California, but in the year mentioned only 105 men

remained to receive their degrees, and many of these immediately thereafter enlisted in some branch of the Government service for winning the war. Pres. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in his address to the graduates, commending the patriotic spirit of the students—which was characteristic of every American university—said:

“This instinct of liberty looks toward self-development and self-government and the free unfolding of what lies within the life and character of every nation, small and great. The battle is drawn. The two causes face each other in the lists. They are plain antipodes. What one is, the other is not. What one is not, the other is. One is human tolerance, the other materialism; one is self-government, the other autocracy; one is equality, the other privilege; one is liberty, the other imperialism. *The two can not dwell together.*”

FOR ONLY ENGLISH IN SCHOOLS.

The National Education Association Commission on the National Emergency in Education, at its session in April, 1918, at Washington, D. C., unanimously adopted a resolution declaring as un-American and unpatriotic the practice of giving instruction in the common branches of the schools of America in any but the English language, concluding as follows:

“We therefore recommend that the instruction in the common branches in both private and public schools in all States be given in the English language only, and that every legitimate means, both State and Federal, be used to bring about this result.”

There is no good reason why any other course should be taken. Gen. Z. T. Sweeney says that three-fourths of the telegrams of the world are in English; two-thirds of the letters passing through the Universal Postal Union are in English; that at the convening of the Berlin Congress the proceedings were carried on in English; that at The Hague peace tribunals the principal language is English; that the treaty between Mexico and China

is in English; that the South American countries have their customs articles and names in English.

ILLITERACY OF AMERICAN ADULTS.

The "Bulletin" for April, 1918, issued by the National Education Association, says that at that time there were approximately seven hundred thousand men registered for military service in the United States who could not sign their own names, and that many thousands more could barely do so. The order of the War Department in April, 1917, admitting illiterates to the army made their enlistment possible. As a consequence, the American Army then contained many thousands of men who could not read or write.

With these figures as a basis, it was estimated that there were at least 4,600,000 persons in the United States above twenty years of age who were utterly illiterate. Secretary Lane points out that the economic loss alone is very great. At the lowest estimate, the average earning capacity of an illiterate is fifty cents a day less than that of an educated person, which means a loss to the country of \$700,000,000 a year in productiveness.

Stories from one camp of men serving sentences in the guard-house for disobeying orders, revealed the fact that the disobedience was not due to intention, but to illiteracy. They were too proud to appeal to comrades to read to them orders that all must obey, and because of their ignorance of the contents of the orders, it amounted to disobedience. One soldier in another camp uttered a self-evident fact when he said sadly:

"A man without education ain't got no chance in the army."

It is a deplorable thing that men who offer their lives for their country should be so humiliated and handicapped as were many of these men. The army system requires education. When a man goes before an examining board his eyes are tested by printed alphabetic and word cards—requiring ability to read. His orders of the day, typewritten, require ability to read. His

Bible, now given to practically every enlisted man, is of course in printed form. His signals from the signal corps are alphabetic in form. Then he must be able to write—to sign his name here, there and “everywhere.”

Not being able to read or write, time drags heavily on his hands when not busy. He can not even write to his loved ones or read letters from them. As a natural result, the bars have been put down for lonesomeness and homesickness which might otherwise never come to him in an intensified form.

The situation appealed to teachers and others so strongly that in several States in which army camps were located, campaigns were conducted for teaching these men to read and write.

The time has come in America when, regardless of war conditions, it should be considered a national disgrace to longer tolerate such a state of affairs. The unfortunate men may not be to blame in many instances. Circumstances may have been against them. But America, arising in her might to face Kaiserism, should rise in her great power for the education and mental freedom of all her citizens.

EFFICIENCY

THE WORK OF ONE DESTROYER.

A ship in the United States Navy made the wonderful record of conveying 177 troop-carrying ships across the Atlantic in six months, and in doing so traversed one hundred thousand miles. This statement was made by Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. Commenting upon our navy and army, he said:

“Some say we can not fight without hate. This is not true of the American people. We did not go into this war out of hatred, but to save the democracy of the world. When victory comes we will have a high tribunal to settle disputes by arbitration, an international tribunal, and a navy big enough to enforce its decrees.”

GREAT RECORD OF CANADIAN ACE.

In the early part of the world war, when fighting in the air was more or less of an experiment, the man who brought down five or more of the enemy's flying-machines was distinguished by being named an "Ace." As the war progressed, hundreds of men reached this number, many far surpassing it. Among them was Maj. William A. Bishop, with the Canadian aviators. Up to July 1, 1918, he had brought down seventy-two German machines—more than any other of the Allies' aviators. He was then transferred to the office of the British chief of the air staff, where his exceptional experience could be utilized in the further organization of the Canadian air forces.

TRYING TO DO HIS BEST.

Precision in all military movements is well understood as one of the strict rules of the army. The story is told of a negro drill-sergeant who was so anxious to have his men become proficient in drilling that he sometimes said and did quite absurd things. One day he said to them with much dignity:

"I wants you niggers to understan' dat you is to car-ry out all o'ders giben on de risin' reflection ob de final word of comman'. Now when we'se passin' dat reviewin'-stan' down the'ah, at de comman', '*Eyes Right!*' I wants to hea'h ebery nigger's eyeballs click at de same instan'!"

BOYS MAKE THE BEST FLYERS.

Lord Robert I. Ker, of the Irish Guards, who arrived in America in the spring of 1918 to recruit Britishers for the Royal Flying Corps, stated that the best aviators in the Allied armies were between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years. He mentioned a number of noted fliers under the latter age. It seems that a youth over eighteen is old enough to quickly grasp everything necessary for him to learn about aviation, and that at this period his mind is clear and keen, ready to instantly take

in any unexpected situation that may arise, with sufficient initiative and courage to do the thing that his best judgment calls for, considering only the thing to be accomplished.

ECONOMICAL SHOOTING.

The bravery and simplicity of the Babus is proverbial in the British Army. One of these, in the campaign in German East Africa, was in charge of a railway station, where he was besieged by the enemy. He at once telegraphed to headquarters:

"One hundred Germans attacking station. Send immediately one rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition."

LONG-RANGE GUNS.

Soon after the long-range gun had fired upon Paris from a distance of seventy-six miles, the following, signed by Walter B. Dunn, appeared in the *Oakland Tribune*:

"To THE EDITOR:—It may interest you to know that a man has invented a gun which, using heated air as a propelling force, will throw a projectile straight through the earth to Germany. The trouble so far has been that of obtaining a projectile of sufficient density to stand the wear and tear of the trip, the only substance known being pro-German heads, and there is a law against using them. However, this gun, pointed upward, will throw a projectile so high that by the natural revolving of the earth it will fall in Berlin."

INSTANT DEATH FOR POISONER.

Otto Kirby, a California soldier, raised on a cattle ranch, where he had learned to shoot a coyote through the head at a distance of five hundred yards, shot and instantly killed a man believed to have been a German spy. The young soldier was on sentry duty at an army cantonment, when he saw the man stealthily climbing one of the camp's high water-tanks, and commanded him to halt. Instead of obeying, the man climbed

higher. Kirby again challenged, then fired. On the man's body was found enough poison to have caused the death of all users of the camp's water supply. The vigilance of the soldier no doubt saved the lives of many of his comrades.

MODERN WARFARE.

"Engaged to four girls at once!" roared the uncle, horrified. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?"

"Don't know," said the nephew, feigning deep perplexity. "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

TIME TO CHANGE THE ORDER.

There has been enough of the argument that "we must teach the children German because we shall be doing business with the Germans after the war." Can't the Germans learn English after the war?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HOSPITAL TRAINS FOR WOUNDED.

The work of caring for the wounded in the armies of the Allies fighting in France reached a capacity of forty thoroughly equipped hospital trains by May, 1918. These constituted a mobile hospital of twenty thousand beds in daily service, when necessary. It is said that, following some of the great offensive actions, between two and three thousand wounded pass through a casualty clearing-station every day.

AMERICA'S FIRST SHOT IN EUROPE.

The honor of firing the first American shot against the Germans, in October, 1917, goes to a nineteen-year-old San Francisco youth named Osborn de Varila. It was in the Lorraine sector, where his battery planted its guns on a camouflage slope behind a little town after dark. He laid and directed the gun, aiming at a communication trench in the German front line, sending eighteen pounds of shrapnel over a distance of forty-one

hundred yards across No Man's Land. Soon the Germans fired in reply, so he and his comrades knew they had the range of the enemy.

This young man graduated from Lowell High School in San Francisco a short time before enlisting. He was made a corporal soon after entering the service of his country.

SEEKING INFORMATION.

An inquisitive woman in conversation with a captain inquired:

"Do they kill a man often for betraying his country?"

"Only once, madam," was the courteous reply.

With a faint "Oh" and a satisfied air, she moved on.

FEEDING SOLDIERS ON TRANSPORTS.

The matter of food for a big shipload of U. S. soldiers *en route* to France was one of utmost importance. The thoughtfulness in this regard required of those whose duty it is to make provision for the food was shown in the figures for just one trip of one ship, when 210,000 meals were served, made up of 180 varieties of food, using a total of 750,000 pounds of provisions. The system was so perfect that every one on board was served quickly and agreeably.

MACHINE GUN DEADLY WEAPON.

According to one authority, a machine gun is worth almost a whole battalion of men armed with rifles. Few soldiers can keep up fifteen rounds per minute, rapid-fire, with a rifle. The average machine gun in the U. S. Army can discharge 600 rounds in a minute, and the Vickers can fire 1,600 rounds without stopping. The bullets pour from the muzzle in a rapid, devastating stream, inflicting terrible losses on the enemy in front of it. This gun has an effective range of 1,200 yards and can be fired from a parapet or a stand. In the same manner as a fireman plays a hose on a burning building, the gunner,

who grips the handle with both hands, moves the weapon back and forth, mowing down everything within its range.

RELATION OF NICOTINE TO EFFICIENCY.

There was a time, not many years ago, when liquor drinking in the United States was opposed by but few persons, and they were generally considered fanatics or extremists. Now we are living in the actual experience of our soldiers and sailors going without liquor, by order of the Government, and the liquor business doomed.

We are now living amid the experience of another habit being opposed by but comparatively few people, and they are in turn generally considered fanatics or extremists. Not many years hence, when the people become aroused to the injurious effects of nicotine, the U. S. Government will no doubt prohibit tobacco being furnished to our soldiers and sailors, just as it is now prohibiting liquor for them. And some careful students of the two habits say that tobacco is doing far more harm to the race as a whole than liquor has ever done.

The American people received a terrible shock when preparations for our part of the great war showed so many of our young men physically unfit for military and naval service. Of thirty-four hundred applicants at Annapolis, seventy-two per cent. were rejected. Of the hundreds of thousands examined for service in the army, over fifty per cent. were rejected. With this as a basis, it was estimated that there were five million young men in the United States between twenty-one and thirty-one years of age who were physically unfit for military and naval service.

The *No-Tobacco Journal* for March, 1918, says that fifty per cent. of those rejected were turned down because their lungs had been weakened by inhaling tobacco smoke. This agrees with a statement made by the *London Lancet*:

"Cigarette smoking directly paves the way for pulmonary tuberculosis, the great white plague, to stamp out which millions

of dollars are being spent. The stamping out of the cigarette evil would be a step toward this great accomplishment."

Dr. D. H. Kress, of the Medical and Surgical Sanitarium, Washington, D. C., says that physical and moral degeneracy is marked in every country where the use of tobacco has become general among the people; that the Indians are about exterminated; that Spain is degenerate; that in New Zealand, where the men and women both smoke, the native population has decreased in a century and a half from 121,000 to less than 40,000; that in the Hawaiian Islands, where smoking is common among both men and women, the native population has been reduced from 300,000 to less than 30,000. He does not attribute this degeneracy wholly to tobacco, but says there is no longer any doubt but what it is a factor in bringing about such a deplorable condition.

Shall America, after reaching such a high plane in the civilization of the world, be conquered by an internal foe? It is possible, but not probable. No doubt our beloved America will awake and act according to the gravity of the situation, as she has on the liquor question.

WISELY DIRECTED PATRIOTISM.

It is one thing to be patriotic, and another to know how to use one's patriotism in accomplishing the greatest possible good. Henry P. Davison, chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, did a most wonderful thing in directing the Red Cross drive for \$100,000,000 in May, 1918. Instead of this amount, the campaign resulted in raising \$170,000,000—and this was done in seven days, which was at the rate of \$24,000,000 a day. Another remarkable feature of the drive was that 43,000,000 people contributed to the fund. "To raise \$170,000,000 from 43,000,000 persons in seven days is a feat in finance second to no other in the history of the world," says one great daily paper.

This is a stupendous argument in favor of intelligently planning your work, and then energetically working your plan.

AMERICA SURPRISES THE WORLD.

When the United States entered the great war the statement was made that it would be almost miraculous should Uncle Sam be able to land 200,000 soldiers in France within a year, but the figures were far surpassed. Before the war ended 2,000,000 men had been carried safely over.

The feat in building new ships and remodeling old ones, and in every way possible increasing the capacity of our Government to take men and supplies across the ocean, was equally great and surprising. From a few merchant ships at the beginning of the war, we owned, on July 1, 1918, nearly *thirty thousand* vessels. On July 4 of the same year nearly one hundred new ships were launched in American shipyards, with the capacity to do still greater things being rapidly increased.

TOBACCO FOR THE SOLDIERS.

In all parts of the country were those who endeavored to raise money to buy tobacco for the soldiers and sailors, until the impression seemed to have been made on the minds of many that it was a necessity. The fact that the Government also later decided to send tobacco to the men in the service was interpreted by many as an indication that our high officials recognized it as a necessity.

It requires but a moment's thought to see that this is not the case. Because of the love of every loyal citizen for the young men who were willing to give their lives, if need be, for the great cause of humanity, and knowing that many wearing the uniform used tobacco, kindly disposed persons took this as one means of showing that love.

The statement that tobacco is injurious in many cases goes without argument. The fact that hundreds of firms and corpora-

tions will not employ men who use tobacco shows that it has a handicapping effect on those who use it. That it is injurious to athletes in training is also everywhere recognized. That it is injurious to the bodies of tens of thousands is shown in the large number of young men rejected by the United States examining boards because of weak lungs, in many cases due to the excessive use of cigarettes.

One young man who had enlisted wrote to a friend:

"I quit smoking a month ago. I figure that it will take the steadiest nerve possible in our work to come, and cigarettes, etc., do anything but steady my nerves."

Another wrote that he had received a dozen packages of cigarettes from the war-service committee of his town, adding: "They were of no use to me, as I don't smoke. In my company of twenty-five men there are eighteen who do not smoke, but every man of them is fond of chocolate."

From one church organization went ninety-five young men to answer the call of Uncle Sam, and seventy-three of the number never used tobacco in any form.

It is a mistaken conclusion that nearly all of the boys of the army and navy smoked. Reason, not sentiment, should control in this matter.

SOME OF OUR COAST GUNS.

The War Department has provided for the United States, it is believed, the best system of coast defense possessed by any country. It has become principally a question of marksmanship, and the American coast defenders have solved that problem by becoming the best marksmen in the world. The heaviest guns weigh as much as railroad engines, and shoot a projectile weighing as much as ten ordinary men. No battleship can resist the concentrated force of modern coast-defense guns, which are mounted on disappearing carriages. Two of these are placed in a single pit, and together they can keep a shot in the air nearly

all the time, their combined capacity being a shot every fifteen seconds. The biggest gun built prior to 1911 carries a projectile weighing a ton, and can reach an enemy twenty-one miles away.
—From *"The American Government,"* by Frederic J. Haskin.

EMBLEMS

THE FRENCH LOVE "OLD GLOBY."

On July 4, 1918, many of Uncle Sam's soldiers in France had to do without an American flag because the inhabitants of some of the towns had bought up the entire supply, with which to decorate their homes. The day was celebrated both in France and England on a large scale, the French people in particular showing their love for "Old Glory" in many touching ways.

WHAT STAR IN THE FLAG IS YOURS?

Every star in "Old Glory" has its place in the field of blue, fixed by executive order, made October 26, 1912. It provides that there shall be six horizontal rows of eight stars each. The start is made at the upper left-hand corner, and the States are in the order of their ratification of the Constitution and admission into the Union:

Thus to little Delaware goes the honor of being Star No. 1. Others in the upper row, from left to right, are Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina.

Second Row: New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee.

Third Row: Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine, Missouri.

Fourth Row: Arkansas, Michigan, Florida, Texas, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota.

Fifth Row: Oregon, Kansas, West Virginia, Nevada, Nebraska, Colorado, South Dakota, North Dakota.

Sixth Row: Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona.

December 7, 1787, was the date on which Delaware's star was placed; February 14, 1912, the placing of that for Arizona. Therefore, the completion of our nation's flag consumed a period of 124 years, 2 months and 7 days; but it is well worth the time spent.—*State Societies Register*.

THE SERVICE FLAG.

Stars of blue on a field of white,
Hemmed by a band of red,
Make what we call a Service Flag,
Flung to the breeze o'erhead.

Careless we count each single star,
Losing each one in the whole,
Sometimes forgetting that every one
Stands for a boy with a soul.

A soul that thrilled in quick response,
Stirred by his nation's call,
Ready to make the sacrifice;
If need be, to give his all.

Now in the service for you and me,
Facing the fight with its scars,
Pray that each soul in his place shall shine
Steady and bright as the stars.

God of the stars that shine above,
Hear from our hearts this prayer:
Grant that the stars in our Service Flag
May shine as the stars out there.

—J. Wm. Marston, in *New Century Teacher*.

FIRST AMERICAN FLAG OVER THE TOP.

W. G. Clancy, of Texas, a member of the Canadian Field Artillery, had the honor of carrying the first American flag over the top, at Vimy Ridge, in France. He had the flag on his bayonet, and was wounded. Capt. W. L. Smith, a medical officer with the Canadians, operated on Clancy, and turned the flag over to an American correspondent. It was brought to this country and sent to the wife of Captain Smith, residing at

Toledo, Ills. Captain Smith was transferred to another artillery, and does not know whether or not Clancy recovered.

THE SERVICE FLAG DEFINED.

From the office of the Judge Advocate has been issued a statement giving the definition of the use of the Service Flag:

"This emblem represents a person or persons from a family, place of business, or club, serving with the colors."

It does not, therefore, apply to civilians engaged in Government work.

The Service Flag is made in the shape of a rectangle, or field, whose length is twice that of its width, and whose red border is one-half the width of the white field within. When properly hung, the flag is perpendicular in length. No color of any kind should show beyond the red border. A gold fringe on it is out of place.

ORIGIN OF THE SERVICE FLAG.

The Rev. Edwin Keigwin, in the *Christian Herald*, tells the story as follows: "When I returned from the mountains last fall (1917) and saw so many of these flags displayed throughout the city, my curiosity was greatly aroused. It was several days before I found any one who could even tell me the significance of the flag. No one was able to enlighten me as to its origin. Did it originate with the Government? No. Had Congress legislated it into being? No. Yet there it was, this flag of mystery, floating from residence, business house and church.

"Then came the surprising revelation that the emblem was born in a father's heart. In a moment of inspired patriotism, Capt. B. L. Queisser, of the Fifth Ohio Machine-gun Company, conceived the idea. Says he: 'The thought came to me that both my boys, who were officers in the Guard, would be called out, and I wondered if I could not evolve some design or symbol by which it might be known that they were in their country's service, and

which would be to their mother a visible sign of the sacrifice her sons were making.' "

MY SERVICE STAR.

Set in a bit of ribbon,
I wear a star on my breast,
For I've given my boy to his country,
To fight for the nations oppressed.
No jewels of dazzling beauty
Would fill me with half the pride;
With a smile I sent him to battle
Where thousands have bled and died.

I smiled, though my heart was breaking,
For, oh, to me he is dear!
And the thought of what may await him
Grips my heart with a terrible fear.
Must the shot and the shell of battle
Rend that form so precious to me!
"Dear God," I cry in my anguish,
"Why dost thou permit this to be?"

Then there seems to hover o'er me
The Spirit of infinite love,
And there comes to me a whisper
From the heavenly Father above:
"I, too, gave my Son to suffer
For a world that was lost in sin,
But the life that is lost in my service
All eternity shall win.

"Then throughout the countless ages,
Sheltered by my tenderest love,
They shall serve me in all gladness,
Honored by the courts above."
Then I answer in contrition,
"Father, dear, thou knowest best,"
And I pity every mother
Who's no star upon her breast.

—Mrs. G. W. Ingram.

A TRIBUTE TO "OLD GLORY."

This is from Senator George F. Hoar: "I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sun set on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes have

ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of one hundred millions of Americans."

WHEN THE "STARS AND STRIPES" WENT BY.

Fourteen Americans who were in Russia, during the wild days of revolution following the withdrawal of Russia from the war, decided to leave for their homeland, and in making the journey had some thrilling experiences, especially in passing through Finland, where the Red and White Guards were battling, with the whole northern border of Finland shut out from the rest of the world by intrenched soldiers. One of the party, after reaching the United States, in speaking of this experience, said:

"When it became known that a party of Americans wanted safe conduct, an armistice was declared by both sides for one day. Even there, they looked to America as their one hope for freedom. With only an American flag fluttering in the still cold air above our heads, we went between those battle-lines on which the dead were spread out in dark blotches. Not a machine gun rattled, not a cannon spoke. It was in dead silence that we crossed that frozen 'No Man's Land' of ice and snow, while all hostilities were suspended until we were safely over. It was one of the greatest tributes to the 'Stars and Stripes' I have ever seen."

SIAM CHANGES HER FLAG.

When Siam placed herself on the side of the Allies against the Germans, she had a new vision, and changed her national flag from that of a white elephant on a scarlet background, to a tricolor, composed of red and white stripes at each end, with a central blue stripe double the width of the others. She has the "red, white and blue," the colors that inspire America's millions to higher ideals of national life.

THE FLAG IN THE WINDOW.

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forbears shed
To raise your mother, the flag, o'erhead.
And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier son,
Gone, to be gone till victory's won.

"I am the flag of the service, sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by the window and waits and fears,
But hides from others her unwept tears.
I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a soldier mate;
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters too.
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won."
Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer,
Child of "Old Glory," born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

—William Herschell.

THE FLAG IN THE DARKNESS.

During the Spanish-American War a custom, beautiful and thrilling, prevailed on outbound steamers from the Norfolk harbor—a custom which, no doubt, still continues. On dark nights the great searchlight played upon the waters and lifted itself against the sky until the arrival of a psychological moment, when it remained stationary for a minute and held in its arc the American flag on Fortress Monroe. A solid wall of blackness between sea and sky, but "Old Glory" in her place!

Never was a night so dark as the one under which the world now trembles and suffers and groans (the war started by Germany); the twilight which lingered after the sun had set is gone, the moon has failed to appear, and not a star has twinkled forth. An awful storm rages—every soul is drenched with deep

anguish. Nevertheless, our emblem of human freedom is still in its place. It floats in America, in England and in France—and in spirit, if not in folds of red, white and blue, it will fly to the breezes in Berlin! The time may be long, and the reverses of the Allies multiplied, but the Allies will win the battle—their cause is linked with the flag destined to never know defeat.—*George P. Butledge, in The Lookout, June 30, 1918.*

THE NEW "STAR IN THE EAST."

Among the discoveries of the scientists during the total eclipse of the sun on June 8, 1918, visible in many portions of the United States, was a new sun, or star. For those who believe in omens, one writer calls attention to the fact that this new star was found in the constellation Aquila, which is the constellation of the Eagle, adding: "These are busy times for the American eagle, and astrologers should find it easy to discover all kinds of important prognostications in this discovery."

Edgar Lucius Larkin, the noted director of Mt. Lowe Observatory, says: "The new sun is second in brilliancy only to the gigantic sun Vega. Only one degree north of the equator, it can be seen by the entire human race, as it is twelve hours right ascension and rises at sunset. It is indeed a star in the east."

Within a week after the eclipse the cablegrams from France indicated that the Germans had finally concluded the "Yankee soldiers" were to be reckoned with, after all their bluster and swagger about the inability of the Americans to fight. It may be well to keep in mind that because the boys of the American eagle responded to the call to help put down German cruelty, new hope came to all the races of the earth that autocracy was to be crushed for all time to come. Regardless of any omen connected with the new sun, the power of America in the war was in effect a "New Star in the East," strengthening the courage of our allies, and turning the tide toward the victory which came in the overthrow of the Huns.

EQUIPMENT

KHAKI SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Uniforms made of khaki were first worn in 1848, by a corps of guides in India, on the suggestion of Sir Henry Burnett Lumsden. Khaki takes its name from the Urdu word *khak*, or dust.—*Oakland Tribune*.

AN ERA OF BIG THINGS.

Some of the purchases made by the British Army in 1917 were 84,000,000 pounds of tea, 177,000,000 pounds of sugar and 145,000,000 cans of milk. The War Office of Great Britain bought for uniforms and other army equipment as many miles of cloth and flannel as would reach around the earth more than six times.

SPEEDING UP IN MAKING RIFLES.

From the time the United States entered the war, in April, 1917, to June 1, 1918, 1,568,661 rifles had been manufactured for the American Army, which, with what were on hand, made the total over two million. Even at that rate, only five out of the eight factories were working to their planned capacity. At that time ninety thousand men and women were engaged in rifle-making.

Y. M. C. A. CAMP AUDITORIUMS.

At about twenty of the military camps and cantonments in the United States, in addition to the eight or ten standard service buildings erected in each camp for brigade or regimental use, the Y. M. C. A. also put up a large auditorium, seating twenty-eight hundred men, with standing-room for several hundred more. This type of building was erected for concerts, lectures and the larger religious gatherings, with the central part large enough for two basket-ball courts.

BARBED WIRE ON BATTLEFIELDS.

The great war made a largely increased demand for barbed wire, because of the use of so much of this material by the armies in their endeavor to head off the advances of their enemies. Tom Sherman, a San Francisco boy with one of the U. S. engineering corps in France, wrote to his father:

"If you could but imagine the material used in this war, you wouldn't wonder at the high cost of building material. Why, there seems to be enough barbed wire in this country to go around the world a thousand times."

WHAT A SHELL CAN DO.

A London paper says that one of the modern big guns built for the United States Navy is sixty feet in length, weighs eighty tons, and fires a projectile weighing 2,100 pounds. The gun was tried with an armor-piercing shell against a thirteen-inch Krupp plate. The shell pierced the plate, went through the heavy timbers back of it, also thirty feet of sand, was then deflected and went three-quarters of a mile farther, passing through the cottage of a Government employee at a proving-ground. After doing all this, the shell was fairly intact.

RABBITS FOR HATS AND FOOD.

Frank G. Carpenter, in the *Christian Herald*, July 3, 1918, said:

"It took thirty-six million rabbits to make the six million hats bought by Uncle Sam for his soldiers since the war began. In other words, every soldier is going about with the fur of about six bunnies on the top of his head."

This is from *Grit*, July 7, 1918: "It is estimated that the birth-rate of jack-rabbits in Wyoming alone is ten million a year. An Eastern promoter is in that State arranging for the slaughter of millions of rabbits and the preservation of the meat

in cold storage until winter, for use in New York and other cities, in combating the fast-increasing cost of beef, mutton and pork.

"The shipping of jack-rabbits has already been tried with great success in Kansas. Last winter one man alone, residing at Hutchinson, marketed 170,000 in New York, with a large profit, besides disposing of the hides to manufacturers for conversion into felt. He is now breeding Belgian hares on a large scale."

WORLD'S SMALLEST ARMIES.

A number of nations have very small armies. *Tit-Bits* mentions these:

Monaco has seventy-five guards, a like number of carbineers and twenty firemen.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg numbers 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers and thirty musicians.

The republic of San Marino can put in the field a total of nine companies, consisting of 950 men and thirty-eight officers, commanded by a marshal. The army on a peace footing consists of one company of sixty men.

The fighting force of the "Black Republic," Liberia, is composed of 700 men. Liberia, however, evidently considers its army a formidable one, since, upon the occasion of hostilities between any of the powers, it always issues a proclamation of neutrality.

Americans are proud of the fact that while our country is among the greatest and strongest, it stands for the rights and protection of the smallest and weakest, in contradistinction of the policy of Germany to crush the weak and helpless.

President Wilson said in London, at the palace of King George, on Dec. 27, 1918: "Any influence that the American people have over the affairs of the world is measured by their sympathy with the aspirations of free men everywhere."

FAITH

THE UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT.

When General Grant was asked, "Do you think you are going to take Richmond?" he replied, "No, I don't think—I *know* we will take Richmond."

When Lincoln lay in his coffin at Washington, the victim of the assassin's bullet, there were people who *thought* the end of the Union had come, but there were others who seemed to *know* it had not. At that awful crisis in our country's history, with mobs gathering everywhere, General Garfield quelled an excited, shouting multitude in the streets of New York by mounting a dry-goods box and exclaiming with a faith and courage that was contagious:

"Fellow-citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

Men may be shot down, but as long as the spirit of right and of honor possesses even one noble soul, standing for a worthy principle, the cause can not be put down nor conquered.

TRUST THE GOVERNMENT.

In every time of crisis in national affairs there are many persons anxious to give advice to those in authority, and, if it is not followed, they resort to unkind criticism. During the Civil War such a situation was faced. President Lincoln was continually beset by people who not only offered advice, but insisted that their plans for saving the country be carried out. The patient Lincoln heard them all, but one day to an especially insistent group he said:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you had was in gold and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across Niagara River on a tight rope." (Blondin was a noted tight-rope walker at that time.) "Would you shake the cable? Or

keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up straighter!' or, 'Stoop a little more!' or, 'Hurry a little faster!' or, 'Lean a little more to the north or south!?' No! You would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off till he was safely over.

"The Government authorities are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silent, and they will get you safely through."

The outcome proved that Lincoln was right. The same principle holds good to-day in America.

PRAYER AT A CABINET MEETING.

As the terrible world war progressed in power and frightfulness, and the trend of events seemed to be drawing America into the struggle in spite of every honorable effort that could be made to avoid it, men of faith did not forget the God of mercy and justice. The whole country was thrilled to read that at one of the Cabinet meetings President Wilson led the members of his official family in prayer. Bishop William F. Anderson, of Cincinnati, tells of the incident:

"When the President arrived at the Cabinet meeting his face wore a solemn look. It was evident the serious affairs of the nation were on his mind. He said to the members of the Cabinet: 'I don't know whether you men believe in prayer or not. I do. Let us pray and ask the help of God.'

"And right there the President of the United States fell upon his knees and the rest of the members of the Cabinet did the same, and the President offered a prayer to God. While the war rages in Europe we in this country should thank God that in this crisis of the world we have a chief executive who is a servant of God, and who stands with his hand in the hand of God. Every minister in the land should, every time he offers a prayer, take Woodrow Wilson by the hand and lead him

into the presence of God and ask that he be given strength to continue to be the great apostle of peace among men."

SOLDIERS OF THE LIVING GOD.

Two men went to the Y. M. C. A. director in one of the army camps and said they were in the habit of kneeling in prayer before retiring at night. What ought they to do here?

"Try it out," was the reply.

They did. The second night two others in the barracks joined them; the third night a few more; gradually the number increased until more than half the men resumed the habit of childhood and knelt by their cots in prayer before closing their eyes in sleep.

The captain of a company, who stood before his men at attention the first evening, said: "Men, this is a serious business we are in; it is fitting we should pray about it."

With heads bowed, the officer made a simple, earnest prayer for the blessing of God upon their lives and their work. The impression made upon the men was described as tremendous. Such incidents indicated the general spirit of the new armies.

THE FAITH OF SOLDIERS.

Many soldiers who were in France tell their friends of the belief, said to be common among men facing the dangers of war, that they will not meet death "until their time comes," as they express it. They seem conscious of a Power directing their lives. It is what the Greek tragedians called Fate. Thomas Tiplady says:

"They do not know quite what to call it. Most of them would call it Providence if they spoke frankly and gave it a name at all. One of the finest Christian officers I know told me that he believed that God's finger had already written what his fate should be. If he had to die, nothing could save him, and if he had to live, nothing could kill him. All he was con-

cerned with was to be able to do his duty, and take whatever God sent him. This, he said, was the only suitable working philosophy for a man at the front. The Christian fatalism at the front destroys no man's initiative, but keeps him merry and bright, and helps him to do his bit."

' ALWAYS TWO ALTERNATIVES.

The importance of the mental attitude of the men who defended Verdun was recognized by the French Army Staff. To keep them from worrying about the outcome of the day's fighting, the Litany was taught to all the soldiers. The result is known the world over.

A few changes have been made in the original version so it might conform to American conditions, says a Western publication:

"Regarding the war, you are drafted or not drafted. If you are not drafted, there is nothing to worry about. If you are drafted, you have two alternatives:

"Either you are at the front or in the reserves. If you are in the reserves, there is nothing to worry about. If you are at the front, you still have two alternatives:

"Either you get hurt or you don't get hurt. If you don't get hurt, there is nothing to worry about. If you do get hurt, you still have two alternatives:

"Either you get slightly hurt or seriously wounded. If you get slightly hurt, there is nothing to worry about. If you get seriously wounded, you still have two alternatives:

"Either you recover or you don't recover. If you recover, there is nothing to worry about. If you don't recover, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

This is the spirit of the Apostle Paul, in writing to the Philippians: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content."

FINANCIAL

OUR SOLDIERS THE BEST PAID.

Those who serve in the United States Army, from general down to private, are the best paid soldiers in the world. The principal nations rank in the following order in this regard: United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Turkey.

INSURANCE FOR ENLISTED MEN.

The Government War Risk Insurance Bureau of the United States had written more insurance for our enlisted men up to August 1, 1918, than was on the books of all the legal reserve life insurance companies of the United States combined. Up to that time almost three million soldiers and sailors had taken out life insurance policies under the Government plan to the amount of over \$25,000,000,000. The maximum permitted by law for one person was \$10,000. The average per man for the whole number insured was about \$8,500. The beneficiary named, in case of the death of the insured, receives the total amount in monthly payments, covering a period of twenty years.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE WAR.

Modern methods of warfare are much more expensive than anything of the kind in the history of the world. An Ohio editor estimates the average cost of killing a man now is \$37,000.

The first two and a half years of the great war which began in August, 1914, cost the nations engaged in it \$60,000,000,000—or more than twice as much as all the other wars of civilized nations combined since 1793. The expenditure of the \$60,000,000,000 for the world war, in the time mentioned, means more dollars than the seconds that have been ticked off since the birth of Christ, says Thomas Chatterton, the actor.

The cost to the U. S. Government of the world war for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, was \$12,600,000,000. The addition of the \$1,200,000,000 spent in the three months of war preceding June 30, 1917, brought the total to \$13,800,000,000. When these figures were given out, the war expenses for the United States were running \$50,000,000 a day. The war made Uncle Sam the greatest financier the world has ever known.

AMERICANS GIVE BY BILLIONS.

Pledges for the first Liberty Bond loan in the United States ran above \$3,000,000,000, but was limited to \$2,000,000,000. The total to the second Liberty loan was \$4,615,000,000, and the amount accepted was \$3,806,000,000. Pledges to the third loan totaled \$4,170,019,650, an over-subscription of thirty-nine per cent. above the \$3,000,000,000 minimum sought. The number of subscribers to the three loans was 4,500,000, 9,500,000 and 17,000,000 respectively.

POPULARITY OF LIBERTY BONDS.

In the sale of bonds for the third Liberty loan, the U. S. Treasury Department estimated that of the seventeen million people who bought them, at least five million Americans of foreign birth or extraction purchased \$350,000,000 worth. Americans living in Mexico City bought nearly \$400,000 worth, while the subscriptions in Shanghai, China, amounted to over \$600,000.

GERMANY'S SYSTEM OF FINANCES.

A few years ago an imaginary scheme for getting rich was published, to the effect that the promoter was going to start a big "rat and cat farm," his plan of operation being to feed the cats on the rats, then kill the cats and sell their fur at a fancy price, at a clear profit; that rat feed would cost him nothing, either, as he would feed the rats on the dead cats.

Thus he would maintain the farm, constantly stocked up with rats and cats, each living on the other, while the cat furs would bring him in a perpetual stream of gold.

This is very much like Germany's plan of finances, as here given by the *Albany Journal*: "In Germany, a war loan means that the Government is borrowing from the people some of the paper money which it has issued, and will issue more for future borrowings. But that money will never be good for anything outside Germany."

Herbert Bayard Swope, in his book, "Inside the German Empire," published in 1917, says:

"Germany's bankers pretend to have no fears of the present system of credit pyramiding, and seem not to be worried by the fact that each new issue of war bonds is purchasable with bonds of the last issue, a method which has been described as being like a snake swallowing itself."

FORESIGHT

GOLD PIECES FOR BUTTONS.

The mother of Bert Martin, of Salt Lake City, before he left for the front after enlisting in the U. S. Army, sewed \$2.50 gold pieces in each button of the young man's sweater vest and other articles of clothing, in this way managing to conceal \$55. She hoped by this foresight to provide him with the means of sustaining life in case he should be taken a prisoner by the Germans.

FARMS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Our Government officials and other thoughtful persons realized that after the war there would be a tremendous readjustment of affairs, both national and individual. The gigantic problem of turning millions of soldiers back to peaceful pursuits without disturbing labor conditions, without creating industrial upheaval,

must be faced, and in such a way that every honorably discharged soldier and sailor would be assured an opportunity to earn a livelihood.

One plan was submitted to President Wilson by Secretary Lane for opening millions of acres of land to the soldiers, to whom the nation owes an incalculable debt. He points out that in addition to over 15,000,000 acres of irrigable lands now in the Government's hands, there are 230,000,000 acres of unoccupied land in the United States, about one-half of which is cultivable, by clearing, draining, etc.

While the use of these vast stretches of land would no doubt prove a great help to many of the enlisted men returning from war, the development of it would also be of great benefit to the nation in the increased output of products of the soil.

CARING FOR THE HANDICAPPED.

Hitherto in history, after every big war, the cripples, partly or totally disabled, have been left almost entirely to their own resources, perhaps with a small pension. Some have been sent to old soldiers' homes for an existence of doleful monotony. The United States Government does not propose to make this mistake again.

Plans are being worked out to train every physically handicapped soldier or sailor for a job at which he can earn as much as in his former employment. In the meantime his family will be taken care of, and he will be provided, at Government expense, with an artificial limb (if he has lost an arm or a leg), so cleverly constructed that a stranger would not know the man had been injured.

As his power to work increases, he gets a new vision of life. The despondency which at first came to him, gives way to optimism as he begins to think of what he will be able to do. Study of the subject in its practical aspects has proved that four out of every five men who have suffered amputations may be

enabled, by suitable training, to earn a good living. Of the remainder, three out of four can earn a livelihood in special workshops.

THE CHURCHES AFTER THE WAR.

Rev. Ira Landrith discussed the above subject in the *Christian Endeavor World*, in which he said:

"A million and a half or two million of the pick of American young manhood, accustomed in war to think only in terms of Calvary for themselves, will hardly be satisfied in peace with a religious life that is content with the lines of least resistance. Pink teas and pretty ecclesiastical millinery and lovely spiritual lullabies will hardly fill the measure of a young man's ideas of Christian activity after he has climbed out of the trenches, or off a man-of-war, or down from the steering-seat of an aeroplane, where he was willing to suffer and serve and die for his neighbor and his country, and for the weal of other countries and their imperiled peoples.

"The church work of to-morrow must have in it more of the heroic, more of the sacrificial—in a word, more of the Christ-like—than much—not by any means all—of ante-bellum church work seemed to have."

WHEN THE BOYS CAME HOME.

The right kind of foresight plans further than the task immediately to be undertaken. During the first few months of America's participation in the war we were all concerned about getting as many men to France as possible in the shortest possible time. Everything else was made secondary to this end.

Then people began to ask themselves, "What about getting all these boys home after the war?" That is, those who were still living, and naturally it would mean the great majority of them. Senator Cummins introduced a resolution in the U. S. Senate expressing it to be the sense of the United States and

the allied nations that all shipping facilities should be utilized without discrimination after peace is declared in returning troops and war equipment to American ports.

The Senator rightly declared that unless some satisfactory arrangement was made to do this in the least possible time, it would mean a serious handicap to the United States, which stopped at no sacrifice to save England and France from the ravages of the Hun. England, he pointed out, was only thirty miles from home with her soldiers and equipment; France and Italy were at home, while the United States was three thousand miles from home.

It was but simple justice that America be given every consideration possible by the Allies that will aid in the return of our soldiers and our equipment, that we might not be seriously handicapped in the race for commercial success, which was sure to be very active when the world returned to its normal state.

RED CROSS SCHOOLS FOR WOUNDED.

Anticipating the great need of wounded soldiers returning home from the battle-front for help in learning some profitable trade, the Red Cross Society decided upon a number of schools, located throughout the country. The first one was opened in New York in July, 1918, with four separate departments—teaching the manufacture of artificial limbs, linotype and monotype operating, mechanical drafting and oxy-acetylene welding.

FREEDOM

THE ONLY LASTING LIBERTY.

The new emblem of liberty rising majestically above the wreck of war and blazoned upon the heavens is the cross. It stands for a righteousness that makes a pledge sacred. It is the pledge of peace, it is the basis of brotherhood and the emblem of human fraternity. The war is becoming a religious

war—a fight against a nation whose god is the Jove of the clenched and mailed fist, not the Christ of the open and nail-pierced hand. Above the smoke of battle “is seen a form like unto the Son of man.” Our crusaders may not wear the cross on their breasts, but they carry the spirit of the cross within their breasts. They count not their lives dear unto themselves, but justice and liberty dearest. This cross represents conscience, courage and cleanness against the black background of lying, loot and lust. To statesmen; society and sect; Gentile, Jew and Christian; the man of the street, of the study and of the factory—the cross is taking on a new significance and gaining a new reverence.

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.”

—*Association Men*, 1917.

A LESSON FOR MANY.

During a street argument a man swung his arms violently to emphasize what he was saying, and as he shouted, “This is a free country!” hit a stranger on the nose.

“This may be a free country,” said the enraged man, “but your liberty ends where my nose begins!”

As the *Youth’s Companion* says, “There are many Americans who need to learn that lesson.”

FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD.

“The right is more precious than peace,” said Woodrow Wilson, after the United States entered the war, “and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the right and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of rights by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free.”

OVER THE TOP—WHY?

Over the top, for the cause that's right,
For the land you love and a fireside bright,
For the little school and the church on the hill,
For the orchard plot and the fields you till,
For the plucky women who work and wait,
For the kiddies at home with your household mate,
For all that is best, for all that is true.
Over the top! And our prayers with you.

Over the top, for the rights of men,
For the freedom of limb and tongue and pen,
For the big round world that hopes to see
A larger liberty yet to be,
For the babe unborn that will enter in
To the grand inheritance you shall win,
For a world that's safe and a peace that's true.
Over the top! And our hearts with you.

Over the top, for your God and king,
For the thoughts you think and the hymns you sing,
For the sky above and the earth below,
For the right to breathe the fresh winds that blow,
For the life of a man and not of a slave,
For the pleasure of digging a tyrant's grave,
For the soul of a world 'gainst a hellish crew.
Over the top! And good luck to you!

—*Tit-Bits, London.*

SOME THINGS DEARER THAN LIFE.

When Secretary of War Baker returned from Europe, in 1918, after having inspected war conditions abroad, he said in a public address:

"I do not love war; I do not enjoy the idea of war; and yet there are some things dearer than life. Our fathers fought from 1776 to 1783 to establish freedom. Would we call back the Continental Army? Would we send Lafayette back to France—and Rochambeau? Would we take Washington's sword out of his hand and break it over our knee and say: 'Don't do that; we would rather live forever slaves to a tyrannous government than have a fight about it'? Would we call back any of the true wars that have been fought for principle and for the establishment of right in this world? No!"

TRUE FREEDOM.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt!
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

OUR FAMOUS LIBERTY BELL.

The Liberty Bell was originally cast in England and brought to Philadelphia in 1752. Structural defects required that it be recast twice in the following year. The second time, this inscription was chosen for it:

“Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.”—Lev. 25: 10.

At that time there was no controlling thought of American liberty, of freedom from England, although there was widespread dissatisfaction with British colonial methods. The bell was hung in Philadelphia and was rung on all noted public occasions, and, as a matter of course, it was rung on July 4, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

After that date it was used only on exceptional occasions—the 4th of July and when great patriots passed away. In 1847, Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, died, and when the bell was tolled in his honor it cracked. However much we may deplore the marring of the bell, the crack in the great mass of metal seems to give it a picturesqueness that would otherwise have been lacking.

GRATITUDE

AGED RUSSIAN BECOMES AMERICAN.

Julius Lesser, a native of Russia, ninety-four years of age, residing in New York City, has taken out his first citizenship papers, declaring his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and grateful for the opportunity.

It seems he had lived in hope that his native country would come out of her trials in an honorable manner during his lifetime, but the continued upheavals there apparently caused him to abandon this idea. In speaking of the situation, he said with much feeling:

"The way things are going now in the old country, it breaks a man's heart. Now it is Mr. Kerensky, now it is Mr. Trotsky, now it is Mr. Lenine, now it is nobody and now it is everybody. It is time I became a citizen of America, where there is no such changing."

His wife, who is seventy years of age, chimed in:

"But it took twenty years to get him to this office. Yes, for twenty years I have been trying to get him to become an American citizen."

Notwithstanding his age, Mr. Lesser says his mind is clear and that he can beat anybody playing checkers.

MY ADOPTED COUNTRY.

America! Land of my choice,
None other would I claim mine own.
All that I have, all that I am,
It shall be thine alone.

Behold my heart! Its every beat
Is for thy greater weal;
My head, my hands and swift my feet
Shall wait on thee with zeal.

Whate'er to them be thy commands
With joy shall be obeyed;
Nor any service shall I call
Too mean nor yet too great.

I came to thy fair, smiling land,
Its gates wide open—yea!
And from thy bounty thou hast given
More than I can repay.

So use me as thou deemest best;
And loyal to the end,
I shall with every drop of blood
Thy flag—*my* flag—defend!

—Willats Johansen, in *Oakland Tribune*.

ONE THING TO REMEMBER.

There is nothing so painful to the human heart as ingratitude, on the part of those who have been benefited, toward the one who has, perhaps at great sacrifice, brought about that benefit. When our soldier boys came back from the war to our communities, every *true* American citizen was glad to do all in his power to show his gratitude, and to *speak* it. Some of the boys are crippled for life. Don't hesitate to *make* an opportunity, if necessary, to let such know that you are grateful, *very* grateful—for we must remember that they enlisted for the U. S., which means "US."

We should never forget the terrible experience of Nat Spencer, which has been told again and again, but it can never be told too often. Here it is, briefly given:

While Nat and a brother were students in a theological seminary in the suburbs of Chicago, in September, 1860, the cry rang out that the "Lady Elgin," an excursion steamer with over three hundred passengers on board, was sinking only a few hundred yards from the shore-line of Chicago. Soon a great crowd had gathered, many of the people panic-stricken, helpless to rescue the passengers of the "Lady Elgin." But Nat Spencer and brother quickly procured a long rope, and, the former being a strong, trained swimmer, it was fastened to his body. He leaped into the waves and fought his way inch by inch out to the ship. In a moment he had a woman in his arms and was pulled back to shore by his brother and others.

After he had in this way saved the lives of seventeen women and children, he sank down exhausted. All the time the cries of distress of those on the doomed ship and their loved ones on the shore were ringing in his ears. By a supreme effort he rallied his strength, and again leaped into the waters. After rescuing a total of twenty-three, his strength entirely failed him. He was carried to his bed, very weak, sick, and almost out of his mind.

What about those he had saved? Surely they or their friends let him know that they were very grateful to him? *No.* Here is the simple, solemn, awful truth about those twenty-three:

Not one of them ever came back to thank Nat Spencer for what he had done. Not one of them even wrote him a letter of thanks.

Nat Spencer, the brave, kind-hearted, sympathetic young man, went out into the world an invalid, having given the strength of his youth for twenty-three human beings who did not so much as say "Thank you." Were they worthy of such sacrifice?

Are we worthy of the sacrifice our brave, fine soldier boys made for us? If we are, *let us show it.* TELL THEM SO whenever opportunity affords.

GREED

GERMANY WANTED THE WORLD.

James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to the German Imperial Court from July 28, 1913, to February 4, 1917, says in his book, "My Four Years in Germany," that the nobles of Prussia are always for war. Here is an extract:

"Early in the winter of 1914 the Crown Prince, in conversation with a beautiful American woman of my acquaintance, said that he hoped war would occur while his father was alive, but, if not, he would start a war the moment he came to the throne. The American woman who had this conversation with him wrote

out for me the exact conversation in her own words, as follows: 'I had given him Norman Angell's book, "The Great Illusion," which seeks to prove that war is unprofitable. He [the Crown Prince] said, whether war was profitable or not, that when he came to the throne there would be war—if not before—just for the fun of it. On a previous occasion he had said that the plan was to attack and conquer France, then England, and, after that, my country [United States of America]. Russia was also to be conquered, and Germany would be master of the world.' "

FAKERS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF FEARS.

Authorities throughout the United States found that clairvoyant fakers were taking advantage of the natural fears and anxieties of folks with dear ones in the war zones. One paper, in referring to this, says:

"It may be said without qualification that all clairvoyants are fakers. But it is not hard to understand how a noble and anxious mother with a son at the front will grasp at any straw to learn something definite of his well-being—even will put reason behind her and place herself in the hands of one of these soothsayers. The clairvoyants know this, and make special efforts to catch just such customers."

There is no condition of sorrow or poverty that selfish, wicked persons will not take advantage of for their own selfish ends. They deserve the severe contempt of every patriotic citizen.

ALEXANDER AND THE KAISER.

What seems as one of the most impossible feats of ancient times was that of Alexander the Great, who proposed to have a monster statue of himself cut out of solid rock on a mountain-side. We can imagine, perhaps, something of the size of this statue when we recall that the plan was to have one of the arms outstretched, with a great boulevard running the entire length of the arm, and in the outstretched hand a wonderful big city.

Had this been achieved it would have made all of the other "wonders of the world" seem small by comparison.

As impossible of realization as this may seem, it was more within the bounds of reason than the scheme of the Kaiser to conquer the world—to hold the *world* in *his* hand, as it were—and become its conceited, egotistical ruler. The Kaiser finally realized the truth of this statement:

"You will never succeed in ruling the world as long as 'Your Uncle Samuel' is a part of the world."

DEBAUCHERY OF GERMAN RATIONALISM.

Clear thinkers in America have reached the conclusion that one of the principal causes of the great war, if not the underlying cause, is what is known as German rationalism, which flourished for a century and a half in Germany. George P. Rutledge, editor of the *Christian Standard*, in an article in *The Lookout*, June 30, 1918, tells how this system of thinking originated and what it has done:

"Voltaireism, enlarged upon and matured in Germany, and now properly called 'German rationalism,' represented the Bible as a collection of ancient literature—literature uninspired, exaggerated accounts of events, Oriental dreams and musings, etc. It declares that there are no Messianic prophecies in the Old Testament, and that Jesus was a mere man—a reformer who happened to be an extraordinary thinker, and who planned wisely for many centuries; it repudiates the miracles; it describes God as an evolution in the human mind; its explanation of everything is by some process of evolution.

"Rationalism is a system of low thinking. Low thinking develops low ethics. Though regarded in the past as intellectual, it is universally admitted that Germany is the grossest nation under the sun; she has never been noted for chivalry toward women or the exemplification of a single refined human quality. Rationalism, wherever found and in whatever form, develops an

ambition to wield the scepter. Power is its watchword. In Germany this ambition to rule, like the system which nourished it, assumed colossal proportions. Hence the long-laid and carefully matured plan, upon the part of Germany, to gain and enjoy world supremacy.

"The debased ideals of the German people, promoted through their universities, pulpits and literature, are in conflict with, not only democracy, but high-pitched morality—and with religion. Should Germany win this war, she would, as her philosophers, preachers and statesmen have prophesied, proceed to force her shrines upon every nation in the world. But . . . the victory for democracy will be won.

"Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day will win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

A WEAPON AGAINST EXTORTION.

Because of the influence of a free press, the citizens of Los Angeles were enabled to bring a certain male resident of that city to time in short order. The *Times* exposed the effort of a shark to impose upon a woman to whom he had loaned \$200 three years previous, taking a deed of trust on her home as security. During that time she had paid him the amount of the loan, yet so steep was his interest charge, compounded monthly, and his commissions, that he claimed there was still \$700 due him. Under the powers conferred by the trust deed he proceeded to advertise her home for sale, and in her distress she could do nothing to save it.

She had been unable to raise any more money, as she had two sons *with the American Army in France*. But as a result of the *expose* in the newspaper mentioned, over four hundred of the best citizens of Los Angeles were present at the time the sale was advertised to take place, filling the loan shark's office and overflowing into the halls and entrances. A few of those

present quickly raised three dollars, bought a rope and proposed to hang the man out of his own office window, where the body could be seen from the street. Rather than submit to this inconvenience, he made the woman a clear deed to her home, with a receipt in full for all claims he had presented, together with his certified check for \$298, the amount he had collected from her for "commissions."

While Americans have been rightly agitated over German greed and cruelty in the war zones of Europe, our country will never be right with her own citizens until such injustice as this beast in Los Angeles was preparing to perpetrate upon the helpless woman with two sons in France has been made impossible. There may not always be a crowd at hand with a rope and will to stop such extortions, so our laws should be made to cover all such cases.

GERMANY'S PLOT AGAINST AMERICA.

If there are any persons slow to believe that Germany planned the world war and the subjugation of the United States, all doubts will be removed by reading "Conquest and Kultur," compiled by Professors Notestein and Stoll, of the University of Minnesota, and issued by the Committee on Public Information at Washington, D. C., a copy of which may be obtained by writing to this committee.

In this book it is shown that Count von Goetzen, one of Germany's military *attaches*, who watched the war operations in Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American War, in 1898, said to Maj. M. A. Bailey, of the United States Army:

"About fifteen years from now my country will start her great war. She will be in Paris in about two months after the commencement of hostilities. Her move on Paris will be but a step toward her real object—the crushing of England. Everything will move like clockwork. We will be prepared and others will not be prepared. I am not afraid to tell you, because if

you do speak of it, no one would believe you and everybody would laugh at you.

"Sometime after we finish our work in Europe we will take New York, and probably Washington, and hold them for some time. We will put your country in its place with reference to Germany. We do not propose to take any of your territory, but we do intend to take a billion or more dollars from New York and other places. The Monroe Doctrine will be taken charge of by us, and we will take charge of South America as far as we want to."

The invasion of America by Germany was detailed at great length by Baron von Edelsheim in 1901, in his book, "Operations upon the Sea." When he wrote it he was in the service of the German General Staff. He said:

"The fact that one or two of her [America's] provinces are occupied by invaders would not alone move the Americans to sue for peace. To accomplish this end, the invaders would have to inflict real material damage by injuring the whole country through the successful seizure of many of the Atlantic ports, in which the threads of the entire wealth of the nation meet. It should be so managed that a line of land operations would be in close juncture with the fleet [German], through which we would be in a position to seize in a short time many of those important and rich cities, to interrupt their means of supply, disorganize all Governmental affairs, assume the control of all useful buildings, confiscate all war-and-transport supplies, and, lastly, to impose heavy indemnities. As a matter of fact, Germany is the only great Power which is in a position to conquer the United States."

PUTTING IN HER CLAIM.

A greedy Boston woman, who had applied for a pension, was asked by the pension examiner:

"Why do you think yourself entitled to a pension?"

"Why," was the surprised reply, "my husband and I fought all during the Spanish-American War!"

HATRED

MANY KINDS OF HATRED.

One of Henry van Dyke's poems is entitled "Righteous Wrath," in which he speaks of many kinds of hate; some fierce and fatal, mean, craven, selfish; others, the anger of the better against the baser, the false and wicked—against the tyrant's sword:

"O cleansing indignation, O flame of righteous wrath,
Give me a soul to see thee and follow in thy path!
Save me from selfish virtue, arm me for fearless fight,
And give me strength to carry on, a soldier of the right!"

GERMANY'S POEM OF HATE.

Soon after the war clouds burst over Europe in August, 1914, Ernest Lissauer wrote "A Chant of Hate Against England," which was published in many parts of the world. The *London Times*, as did other papers outside of Germany, regarded it, not as the expression of an individual, but as the culmination of the spirit of the German people, commenting:

"We do not remember such hatred as this expressed by any poet. There is something frightful about it, something deadly, concentrated, malignant. It is no hysterical outburst of weakness, but a revelation of collected, conscious and purposeful rage. It only sums up in concentrated form many previous expressions of the same feeling, but it does so with an intensity which makes it a portent. Such verses spring only from the heart of a people, and we shall do well to note them."

The subsequent atrocities of the Germans seems to have proven the correctness of the interpretation. The first and last verses of the poem will give some idea of the bitterness it expresses:

"French and Russian, they matter not.
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot.
We love them not, we hate them not.
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate.
We have but one hate and only one hate.
We love as one, we hate as one.
We have one foe, and one alone.

"You we will hate with a lasting hate.
We will never forego our hate.
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one.
We hate one foe, and one alone—
England!"

And yet something must have caused the Germans to regret the production of such a poem, for one year after its publication, which aroused a storm of indignation against the spirit therein expressed, the following appeared in the *Literary Digest*:

"Ernest Lissauer is reported to have repudiated his 'Hymn of Hate,' for which he was decorated with the order of the Red Eagle of the fourth class, and several German papers have launched a campaign to keep the baleful hymn out of books that children are likely to read."

HELPFULNESS

MOTHERING CONVALESCENT SAILORS.

One of the commendable works of sympathy near the naval stations of our country, which received the endorsement of the Government, was taking sick sailors into private homes during their period of convalescence, to be cared for as tenderly as though they were in their own homes. It had been learned that many sailors experienced intense homesickness while recovering from illness at the naval stations. This method not only did much to relieve such a condition, but no doubt aided in the speedier recovery of many of "our boys."

SALVATION ARMY GIVES CHEER.

Among the splendid organizations that followed the flag to minister to American soldiers was the Salvation Army, with its world-wide plan of helpfulness. Tens of thousands of the members of this Army were also members of Uncle Sam's Army, loyal in every sense of the word.

One correspondent in France wrote as follows of the helpfulness of the Salvation Army's work there: "Supplies are hard to get, but the Salvation Army smiles and does its best, and in return is well beloved by the soldier. The Salvation Army is famous for its doughnuts and pies. Men coming out of the trenches there (near Toul) can always count on doughnuts and pies when they get back to the Army hut. Where this is not possible, the Army endeavors to keep many things that the soldiers might want—candies, cakes, writing-paper, candles, hot coffee, etc. In the reading-room is a graphophone. The soldier knows he is always welcome to sit over his coffee and cakes as long as he likes while record after record is run off by his comrades.

"The work of the Salvation Army is not going to be forgotten soon by America's fighting army. The little woman in a bonnet standing behind a kettle on the streets at home means more to the American in France than she did before the war. They have seen her sisters at work in the field."

A LESSON FROM THE BATTLEFIELD.

Coningsby Dawson, in "The Glory of the Trenches," gives this beautiful picture: "Men forgot their own infirmities in their endeavor to help each other. Before the war we had a phrase which has taken on a new meaning now; we used to talk about 'lending a hand.' To-day we lend not only hands, but arms and eyes and legs. The wonderful comradeship learned in the trenches has taught men to lend their bodies to each other

—out of two maimed bodies to make up one which is whole and sound and shared. This is seen all the time in the hospitals. A man who had only one leg would pal with a man who had only one arm. The one-armed man would wheel the one-legged man about the garden in a chair; at mealtimes the one-legged man would cut up the one-armed man's food for him. They had both lost something, but, by pooling what was left, they managed to own a complete body. By the time the war is ended there'll be great hosts of helpless men who by combining will have learned how to become helpful. They'll establish a new standard of very simple and cheerful socialism."

UNDER THE DARK SHADOW.

In Robert Herrick's little book, "The Conscript Mother," an officer, pleading with a superior for a pass that the mother might get through the lines to the place where her boy was fighting, said: "It is not much good that any of us can do now in this life. We are all so near death that it seems we should do whatever kindness we can to one another."

Even if guns are not thundering around us, we, too, are so near death and the end of our opportunities that we must not fail to do whatever good we can to others.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

WHEN FRANCE HELPED AMERICA.

Soon after General Pershing landed in France with the first American troops, he was asked to make a speech. His response was in a few words, made at the tomb of Lafayette, but will live long in historical records: "*Lafayette, we are here.*"

Although the prevailing sentiment of the French people was in sympathy with America in her struggle for liberty in the war of the Revolution, France was nominally neutral at the time Lafayette came to us, and the French king even tried to arrest him in order to prevent his departure. But, escaping the king's

officers, he brought over a shipload of war ammunitions, volunteered to serve in our army without pay, was commissioned a major-general by Congress, though under twenty years of age, and at his own expense equipped the troops which he commanded.

The fame of his brilliant exploits and the letters which he wrote home fired the enthusiasm of the French people for our cause, and, because of his exalted rank in the nobility of France, his efforts were largely instrumental in influencing the French Government to enter the war as our ally.

With alternating successes and reverses, the war had dragged wearily on for five years, and our people were becoming discouraged because the end was not in sight, and the issue was still doubtful when, on July 11, 1780, they were cheered by the arrival at Newport, R. I., of the French Army on thirty-six transports conveyed by seven battleships and two frigates.

This army was under command of the Count de Rochambeau, a splendid type of the old French nobility. Beginning at the age of sixteen, he had taken active part in three great European wars, and had risen to the high rank of lieutenant-general.

After the lapse of 137 years we have sent General Pershing and Admiral Sims in command of our expeditionary army and naval forces to return the memorable visit of Rochambeau and Admiral de Grasse (who came later with his entire fleet of warships and three thousand French soldiers on transports) for a like purpose, which we hope they will accomplish with equal glory and success.—*Comfort*, February, 1918.

"MILLIONAIRE SOLDIERS."

This is a title which the French who came in contact with the United States Marines gave to our boys "over there," because they were so generous in relieving distress. In many instances Marines gave up their entire month's pay to purchase food for destitute French women and children. The Germans, on the other hand, terrorized by the fighting of these troops, dubbed

them "Devil-dogs." This gives us a good demonstration of the ability of our enlisted men to manfully meet every situation, combining both mercy and justice in an admirable way.

AMERICAN TREES FOR FRANCE.

Nothing that the Germans have done in France was more despicable than the deliberate ravaging of the occupied country for no military reason. At every point where they were driven back by the Allies, they destroyed whatever they could not carry off. The spirit of malicious mischief was especially revealed by the spoliation of the forests and orchards. If there was not time to fell trees, they girdled them.

The need of repairing this widespread injury after the war will be very great. It is a gracious act, therefore, for the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry to offer four million white pine seedlings from the State nurseries for this purpose.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

WONDERFUL WAR SURGERY.

Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas, of the United States Army, who stamped out yellow fever in Cuba, and by his great improvement in sanitary conditions made possible the building of the Panama Canal, made the statement, as told by Mary B. Mullett in the *American Magazine*, that, owing to recent wonderful advances in fighting disease and in surgery, the proportionate losses in the great world war were very small compared to our own Civil War.

He also says there is no finer surgery in the world to-day than that which is being done for our soldiers; that a man who receives an injury now has a much better chance of recovery than a man who received a similar injury in our Civil War; then, if a man had a badly injured arm, it was cut off; if he had a serious knee wound or a shattered bone in the leg, they chopped off the leg.

"Compare this primitive procedure," said Dr. Gorgas, "with the miracles of surgery which are saving the lives and limbs of soldiers to-day. . . . Antiseptic methods are the foundation on which the entire fabric of modern surgery rests. They have made possible an undreamed-of brilliance of technic. We are not only saving lives which in any previous war would have been lost, but we are doing remarkable repair work—bone-grafting, bone-plating, skin-grafting, plastic surgery, etc."

In telling of the latter phase of war surgery, London *Tit-Bits* says: "The surgeons have become sculptors in human flesh. A man whose face had been blown away by a shell had a new nose and lips grown for him. New chins are no longer a matter for comment. To construct a nose, a piece of gristle is removed from the region of the ribs. A man who could not eat because he had no lower jaw, was given a new one constructed from his shin-bone. New lips are provided with flesh removed from the neck. Broken bones in the cranium are removed and fresh ones put in their place and kept there with metal support."

This is from an American daily: "The doctors, ambulance men and Red Cross nurses throw their field hospitals so close to the firing-line that deaths and amputations from wounds have been reduced to the lowest proportion ever known. If the doctors reach a man within four or five hours after he is wounded, they are pretty sure to beat the tetanus and gangrene bacilli. The physician and surgeon have attained complete control of wound infection—to the extent that of those who survive six hours after being hit, ninety per cent. recover; of those who reach the field hospital, ninety-five per cent., and of those who reach the base hospital, ninety-eight per cent."

GAVE HIS MONEY TO MARCHERS.

During the Red Cross drive of 1918, the citizens of Oakland, Cal., gave a wonderful parade, pronounced the best ever seen in that city. As the thousands of women participating marched

by singing, Jesse D. Parsons, an old man on the curb-line, wept as he saw them, then joined in the singing. Not satisfied with this, he rushed into stores time after time, getting bills changed into coins, which he handed to the marchers for the Red Cross fund, until he had distributed \$500. At one time a policeman endeavored to take him away from the line, but the crowd hissed the officer, and the old man called out: "This is my money, and I want to give it in this way!"

BOTTLED BLOOD SAVES WOUNDED.

Prominent surgeons of the United States in attendance at the convention of the American Surgical Association, at Cincinnati, in 1918, were told how the lives of the fighting men on the battlefields of Europe were being saved by the injection of bottled blood into the veins of the wounded. This blood is known to the medical profession as citrate of blood.

Sir Arbuthnot Lane, of London, told the surgeons that in one of the drives of the Germans, when the British Army was forced to retreat, thirty bottles of citrate of blood were captured by the enemy. "I hope the foe will use the blood," said the speaker. "Perhaps it will make better human beings out of them."

HEROISM

THE MAN AT THE SHIP'S PUMP.

A writer gives this incident: "Every student of history remembers Captain Perry's dispatch after the battle of Lake Erie: 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours.' Every one remembers the great and significant result of the fight, but few, perhaps, have heard of one humble worker who served his country just as truly there as if he had been on deck amid shot and shell, earning a glory as well as the reward of a good conscience. Just as the ships were going into action, the mate

of the 'Lawrence' said to Wilson Mays, who was ill and unfit for service: 'Go below, Mays; you are too weak to be here.' 'I can do something, sir,' was the stout reply. 'What can you do?' 'I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns.' Then he sat down by the pump, and thus released for active service a man who had more muscle. And when the fight was over, there he was found, with a bullet through the heart."

In every crisis of our country every loyal citizen should say, as did this hero, "I can do something," and *do* it, with every ounce of energy he possesses.

THE HERO DOWN BELOW.

This tribute was written by the sweetheart of a fireman on the U. S. S. "Olympia":

Though his name is never mentioned,
Though we see or know him not,
Though his deeds may never bring him worldly fame,
He's a man above the others—
And the bravest of the lot—
And the hero of the battle, just the same.

"He's the man who does the work, down below;
From the labor does not shirk, down below;
He is shoveling day and night,
Feeding flames a-blasting bright,
Keeping up a killing fight, down below."

SHOWER OF ROSES FROM THE SKY.

Maj. Raoul Lufbery, aged thirty-four years, was regarded as the best aviator in the American service in France up to the time of his death, on May 20, 1918. At a great elevation, while fighting a giant German biplane, his machine was seen to burst into flames. When eight hundred feet from the earth he leaped from his machine, dropping like a plummet to his death. He had won eighteen battles in the air with the Germans.

His body was buried near a village in France. The funeral procession included two hundred American and French officers.

The party drew up at the grave, and while the service was being conducted one American aviator after another planed down from the sky, his motor shut off, until he was just overhead. Each threw out great bunches of red roses, which floated down on the coffin and the bared heads of the officers and caps of the many soldiers who were drawn up at attention, the whole making a most impressive and unusual scene.

One can not help but wish that the day may soon come for the whole earth when flowers instead of shells shall be showered upon all mankind.

CHERISHED WOUNDS MORE THAN MEDALS.

Girardo Nocella is the name of one of the most wonderful soldiers who served in the French Army during the first three years and a half of the war with Germany. He was wounded seven times and received seven medals. He received every honor that could be bestowed upon a private soldier, and was then given an honorable discharge against his will, for he wanted to go on fighting. He was told he had done his full duty, and must rest and recuperate. So he came to America, to visit an uncle, where the remarkable story of his courage was given to the American people through the newspapers.

Nocella was shot four times in the legs, once in the abdomen, once in the head and once in the left hand. Although his body is marked with wounds and scars, he is proud of them. Speaking of them, he said:

"I cherish more my seven wounds than I do my seven medals. Each wound tells me I have done something for France—I could never do too much."

In speaking of the beginning of hostilities by the Germans and the march toward Paris, he said:

"When the call came in August, 1914, it was impossible to stem the tide of enlistment; the spirit that went behind it all was too powerful to reckon with quotas. We shall never stop

fighting until every man of us is dead. The wounded will come from the hospitals, the women will shoulder guns, the little ones will reap the harvests in the fields, for France shall not be beaten."

When the war began he was twenty-four, with a wife and two little boys—one of three years of age and the other a babe in arms. When asked if he was not afraid to leave them, to volunteer at the opening of the war, he replied with fervor, his eyes sparkling with a strange light: "*It is for them we fight!*"

If all goes well, he hopes to send for his wife and children to come to America, and make his home in beautiful California.

HOME

THE BEGINNING OF PATRIOTISM.

Chaplain Dancy, serving with the American Army in France, sent a message to the Executive Committee of the Illinois Sunday School Association, of which he was formerly a member, which contains a statement that every true American should heed. Here is a portion of his message:

"The temptations for men to slip spiritually and morally are great, of course, as they always are in army life. But what is really going on is the testing of the work that American homes and churches have done. Where the work has been well done, the soldier will pass through the temptations safely, as a rule.

"Every one at home is full of an eager passion to do something for the nation. With all respect to the fine work of the Red Cross, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of similar organizations, let me say solemnly that none of them offers the opportunity to serve one's country that the Sunday school offers. You can train a soldier to fight in a year, but it takes all his preceding years to train him morally and spiritually to the sort of manhood that makes the sort of a soldier upon which his superiors and his country can rely. It is manhood that

counts out here, and that comes only through the Christian home and the Christian church."

"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."

The author of this beautiful, popular song, Mrs. Lena Grulbert Ford, an American woman, was killed in a London air raid by the Germans, in March, 1918:

"They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardships,
As the soldiers pass along,
And, although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song:

REFRAIN.

"Keep the home fires burning
While our hearts are yearning;
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining;
Turn the dark clouds inside out,
Till the boys come home."

"Over seas there came a pleading,
'Help a nation in distress!'
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honor made us do no less,
For no gallant son of freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend;
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of 'Friend.'"

"ANYTHING FROM THE HOMELAND."

An American newspaper correspondent in France tells of a large number of American infantrymen who were in a certain section when a deep-toned locomotive whistle was heard. "Sounds like an American locomotive, surer than thunder!" exclaimed one of the men, while all stopped to listen. Then the "chug-chug-chug" of the engine was heard, all the while coming

nearer. In a few moments a great American locomotive, of the Baldwin type, came out of the woods into full view, pulling a long line of small French freight-cars. The soldiers were immediately in an ecstasy of delight. It made every one of them think of "home, sweet home." They stood and watched the sight until the big Baldwin could be seen no more, then started on with lighter hearts than they had known for many days.

"We're liable to get shelled here," said one of the men, when they stopped; "but if you fellows are game, I am. I'd take a chance with shells any day to see a Baldwin locomotive with a good old American whistle."

The correspondent described the American locomotives as "big, husky ones, making the French engines look like toys;" and said "the French locomotives have a 'tooter' on them resembling an enlarged peanut-wagon whistle, with no bell at all."

HIS LETTER HOME.

It is his boyish scrawl; two eyes grow dim—
A mother's eyes which used to watch for him;
A message then to father on the 'phone,
For such a treat one should not have alone.
'Tis read through hurriedly and then again,
And once more slowly, for their little Ben
Has used strange terms as yet unknown to her.
Now father rushes in with manly stir;
He, smiling, reads aloud and walks the floor—
And scans the pages for a wee bit more.
The children come from school and each must hear
And have explained the names that sound so queer.
The passing neighbors ask about "the boy,"
And mother proudly reads, aglow with joy.
Then father tucks the envelope away,
And mother's hurt, but will not say him nay;
She longs to take it to her club, but—well,
There's much she's memorized enough to tell.
Besides, next day the paper prints it all,
And father struts and never looked so tall,
And mother cuts it out to put away
To keep until he marches home—some day.
His fairest work, whatever trophies come,
I still believe will be his letter home.

—Roscoe G. Stott, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

HONOR

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Louis XV., King of France, was appealed to in 1757 by an unprincipled courier to permit his cruisers to harass and annoy the workmen engaged in the building of the great Eddystone lighthouse, "to give light and to save life," but refused to do so, replying: "I am the enemy of England, but not of humanity."

Does any one know of such a sentiment coming from a German ruler?

A WONDERFUL FLAG.

When an American visited Mount Athos, the Greek monks of one of the monasteries desired to honor him, but had no American flag, so made one, with which the surprised American was greeted, and escorted to the monastery. The red stripes had been stained with raspberry jam, the blue background of the stars with gooseberry jam, while the stars themselves were starfish gathered at low tide, baked stiff in an oven and then white-washed. This flag was proudly spread on the table at the banquet given in his honor.

BELIEVED IN FAIR FIGHTING.

One historian says that when the suggestion was made to Alexander the Great that he plan a night attack upon Darius at Arbela, he replied promptly: "I steal no victory." It is said this became his life motto.

KISSING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Soon after the United States became a party to the world war, there were many instances throughout the country where trouble arose because Germans or Kaiser sympathizers would not kiss the American flag. Slowly the feeling in this regard

changed, and the question arose: What benefit to the United States if a person should kiss the flag because forced to do so?

Arthur Brisbane, in one of his newspaper articles, put it thus: "If a man insulted your wife or your grandmother, you wouldn't insist that he should kiss the lady in order to soothe your feelings. Why do excited groups insist that those who insult the flag shall kiss the flag?"

PREFERRED RIGHT TO PRESIDENCY.

The memorable address which Abraham Lincoln delivered at the Republican State Convention at Springfield, Ills., June 16, 1858, which has been called the "House divided against itself" speech, related to the slavery question, which was so greatly agitating the country at that time. He submitted this speech, which he had carefully written out, to a dozen or more of his friends, in a little private gathering. Some condemned it, but only one indorsed it. After answering every objection, Lincoln declared:

"Friends, this thing has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered, and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right."

MODESTY OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

That the soldiers of Uncle Sam in France did not go there thinking of any honors that might be won, but of the important duty they had to discharge, is indicated in the report of a newspaper correspondent on the awarding of the Croix de Guerre to the 104th Regiment and the 122d Massachusetts men for their bravery in repelling the Germans in a most severe engagement. One of the soldiers, who had faced gas, deadly shells and the bayonets of the Huns without flinching, fainted when he was presented his Croix de Guerre. Many of the others looked so

serious that their general walked along after the French officers who were awarding the medals and shook hands with his highly honored boys, and, as he took the hand of each, said something to him. Curiosity prompted the correspondent to find out what he said, and so he inquired of one of the men. It was this: "Cheer up; it's nothing against you."

CHARACTER IN A UNIFORM.

We will never know how many men in the army and navy have refrained from some things that they otherwise might have done, because they did not wish to bring dishonor upon the uniform. So universal is this feeling of pride in the uniform, even among civilians, that it seems a natural impulse to trust those who wear the khaki or the navy blue.

There is another organization in the world which has already won the respect and confidence of people everywhere because of what its members stand for. We refer to the Boy Scouts. These patriotic boys are trusted everywhere, and officially recognized by the U. S. Government. In the Liberty bond sales they sold millions of dollars' worth of bonds.

This feeling of confidence in a boy wearing the uniform of the Boy Scouts is illustrated by an incident that occurred on a street-car. A woman entered a crowded car with a large, heavy basket. The conductor directed her to leave the basket on the platform. This she at first would not do, fearing the basket would be stolen. A Boy Scout offered her his seat and volunteered to watch her basket, but she eyed him skeptically and hesitated about accepting his offer until the conductor said:

"He's all right. He'll take care of it for you."

When the old woman left the car, the Boy Scout offered to carry her basket home for her, and to this she gladly consented. Then a passenger, who had been watching and listening, asked the conductor what he knew about the boy. "I know nothing of him personally—never saw him before," the conductor replied,

"but I know what that khaki suit stands for. *You can trust that every time.*"—*Condensed from Tarbell's Guide.*

INDIANS

RED MEN PROVE LOYAL.

The American Indians bought more than \$7,500,000 worth of the first and second Liberty Loan bonds, according to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Several thousand Indians have joined the army and the navy, and approximately eighty-five per cent. of them were volunteers.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICANS.

Five Indians from the Government school at Fort Bidwell, Modoc County, Cal., were so anxious to do their part for Uncle Sam that, although none of them were over eighteen, they went to San Francisco and enlisted in the infantry. Their attitude was characteristic of many red men throughout the West.

TRUE TO INDIAN ANCESTORS.

Twenty members of the famous Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians, from the farthest eastern tribe, near Eastport, Me., had enlisted with the U. S. troops up to July 1, 1918, to fight in France. Members of this tribe have occupied the same reservation in Maine the last 150 years, and in all wars since then in which this country has had a part, have fought for the United States Government.

FIRST AMERICANS STAND TRUE.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs issued a statement in July, 1918, in which he told of the response of the Indians on the various reservations to the war needs. Twenty thousand were members of the Red Cross, to which they had contributed more than \$50,000 in cash, besides a large number of garments

for hospitals. The Omaha tribe held an auction which netted \$2,000, including \$300 received for a prize goat. An Indian school in Oklahoma reported a Junior Red Cross society with a membership of nearly two hundred. The boys of a school in the Northwest gathered two thousand pounds of sphagnum moss for surgical absorbent pads. From a northern Minnesota reservation comes this report from the president of an Indian Red Cross auxiliary:

"One evening recently an Indian and his wife, living seventeen miles away, came to the home of the treasurer and inquired about the work being done, the woman bringing her dollar for membership, saying: 'I want to do something for my country.'"

INDUSTRY

GREAT PLANT IN SHORT TIME.

The large engine and airplane plant at Montgomery, Ala., was inspected and officially accepted by the Government on June 11, 1918, just forty-eight days after ground was broken to begin work. The plant consisted of forty-three buildings, and cost; with the machinery installed, the sum of \$2,000,000. Uncle Sam knows how to hustle when he tries.

FARM TRACTORS TO THE RESCUE.

When America entered the world war there were not more than 40,000 tractors in use in American fields. Within a year there were 100,000 in operation, helping to "win the war," by doing the work of at least 200,000 men and 800,000 horses, thus enabling the American farmer to "carry on," even though his sons and his horses had gone to war by regiments and by droves. If the farmer could win out in spite of shortage of help, not only feeding the home folks, but tens of thousands "over there," it means big things in solving the "back-to-the-soil" problem in America.

BLIND WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM.

A New York woman wrote as follows to the editor of a magazine:

"My grandmother, who lives in a small village in Iowa, is past eighty, has been totally blind for the last twenty-three years, and so crippled for the past ten or twelve years that she seldom moves from the big chair which has become practically her 'home.' And yet she has knitted many garments for our sailors, and is now making her sixth pair of socks for the Red Cross. Besides this, she and the daughter with whom she lives have bought two Liberty bonds, which means much sacrifice for both."

KILLED BY THE GERMANS.

One American death Germany will regret bitterly for many a year. It is the death of an American business, the importation of coal-tar products, aniline dyes especially, from Germany to the United States. When war began we were dependent absolutely upon Germany for dyes. Thanks to the war, this country in 1917 produced \$150,000,000 worth of coal-tar products, and exported \$11,000,000 worth—we had more than we needed! The Kaiser's "brave troops," among other "giant deeds," have killed German industry, exports and imports, and German prosperity in general, so dead that it will take a century to revive them.—*Arthur Brisbane.*

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN FRANCE.

In June, 1918, a war correspondent of the *London Times* wrote:

"After a fortnight of solid travel I am convinced that what the Americans have accomplished will rank in history as one of the greatest achievements of the war. For instance, out in the waste lands adjacent to an old French port they have constructed a splendid line of modern docks where ships are now daily dis-

charging men, war material, cars and machinery. In the car-assembling shops steel cars are being put together at the rate of *a complete train a day*. Work is proceeding rapidly on a new 20,000-bed hospital, the largest yet to be constructed. These port schemes are being so well worked out that they are capable of almost unlimited expansion."

AGED WOMAN BUSY KNITTING.

During the first year after America declared war against Germany, Miss Eleanor Dier, aged ninety-five, of Stamford, Conn., knit two hundred pairs of socks, besides numerous wristlets and sweaters. Her friends believe she is the champion knitter of the world, age considered. She was a member of the Red Cross and turned her products over to that organization for distribution among the soldiers.

GROWTH OF THE KRUPP WORKS.

Germany's greatest industrial plant, and one of the largest in the world, was the Krupp Iron Works at Essen, where the great guns were made for the German Army. It is the property of Bertha Krupp, the eldest daughter of the family, who is said to be worth over \$500,000,000, and employed in the plant, according to varying authorities, from sixty to one hundred thousand men and women. One paper, in commenting upon this, says her grandfather, Friedrich Krupp, founder of the works, died from a broken heart because he could not make a success of his foundry! Germany's autocratic system made the business profitable.

GREAT FEAT OF AMERICAN ENGINEERS.

When Russia faced the prospect of again being closed to the world through the freezing of the harbor at Archangel, it was quickly decided to build a railway line from Petrograd to Ekaterina, an open port within the arctic circle, which, because

of a turn in the Gulf Stream, is free from ice the year round. American engineers were called to the work and given the contract to make a standard-gauge, double-track railway, the distance being six hundred miles, mostly across swamps, and to have it completed within six months, or by the first of October, 1917. The work was completed three weeks ahead of time, notwithstanding the obstacles to be overcome seemed almost insurmountable. This is considered one of the greatest engineering feats ever performed in wartime. Another feather in America's cap.

PRESIDENT DRIVES A RIVET.

On Memorial Day, 1918, President Wilson drove a rivet in the keel of the steamer "Gunston Hall," a 9,400-ton freighter, built at Alexandria, Va. Robert Mooney, the rivet foreman, had the honor of placing the heavy pneumatic hammer in position against the rivet head, when the President slowly pressed down the trigger of the riveter. The "rat-tat-tat" sang out clearly, then suddenly the noise ceased. The jarring had shaken the President's finger loose. "Keep on!" called out Mooney, fearing the rivet would cool before the job was finished. Like the good American that he is, the Chief Executive of a nation of over one hundred million people smilingly obeyed the foreman and completed the work.

As he turned to go, he slapped a sturdy workman on the shoulder and said: "I haven't got my union card, but I guess it's all right." The ship-builder grinned with delight as he replied: "Pretty fair work!"

AGED WOMAN'S WONDERFUL WORK

Mrs. Harriet Seeber, of Berkeley, Cal., made five hundred handkerchiefs as her contribution for winning the war, from the time she was 100 years of age till she was 102. A portion of the time required to do the work she could scarcely see, so her fingers were forced to feel along the folded hem to guide her

needle. Her hems were as straight and her stitches as regular as a machine-made article. Her handkerchiefs, which were cut out for her by a daughter, from material furnished from her own funds, were sent to the soldiers of Great Britain and Italy, and some distributed in other ways through the Red Cross. One box of the handkerchiefs sent to England brought forth a personal letter of thanks from Queen Mary, with a request for a photograph of the donor, which was promptly forwarded to London.

Mrs. Seeber greatly enjoyed the work. "It's all I can do," she said, "and I must do something to help win this war."

THE KAISER'S COFFIN-NAILS.

Leave it to Americans to name a thing. Soon after the great ship-building program of the United States was under way, some one conceived the idea of designating the driving of rivets as "driving coffin-nails in the Kaiser's casket." And it sticks. By the way, the 1918 program of our ship-building enterprises called for the driving of 313,280,000 rivets, or an average of nearly 870,000 a day.

In every ship-building plant throughout the country the workmen entered upon the task with great interest, and numerous efforts to break previous high records were reported from time to time.

SAYS GERMANS ARE STUPID.

Maurice Casenave, Minister Plenipotentiary and financial adviser to the High French Commission at Washington, expressed the opinion that Germany had seen her best days, adding:

"If the war was not the biggest crime, it was at least the most colossal stupidity on the part of the Germans. Their commerce was flourishing, their trade increasing and their manufactured goods finding a market in all sections of the world.

"But through their stupidity they have abandoned all these advantages. Their trade and commerce will never be revived.

Their supremacy in manufactures has vanished forever. Good will is necessary to trade among nations. A sentiment has grown up against Germany and German brutality which will exist centuries after the war. 'Made in Germany,' a phrase which formerly meant much, will disappear from the face of the earth. The people of the United States are not alone practical. They are also sentimental, and their doors will be closed tightly to anything with the imprint of Germany upon it."

ONE OF AMERICA'S VICTORIES.

When America entered the big world war in 1917 there were less than 45,000 men employed in ship-yards in this country. One year later there were 300,000 skilled mechanics and laborers engaged in building ships, and 250,000 more employed in making the engines, boilers and other machinery necessary to equip them. This tremendous expansion was made possible by a system of instruction given to every man employed who was not already a skilled mechanic, with regular schools for training instructors, and skilled mechanics for teachers. This bringing of America's merchant marine up to such splendid proportions will no doubt long be regarded as one of the most brilliant victories of the war.

GOOD AVERAGE BETTER THAN SPURTS.

Soon after the ship-building industry took on new life under the spur of Government contracts for great numbers of ships, riveters throughout the country vied with each other as to which could do the biggest day's work; that is, drive the largest number of rivets in a certain length of time. Many wonderful records were made.

However, E. N. Hurley, head of the Federal Shipping Board, did not commend the contest idea. Speaking of the work, he said: "The record for a month is much more important than a record for a day. Contests which cause men to overwork themselves for the sake of establishing new records, with the result

that they are incapacitated for several days afterward, and the general system of the yard demoralized, are to be discouraged. What we are trying to do is to encourage a spirit of sportsmanship that will stimulate all the men to do their best at all times."

What Mr. Hurley says of riveting is just as true of every other occupation. America's greatest need is the steady, everyday patriotism of every citizen, in peace or war. Patient persistence insures success.

THINKS WAR ENDS LONDON SLUMS.

Mrs. Inez H. Irwin, American novelist, after returning from the war-torn countries of Europe, where she spent nearly a year in studying conditions back of the battle-lines, was interviewed by a representative of the *New York Sun*, in which she said:

"In London the slums are always just a dead, dull gray. No note of color or joy ever penetrates them. But with England's entrance into the war, the women of the slums went forth to work, first in munition factories, then in scores of other ways. They are to-day earning enough to live cleanly and prosperously, and to put money in the bank besides. The men of the slums have gone off to war, and they, too, are knowing, for the first time in their lives, what it means to be clean, to get three good meals a day, and to have regular money in their pocket. Neither the men nor women will ever return to pre-war conditions."

While war is deplorable, yet much good comes from the changes brought about. What was true of the slums of London was true in a general way of the poor of every large city. War brought millions of half-starved human beings into new and changed conditions, many of them for the first time being given the chance to work in clean and encouraging surroundings. These will never be content to return to the old life. As some one has said of the war, "The world will never be the same again."

INFORMATION

WHERE THE SOLDIER SERVES.

When you meet one of Uncle Sam's soldiers on the street, you may be able to tell at a glance in which branch of the service he is enlisted by noting the color of his hat-cord. The various designations are:

Blue cord, infantry.

Red, artillery.

Yellow, cavalry.

Red and white, engineers.

Lavender and gray, hospital corps.

Buff, ammunition and supply trains.

Gold, officer of rank of lieutenant-colonel, or higher.

Gold and black, officer lower than lieutenant-colonel.

Red, white and blue, member officers' reserve camp.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

On June 28, 1914, Gabreel Principe, a youth of eighteen, assassinated the Austrian archduke, Francis Ferdinand, and his wife, at Sarajevo, Bosnia. The assassination resulted in an Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, which was accused of instigating the plot. Before Serbia had time to consider, the mobilization of the European armies began. The tragedy, with its international complications, was like the touching of a lighted match to a vast powder magazine. The world rocked with the shock of mighty marching armies as one declaration of war after another came from the great powers of Europe.

Within a few weeks from the time that Principe fired the fatal shot that rang around the world, the greatest war in history was well under way. At first, in the awful terror of the times, people were blinded as to the real cause of it all, but gradually as events unfolded themselves it became clear that Germany had

taken advantage of the circumstances to launch a war for which she had long been preparing—a war for world conquest.

Principe, the assassin, died April 29, 1918, of tuberculosis, at the fortress of Theresienstadt, near Prague, Bohemia.

INITIATIVE

SOME "FIRST" THINGS.

The first man to organize an army is said to have been the Greek general Palamedes. He excited the vigilance of sentinels placed around the camp by giving them a watchword.

The first great battle of the world was fought nearly four thousand years ago, in 1913 B. C., between Abram and the kings of Canaan. It was a battle of democracy against autocracy. Abram won.

The first flag in the world was borne by the Jewish tribes some thirty-four hundred years ago—about 1491 B. C.

The first military balloon was used in 1794 by Guyton de Morveau, who twice ascended at the battle of Fleurus and obtained military information of importance.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

HOBSON AND HIS HEROIC BAND.

During the Spanish-American War of 1898, Lieut. Richard P. Hobson, then twenty-eight years of age, obtained permission from Admiral Sampson to make an effort to sink the "Merrimac" in the mouth of the Santiago harbor. His object was to bottle up Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet. The American admiral made a call for six volunteers to accompany Hobson. The task was considered one of almost certain death, and yet several hundred men immediately volunteered, some even begging for the chance. Six were chosen, and a seventh in some way managed to get aboard without being discovered until the "Merrimac" had started on its mission, which proved entirely successful. It seemed little

short of miraculous that the entire crew of eight escaped unhurt. Edward G. Draper gave expression to the remarkable incident in the following lines:

"We have read of the noble six hundred
Who rode to the gate of hell;
How cannon roared right and left of them,
And many a noble man fell.

"They were ordered, and each did his duty—
A soldier must always obey;
But the volunteer eight Yankee seamen
Have eclipsed the six hundred to-day.

"There was death both below and above them,
Torpedoes and bullets and shell;
They steamed from our fleet in the midst of it,
And their comrades wished them farewell.

"God guarded these kings of the ocean,
He honored the brave and the true;
The nation salutes to their honor;
The enemy honored them too."

ARRESTING A TORPEDO.

When the Spanish fleet was bottled up in Santiago harbor, during our war with Spain in 1898, one of the most unusual incidents of naval warfare occurred. One night Captain Fremont, of the "Porter," an American ship, detected something coming on the swell of the tide. He soon saw that it was a torpedo floating, not rapidly, but surely, toward his ship. Ensign Irving Gillis, standing by him, also saw it. Instantly he took off his coat, slipped from his shoes, and clutched the rail firmly, preparing to jump. The captain suspected what he was up to and called out:

"Don't do it, Gillis! She's got her war nose on!"

At the same time he reached for the ensign, but the plucky boy evaded him and leaped into the sea. With a couple of strokes Gillis reached the side of the torpedo, circled the nose with his arm, and quickly turned the nose of the deadly weapon away from the "Porter," screwed the firing-pin up tightly, so that it could

not operate, and then swam back to the side of his boat, pulling the torpedo with him. The boy and his prize were hauled aboard the ship he had saved from destruction.—*From Hon. James Rankin Young's "History of Our War with Spain."*

This is another characteristic incident of American bravery and initiative. When one of Uncle Sam's boys sees an opportunity to render service, he does not wait for orders; he asks for permission, or acts on his own judgment, regardless of the danger to be encountered.

JUSTICE

RELATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

A writer in the *Christian Herald* quotes and comments upon a portion of verse 21 of the twenty-second chapter of Matthew:

"Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

Comment: "Our Lord did not endorse here the union of church and state. They are two separate realms which should act in harmony. When a law is contrary to the moral sense of justice, then we must obey God rather than man.

"The true mission of the church is to the individual, and her great text is, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Here is a question above all state considerations.

"Governments, however, are ordained of God, and we are to help uphold the laws of the land, but governments are accountable to the Almighty, and he will judge them. Our duty to the civil government is the same as our duty to our neighbor, helping to save nations as well as souls; helping to blot out national evils, redressing wrongs, purifying peoples, making the things of Cæsar the things of God, that his will may be done on earth as in heaven, till the kingdoms of men become the kingdoms of the Christ."

DEALING WITH TRAITORS.

During the trying times of the world war, the Americans acted with surprising unanimity, considering the cosmopolitan character of our population and the varied interests to be considered. While in a few places German citizens or sympathizers in this country were treated roughly, even to lynching, Americans protested against the latter almost to a man. The spirit of being human as well as just—administering justice with as much mercy as circumstances would permit—was the prevailing sentiment.

Perhaps on the question of dealing with traitors there was more of a difference of opinion than on most other subjects. Some believe in the death penalty. Col. Theodore Roosevelt expressed it thus: "Every traitor in the United States should be *interred*, not *interned*."

Samuel J. Kirkwood, the war Governor of Iowa, said in 1861, standing on the steps of the Capitol building: "If any man in this State is a traitor to the cause or insults the flag, shoot him in the act, or in the uttering of the word. I am the Governor. Your pardon awaits you."

NOT A RICH MAN'S WAR.

Among the vigorous propaganda campaigns near the beginning of America's entrance into the war, was the effort to arouse the feeling that this was "a rich man's war." This was undoubtedly the work of German propagandists. The lie was spread in every way possible, in spite of the fact that the rich man could not buy exemption from conscription in this war as he could in our Civil War; in spite of the fact that no one could hire a substitute to take his place as he could in the Civil War; in spite of the fact that the only exemptions were allowed to poor men with dependents, or to workingmen employed in vital industries. America never before had such just laws in this regard.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

When the big European war broke out, which afterwards developed into a world war, many of the best citizens of the United States were absolutely neutral in their hearts. There were a few who wanted America to get right into it, but their following was small. One of the most popular songs in America at that time was "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier"—and Edwin Markham, the poet, wrote this stanza:

"Oh, mothers, will you longer give your sons
To feed the awful hunger of the guns?
What is the worth of all these battle-drums
If from the field the loved one never comes?
What all these loud hosannas to the brave
If all your share is some forgotten grave!"

But when the Germans began to sink ships with American citizens on board, sending women and children to watery graves; when the stories of the awful cruelties being inflicted upon the women and children of Belgium and France were proven absolutely true; when there was produced indisputable evidence that the Germans were intent on a war for world conquest, America included—the sentiment changed with the quickness and fury of a stroke of lightning.

Now, who in America would dare sing the above song within the hearing of even two or three loyal citizens and expect to escape the charge of disloyalty to our country and to humanity?

All of this proves that American fathers and mothers do not raise their boys for any specific duty, but to meet every duty like men, even to donning the uniform and shooting down, if need be, the brutes in human form who would dare to take advantage of the peace-loving peoples of the world, thinking they will not fight.

If the time should ever come when Americans will cease to fight for the right, it will then be time to change the title "America" to "Arnold."

THE BIG GUN.

Soon after the big German gun with a seventy-six-mile range began to shell Paris, in 1918, the following appeared in the *New York World*:

"We've made us a gun, a giant gun,
That never the world has known;
Its thunder flame leaps up to the sun
And touches the highest throne.
Mere kings and crowns are blown from its path,
To uttermost darkness hurled—
For this is the gun of the people's wrath;
Its range is around the world!

"We've made us a gun, a glowing gun,
A gun of the steel of youth;
Its bore is a pit the bad must shun,
Its bed is the rock of truth.
Jehovah's fingers have set its sight,
To carry his righteous curse—
For this is the gun of a nation's might;
Its arc is the universe!

"We've made us a gun, a master gun,
Whose rumble can shake the earth
Till the wolves shall flee from the field they've won—
Their fitter die in its birth.
All cannon voices to silence fall,
Whenever its words begin—
For this is the gun of a nation's call,
And its shell speaks only 'Win!'"

STRUGGLE BETWEEN KINGS AND PEOPLE.

"This is a time when kings must stick together."

Thus spoke Emperor Charles of Austria. Reduced to its lowest terms, the plea is simply that the jobs of kings are in danger, for, after all, these men are fighting for the salvation of their own personal privileges and profit.

In the roster of the Allies there is but one absolute monarch—the king of Siam, whose place is, to say the least, obscure. Such kings as those of England and Italy are so hedged about by constitutional limitations that their Governments differ only superficially from true republics.

So it is in fact a war of democracy against autocracy, and while we admit the truth of Charles' sententious maxim, we see clearly that it carries a corollary; namely, that it is time for the *people* also to stick together. In this contest between kings and the people, who can be for kings?—*San Francisco Examiner*, June 26, 1918.

The *Philadelphia Ledger*, in commenting upon the statement of the emperor of Austria, says:

“Perhaps he was thinking of Franklin's prophecy, ‘If we don't hang together, we shall hang separately.’”

LETTERS

TO THE SON HE NEVER SAW.

Leaving a wife whom he adored, and a baby boy he had never seen, as the little fellow was born after he went to war, a young French soldier who was fatally wounded, asked his nurse in the hospital to write for him two letters—one to his wife and one to the little boy, to be handed to him by his mother when he should be old enough to read it and to understand its meaning. The one to his son was never finished, as he passed away while telling the nurse what to say. Here it is:

“MY LITTLE SON:—I will not see you. You will not know your father. I want you to remember what I could not know when a boy. You must not grow up as a man to do what you please with your own life. You belong to your country. Through it you will belong to the whole world. Men like your father died to make one country. Love your mother so much she will find in you the husband she has lost, as well as the son she offered her own life to have. I owe her all my happiness. For her I fought, for her I die. Through you I must live the life I would wish beside her. Do nothing you can not feel your father would wish to do through you. I leave you little in the world; that is well. I leave you the greatest thing I have known in it; that

is better. I leave you your mother, and our beautiful France. Cherish them, honor them, my little son. It is hard that I shall not see you, but—"

The nurse, in speaking of the last moment of the dying man, said: "The smile on his face was so beautiful I did not like to draw the sheet to cover it. I know that he was very close to his little son and his Jeanne."

WAR TERMS CONFUSED HER.

"My dear," said the wife to her husband, "you mustn't let any one read that letter from Cousin George at the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with his letter? It's mighty interesting."

"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have any one know of his doings."

"I don't get you at all," said the husband, perplexed.

"Didn't you read that part where he says he was out with a British tank last night, and they rolled all over the place?"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

HELPFUL SYSTEM OF COMMUNICATION.

The anxiety of parents and other relatives, as well as friends, to know whether or not our soldier boys sailing for France had safely reached their destination, was the cause at first of considerable expense to some of the American soldiers, who, upon reaching the other side, sent cablegrams to loved ones in America. Later, six or more would join together in sending a cablegram, the one receiving it to notify the relatives of the different ones composing the group.

Finally a more satisfactory system, and one free from any excessive expense, was devised by our Government. Telegrams, post-cards or letters were prepared in advance and left in charge

of the authorities at the port of sailing. As soon as word was received by cable of the ship's safe arrival on the other side, the telegrams, cards and letters were released to the wires and mails. Not only was much time saved by this plan, but much money as well.

NEGLECT OF MOTHER REBUKED.

During the Civil War, President Lincoln received a letter from the mother of a young army surgeon, telling him she had not heard from her son for a long time, and believed he must be dead, and begged for help in tracing his grave.

The President at once began an investigation, and discovered that the young man was alive and uninjured. He had him brought into his presence, and closely questioned him, learning that he had not written to his mother for many months; also that, because his father was unable to assist him in getting an education, the mother had raised some money by selling her husband's watch, a silver teapot and other household articles which she no doubt treasured.

When Lincoln learned the whole story he was bristling with indignation, bringing his fist down on the desk with great force as he said:

"You poor worm! Her household treasures, sold one by one, for you!"

Suddenly the President pointed to his desk, and with a look of utter contempt said:

"Sit down and write a letter to your mother. Address it and give it to me, and I'll see that she gets it. And now, as long as you are in the army, you write your mother once a week. If I have reason to correct you on the matter again, I'll have you court-martialed."

The great Lincoln proved in this incident the importance he attached to a young man showing appreciation of a mother's love by writing to her when absent.

LOVE

FATHER TAKES DAUGHTER TO CAMP.

When A. W. Carpenter, of Brunswick County, Va., was summoned by draft to Camp Lee, that State, he took with him his little three-year-old daughter. He explained to the officers that the mother had deserted the child, and that he was her only support. Nurses at once volunteered to care for her at the nurses' home at the base hospital.

HANDICAP INCREASES HER LOVE.

Merwin Birdsell, a New York young man, went to Canada and enlisted in the Canadian Army, to fight in France. When he left America he was engaged to Miss Helen Weston, of Rochester, and it was understood they would be married upon his return. He lost both arms and legs in the war, and came back to his home in May, 1918, thinking of course there would be no wedding for him, in his radically changed physical condition. He promptly informed Miss Weston that he had released her from any obligation to him, but she insisted that it should make no difference in the arrangements. He told her again and again that his misfortune had released her from her promise. Her final answer was a most beautiful one, and swept away all further argument on his part. Said she:

"The soldiers of Belgium love their devastated country as dearly as they did the smooth fields and comfortable farms, don't they? It is their country and they love it. You are as much to me to-day as you were when I met you three years ago—yes, much more."

Birdsell, fitted with the wonderful artificial limbs that are a partial development of the war, was given a Government position at Washington, to which city he took his newly wedded bride to live.

ONE WIFE, ONE COUNTRY.

Theodore Roosevelt says: "Any man who says he loves the country from which he came as well as this country, is no better than a man who loves another woman as well as he loves his wife."

HOW THE JAPANESE SACRIFICE.

A well-known Japanese statesman once said: "We do not worship our emperor, we only love him utterly. The commander before Port Arthur called one day for volunteers to cut the barbed-wire entanglements. 'You will never come back,' he said; 'nor can you carry a gun. You will take a pair of pliers and cut one or two wires and fall dead; another will take your place and cut one or two more. But you will know that upon your dead bodies the armies of our emperor will march to victory.' Whole regiments volunteered for these 'sure death' parties. If your Christians loved your God as we love our emperor, they would long since have taken the world for him."—*Christian Herald*.

LOYALTY

THREE YEARS WITHOUT FURLOUGH.

Private George Davis, a British soldier, has been awarded the "Distinguished Conduct" medal for his wonderful record in not being away from his battalion for a single day during the first three years of war.

LOVED COUNTRY MORE THAN FATHER.

A resident of Los Angeles with a German name, who was eighty-one years of age, was interned there as a result of information given the Government officials by his own daughters. They stated that their father had repeatedly maligned President Wil-

son and the United States; also that he had torn down an American flag they had hung in the home and replaced it with a German flag. The daughters became so indignant over his conduct that, notwithstanding his old age, they decided to inform against him.

PAT'S PATRIOTISM.

An Irishman, on returning home to his native land, gave vent to his joyful feeling by shouting frequently, "Hurrah for Ireland! Hurrah for Ireland!" much to the amusement of the passengers in general, but very much to the disgust of a German on board, who finally retaliated by calling out:

"Hurrah for Ireland! Hurrah for hell!"

"That's right," answered Pat, "every man for his own country!"

HIS HEART BOTH RIGHT AND WRONG.

Notwithstanding his heart was on the right side in his desire to be of service to Uncle Sam, and that he was apparently physically in fine condition, O. Callaway, of Sacramento, Cal., was turned down by the examining physicians at Camp Lewis, Wash., because it was ascertained his heart was on the wrong side of his body. Under the regulations the army officers could not accept him.

It is far better to be rejected because one's heart of flesh is on the wrong side than to be a slacker in perfect physical condition.

TO CLEAR DISHONORED NAME.

"My name doesn't matter, but my mother's name was Burr," said a striking-looking private in a Southern camp, whose features resembled Aaron Burr, after a lecture on "Why We Are in the War." He was asked his name by the speaker. That was his reply, and he added: "I am in the war because it is my

chance to redeem the honor of the name of Burr.'—*Association Men*.

A BOY'S PATRIOTIC REQUEST.

Carlos Renard, the fifteen-year-old son of a California rancher near Tulare, knocked a panel from a burning fuse-box in a pumping-plant on his father's ranch, and saved the property from destruction. His father asked him what he wanted as a reward, and quick as a flash he replied:

"I would like your permission to join the navy."

The request was granted.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

The city of Baltimore offered a prize of \$1,000 in a "National Citizens' Creed Contest." The following creed, which was awarded the prize, received the approval of President Wilson, Speaker Clark and many other famous Americans:

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

CONVICTS BUY LIBERTY BONDS.

The inmates of Folsom State Prison, California, contributed \$600 to the Red Cross and invested \$800 in third Liberty Loan bonds, in 1918. Many men behind prison bars are as loyal as can be found anywhere. In their human weakness they have stumbled, that's all.

"NO RENT; TAKE IT."

Notwithstanding Henry Ford, the well-known automobile manufacturer, had done everything in his power to help keep America out of the war, and all he could to end the war, even to financing a costly expedition to Europe for the purpose of bringing about peace, he worked just as hard for the success of the United States after our country entered the war, offering himself and everything at his disposal for the prosecution of the conflict to a satisfactory victory for right and justice.

So when the Government sought a location for a terminal supply-station, and his great automobile assembling-plant in Boston was reported as most suitable, a telegram was sent to Mr. Ford asking if the building could be obtained, and, if so, what the rental would be. As quick as lightning could carry the message, came the reply: "*No rent; take it.*"

His answer was characteristic of the man, and largely characteristic also of the times and of our splendid American people

OLD MAN READY TO ENLIST.

Popular Mechanics, May, 1918, tells of a man in North Carolina, seventy-three years of age, who walked six miles from his mountain home to a recruiting-station to enlist to help whip the Kaiser. He stood as erect as a flagpole, and, while thin, his muscles were like iron and his eyes sparkled with the spirit of youth. The recruiting officer did not wish to offend him, so started in by telling the patriotic old man that the drilling and long marches would be very tiresome.

"Don't see no difference," the man replied, "between marching all day or following a plow. Why, young man, if the mules could stand it, I'd plow all day and all night on a full moon. Just try me. I'll show you how to lick the Germans."

As no other argument made any impression, the officer told him he could render better service by raising corn and other

things to feed the mothers and sisters of the young soldiers. Very reluctantly the old man yielded and started back, climbing the mountains on his six-mile tramp home.

LET HIS GERMAN BLOOD OUT.

William Strasburger, an applicant for enlistment in the United States Marine Corps at Newark, N. J., removed his shoe and displayed to the astonished gaze of Sergt. Thomas Green a bandaged toe, saying:

"I thought I had a few drops of German blood in my veins, so I pricked my great toe and let them flow out."

"How do you know that the blood you let out was German and not some other kind?" asked the sergeant.

"I pricked at a point furthest from my heart," replied Strasburger, who is American-born and pugnaciously anti-Teutonic.

But he couldn't be a United States Marine. He lacked the weight and height necessary.—*New York World*.

LOYAL AMERICANS OF GERMAN BLOOD.

The elimination of everything German in America, including German names of things and institutions, and the apparently spontaneous decision in this country to never again depend upon Germany for many things which we formerly bought from that country, have brought forth loud wailing in the German press at these indications that "kultur" has received a death-blow in America.

Many Americans of German blood, who sympathized with Germany at the outbreak of the war, changed their attitude to that of absolute loyalty to the United States Government. Among these was Henry Riesenber, a prosperous business man of Indianapolis. When he became convinced of the great wrong Germany was inflicting upon the world, he traveled all over the country, urging men of German blood to forget their German

sympathies, the German language and everything else German, and become 100 per cent. Americans. In his burning talks he said:

"The Germany of to-day—of blood and iron, of deceit and duplicity, the land whose brutalities drove us into this war—is not the Germany of Goethe and Heine, the Germany that we all loved. It was a soul-crushing moment to me, and to all of us, when Germany was accused of her monstrous crimes. We would not believe it at first, until the situation became clarified. From now on we must be 100 per cent. Americans. We will then feel that the melting-pot has done its work."

LABOR'S PATRIOTIC STAND.

At the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at St. Paul in June, 1918, the Executive Council made a report to the general body which contained this magnificent paragraph:

"Workers in war production are practically a part of the fighting force. No action should be taken in the shop or in the field not in harmony with the purposes of the war. No strike should be inaugurated which can not be justified to *the man risking his life on the firing-line in France.*"

The exhortation is just as applicable to men and women in every station in life. For any one to be guilty of any act or conduct that would in any way hinder the work of our brave boys for our country is to be guilty of treason.

A FAITHFUL COLOR-BEARER.

In the State House in Boston, where hang the treasures which Massachusetts soldiers brought back from many a bloody battlefield of the Civil War, there is one pole from which the banner has been entirely torn away. That naked pole is not without its history. It was carried at Fort Wagner, at the head of the colored soldiers of Massachusetts. The color-bearer was wounded;

his flag was torn by shot and shell. But he called out through the agony of the dying men, clasping the naked staff to his bosom, crying over and over again: "It did not touch the ground! It did not touch the ground!"—*Louis Albert Banks.*

THE SWEETHEARTS AT HOME.

It is no joking matter with the young man who has enlisted and gone to war that there is a sweetheart back home, and that he longs, oh so much, that she will remain true to him. More than one soldier has given expression to this longing, some in letters, some in conversations and some in songs. Fellows of this class find their feelings expressed in the following verse of a very popular song in some of the armies:

"We don't want a lot of flags flying,
We don't want your big brass bands;
We don't want a lot of speechifying,
And we don't want a lot of waving hands;
We don't want a lot of interfering,
When we've safely crossed the foam;
But we do want to find the girls we left behind,
When we all come marching home."

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.

It once happened that Benjamin Franklin dined with men of two other nationalities. It was proposed that each one offer a toast. The Englishman spoke first and said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all the nations of the earth." Said the Frenchman: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin, who spoke last, said with quaint modesty: "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

AMERICAN GERMANS PROVE LOYALTY.

The members of the Joplin Turnverein Club who voted to disband for all time, and to give their \$25,000 property to the

Red Cross, deserve the honor of starting a country-wide move that would result in welcome proof of the loyalty of the great majority of the German-born or German-blooded people of our land. The following is an extract from the statement issued just before disbanding:

"It is a unique situation, but it is a surprisingly clear and plain situation. We left one country. Why? Because we were not satisfied with our conditions. We entered another country with the full knowledge (unless we were lunatics) that we had to abide by the rules and conditions imposed by this new country. The new country was very lenient with us. We hardly knew that we were being governed. To us this war comes like a bolt out of a clear sky. The object of the Verein is to advance German customs, habits and language. This is, under the conditions which have arisen, intolerable and impossible. Our countrymen can not and will not and should not be expected to countenance the existence of our Verein."—*Joplin (Mo.) Globe*.

CODE OF MORALS FOR CHILDREN.

The National Institution for Moral Instruction offered \$5,000 as a prize for the best code of morals for use in the character-training of children by parents and teachers, and the prize was awarded to William J. Hutchins, of Oberlin, O. This code contains a number of short paragraphs on the following subjects: Health, self-control, self-reliance, reliability, fair play, duty, honesty, co-operation, kindness and loyalty.

The law of loyalty is prefaced by this statement: "If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful, in every relation of life."

This is treated under four heads—loyalty to one's family, loyalty to one's school, loyalty to one's town, State and country, loyalty to humanity—closing with this statement:

"If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may

be disloyal to my town, my State, my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, State and country, I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try above all things to be loyal to humanity; then I will surely be loyal to my country, my State and my town, to my school, and to my family."

It will be observed that the highest degree of loyalty is that of humanity. It is this kind of loyalty that brought America into the great world war.

THE POSTPONED WEDDING.

I've thrown up my job at the office, Girl,
And I'm going to volunteer.
The nation's in need of her loyal sons,
And our wedding must wait, my dear.
I hear that they're going to use the draft,
That's nothing at all to me!
For none of *my* people were loath to serve—
They were loyal, proud and free.

They won't draft a family man, you say!
I'm sorry, but this may hurt.
Just what would you think of a husband, dear,
Who cowered behind *your* skirt?
And what would we say in the years to come—
For there will be kiddies, you know—
When the children ask with a wistful look,
Why *their* daddy didn't go!

I've thrown up my job at the office, Girl,
And I'm going to volunteer!
A brave little woman you're going to be,
And wait and pray for me—here.
When, after the war, by the good God's grace,
I safely come back to you,
We'll hold up our heads with the best of them,
And say that we saw it through! —E. O. Colby.

THE SIGHT OF OUR FLAG.

A Massachusetts soldier in France, standing on a hill and watching a regiment of Uncle Sam's men marching by, with the "Stars and Stripes" floating over them, had the "regular American feeling," and, in telling some friends about it, put it in these words: "Believe me, boys, it's the best flag in this

world! I don't know why, but my throat was throbbing and I felt like *bawling!*"

TRUE TO HIS COLORS AND OATH.

In one of the Bulgarian regiments marshaled for war against the Turks was a drummer-boy named Sergius, aged fourteen. One day, when an attack was being made on a fortified Turkish stronghold, the regiment to which this boy belonged was ordered to make a charge under a terrific fire. When it was over, the regiment held the stronghold, but its colors were missing and so was Sergius. The survivors were disconsolate. Although a victory had been won, it was dishonor to lose the colors. The next morning the colonel and a number of other officers started out to inspect the battlefield. After riding a long distance they suddenly halted, for a cry was heard. From far out in the center of the field they heard these words:

"My colonel, oh, my colonel!"

They hastened to the spot, and there, severely wounded, was Sergius. Under his bruised and bleeding body were the colors intact, soiled, but kept as the boy had given his oath they should be kept. He said the color-bearer was killed, and so he grabbed the colors and was endeavoring to get away, when a shot brought him down. The boy went on with his story:

"I saw our men picking up the wounded afterwards, but they could not see me and did not hear me call—so I waited. I knew help would come in time. I salute you, my colonel. I tried to do my best."

But the salute was stopped, for the gray-haired colonel, veteran of many campaigns, with tears rolling down his cheeks, suddenly rose, with his officers, and saluted the drummer-boy who had offered himself for the colors and his oath.

His life was saved, but he was too weak to walk when orders came for the regiment to move on. Before leaving, the entire regiment marched up to the hospital tent where he lay. He once

more saw the colors floating in their proper place, while his countrymen of the mountains and plains presented arms in his honor!—*London News*.

"NO LIBERTY BONDS, NO PAINT."

In Stockton, Cal., a city of about forty thousand population, the Painters' Union adopted a resolution refusing to work with any individual or upon the property of any person who had not bought or would not buy a Liberty bond. Every member of the union was the owner of a bond at the time the action was taken.

BOER BOY'S WONDERFUL COURAGE.

A story of the Boer War is told by Major Seeley, M. P. It is of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends, even at the threat of death, as an illustration of deep-rooted love of freedom and country.

The major was asked to secure some volunteers and try to capture a commandant twenty miles away. Upon reaching there he found that the Boer general had gone. He rode to the farmhouse and found a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. Speaking to the boy, he asked if the commandant had been there. Taken by surprise, he promptly answered, "Yes."

"Where has he gone?" was the next question.

"I will not say," just as promptly replied the boy.

The major threatened the little fellow with death if he would not give the desired information, but he persistently refused, so was stood against a stone wall, the major saying he was to be shot, at the same time whispering to his men *not* to shoot him. Again speaking to the boy, the officer said:

"Now, before I give the word, which way has the general gone?"

The major, in telling of it later, said:

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfigured before me.

Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and again answered: *'I will not say!'*

"There was nothing for it," said the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

MEMORIAL

TO THE FIRST FALLEN.

They need no stone to tell their fame,
These lads who fell beneath "Old Glory"
In that fair land across the sea—
A land whose tale is one brave story.

Their fame is sure, though none may know
Their names—those lads of valor knightly;
Upon God's flag of liberty
Their stars shall shine forever brightly.

Free men were they to freedom born;
Life came to them in plenteous measure;
And yet, that others might be free,
They gave all, counting death a pleasure.

Their fame within our hearts shall live,
The years can never dim their glory;
They shamed us for our coward hearts,
They pointed us the way to glory.

—*Thos. Ourtis Clark, in Front Rank.*

BRINGING THE DEAD HOME.

When our American boys began to fall before German bullets in France, the question was often asked, "Will their bodies be sent home for permanent burial?" To parents and other near relatives this was a very important matter, and even among friends of men who have given up their lives in the sacred cause of human liberty on foreign soil there was a warm sentiment in favor of their burial in the beloved homeland.

Discussion of the subject seemed to indicate that while it was evident this could not be done during the continuance of the war,

it would be accomplished when peace had been declared. This proved correct, for near the close of the conflict the U. S. Government decided on such a course, where relatives desired the bodies brought home.

The American Purple Cross Society, which had been organized to bring about such a result, had been working along that line for a year or more before the war ended, obtaining much information that was helpful to those who had lost loved ones on the battlefields abroad.

THE FIRST OF OUR DEAD IN FRANCE.

On the monument erected by the French Government to the memory of the first three American soldiers killed in the war in France, is the following inscription:

"As sons of their great and noble nation, they fought for right, for liberty and civilization against German imperialism, the scourge of humanity. They died on the field of honor."

The names of the three thus honored are: Corp. James B. Gresham, Priv. Thomas F. Enright and Merle D. Hay.

It was in November, 1917, that they fell in battle. On the day of their burial a guard of French infantrymen and a detachment of American soldiers surrounded the graves. The French officer commanding the division in the section in which they gave up their lives paid a glowing tribute to their courage and sacrifice, in which he said:

"They crossed the ocean at great peril; they took their places on the front by our side, and they have fallen facing the foe in a hard and desperate hand-to-hand fight. Honor to them! Men, these graves are as a mark of the mighty hand we and our allies firmly cling to in the common task. Thus the deaths of these humble soldiers appear to us with extraordinary grandeur. We will therefore ask that the mortal remains of these young men be left here, left with us forever. Travelers and men of heart will go out of their way to come here to pay their respective tributes."

MORALE

FROM THE FRENCH GENERAL.

General Foch, in command of the Allied armies on the western front in France, upon learning of the gallant stand of some American soldiers soon after our troops were ready for action there, said: "I declare it my conviction that the American troops are the equal of any soldiers in the world to-day."

"IN AN AGE ON AGES TELLING."

Whatever may be the surprises of the future, the achievements of the days in which we are living must ever be regarded as mighty attainments. President Wilson has expressed the opinion that within one year after America entered the great war the American people had been knitted together more closely than would have been possible in one hundred years of peace.

If this is true of the spirit of loyal friendship, it seems it is equally true of the great advance in discoveries and inventions, and in the commercial and political accomplishments of our beloved country. When the Panama Canal was completed it was rightly regarded as a wonderful achievement, but under present quickened conditions the task would have been begun as a matter of course—as one of many things of equal magnitude.

This has all been possible largely because of the high, fine morale of the American people. They believe in their country, their Government and in themselves. Without this spirit of cheerful confidence many men would go down under present strenuous conditions. To be exact, some have broken under the strain—perhaps given more responsibility than any one person should shoulder.

It is truly "an age on ages telling." To be living at this period in the world's history brings with it wonderful possi-

bilities and wonderful responsibilities. With humility of heart and faith in God and fellow-men, every American citizen should face the future with resolute courage to help make the world a good place in which coming generations may live in happiness and peace.

SLOGANS THAT ENCOURAGE.

People outside the armies, as well as the soldiers, will do better work when in "good spirits," than otherwise. For this reason slogans are adopted to encourage and inspire folks to do their best. During the campaigns in the United States for food production and food conservation the following, with many others, were used with good effect:

"Can vegetables and fruit, and can the Kaiser too."

"Hohenrakes versus Hohenzollerns," "Get into the garden trenches," "The hoe is the machine gun of the garden," "Speed up and spade up," and "Tune up the spading-fork," were among those for garden workers.

"Turn your trash into cash," was used for disposing of useless trinkets, etc.

"Keep the home soil turning," was a clever paraphrase of the title of a famous song, while "Food must follow the flag," and "Shouting the battle-cry of feed 'em," proved effective in saving food here in America for the soldiers following the flag in France.

"Every miser helps the Kaiser" was used in selling Liberty bonds and in Red Cross drives.

RED CROSS ENCOURAGES ITALIANS.

M. Romeo Gallenga Stuart, Under-Secretary of State for Italy, addressed the American Luncheon Club in London, telling of the conditions in his country shortly after the battle of Capretto, when it looked as though Venice was in danger of the Austrian Army. Said he:

"We were all anxious and depressed. We were in Venice in the Piazza of St. Mark, and as we were endeavoring to save all we could, we were taking down the bronze horses of the church, the horses that Ruskin and every lover of beauty so much admired. Those were terrible moments. In the pale light of the setting sun the dark bronze horses were quietly moving away on the big black Venetian boats. Our hearts went with them. We did not dare to speak; even the pigeons on the piazza did not dare to fly.

"Suddenly I turned and saw a small group of well-built, strong young men in khaki. They were Americans, of the Red Cross! Our hearts seemed to recover from the sadness as by a miracle. In them we saw the young world with all its energies, all its gallant youth, all its power, coming over to save in the Old World all that is good and beautiful. We felt sure then that America would be with us entirely until the day of victory."

WHY SOME SOLDIERS RUN AWAY.

A soldier in battle, says the *Literary Digest*, rarely runs away because of individual, personal cowardice. When a body of troops gives itself up to a wild flight, the act is not that of single persons, but of a crowd as a group. This cowardice has features entirely different from that of an individual soldier. It is a phenomenon of "crowd psychology."

LeBon, the French psychologist, taught that a crowd has a mind of its own, in some respects more primitive and uncivilized than the individual mind, and is more subject to unreasoning panic. (Incidentally, it may be remarked that this may account for some of the surprising lynchings that take place, and also for some of the cruelties committed by bodies of soldiers under certain heartless leaders.)

Modern warfare takes into account more than ever before the "morale" of the army; the maintaining of a spirit of sanity; of normality; of self-control under the most trying cir-

circumstances. This is made a scientific study, in order that the soldiers may, in acting together, act intelligently and according to a predetermined plan, and not as a wild, unreasoning mob, liable to stampede and run away.

In a body of men where the morale is high there is little danger of stampede.

THE SILVER LINING.

That it is possible to be cheerful right in the heart of the war zone has been demonstrated many times. It is fortunate that some soldiers are able to always see the silver lining of the darkest cloud, for this helps to keep up the morale of many others. It is said that two English soldiers went into a restaurant over on the eastern front and said to the waiter:

"We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter looked surprised at first, and then, realizing they were springing a pun on him, came back by replying, "Sorry, sir, but we can't Serbia."

"Well, then, get the Bosphorus."

It took the waiter some time to see through this one, but finally he smiled, and was about to call the boss, when that gentleman, who had heard the conversation from behind a curtain, stepped up and said:

"I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania."

So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

GERMANS FORCED TO FIGHT.

A German-born American woman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who was in Germany when the war broke out, and could not get away for over three years after, upon reaching America told of being sick in a hospital in Godesberg, where there were many German soldiers confined. The patients there did not know she was an American, as she spoke German fluently, and some of them made surprising statements to her. Said a German major:

"You see, I wear the coat of the Kaiser. I only wish you could know the feeling that lies beneath it. We are not going to stand this forever."

One soldier said: "Some day we are all going to put down our arms. Why should we fight? Our officers now, instead of leading us, *go behind us with guns at our backs.*"

On the train a German soldier said to her: "We don't care now when the war ends. We don't care who wins."

CLEANLINESS HELPS MORALE OF MEN.

After several hundred thousand American soldiers had reached France, General Pershing requested of the U. S. Government that safety-razors, soap, hair-brushes, combs, towels and tooth-brushes be furnished all enlisted men, and the War Department immediately granted the request. General Pershing asked the furnishing of toilet articles on the ground that personal cleanliness increased the morale of the men under him.

The fellow with a clean body and a clean life is better prepared for any work, whether it be military or civil, than the one who is indifferent to these things.

"THE Y. M. C. A. NINE HUNDRED!"

One of General Pershing's officers in France was detailed to observe the work of the Y. M. C. A. for several months. In his report to General Pershing was this remarkable statement:

"Give me my choice between nine hundred men who have the Y. M. C. A. and a thousand without it, and I will take the nine hundred and the 'Y.' They will be a more effective fighting force."

In directing that this report be forwarded to the Y. M. C. A. heads, General Pershing added that it also represented the conclusion of his own headquarters. One well-known Y. M. C. A. officer in America commented upon the statement: "If General Pershing means that nine hundred men with the Y. M. C. A.

are doing the work of a thousand, think of the tonnage saved through the activities of the Association."

John B. Mott, with reference to the report, said: "One of Napoleon's famous dictums was this: 'Morale stands to the other factors in a war in the ratio of three to one.'"

This helps one to understand how a great leader with undaunted courage and optimism will lead an army against far stronger forces and great obstacles to wonderful victories. His courage and hope inspire like qualities in his followers.

KEEPING ENLISTED MEN CONTENTED.

The War Camp Community Service, launched for systematic co-operation of communities in entertaining enlisted men while they were on leave, did wonders in the portions of the country where camps and training-stations were located. One means of helping the soldiers and sailors to be contented before engaging in active service was what was called the Defenders' Recreation Club, with a suitable building open night and day, equipped with reading-matter, games, writing-tables and stationery, information bureau, lunch counter, canteen, sofas, easy chairs and telephones—for after a few visits here the young man away from home made friends with some of the best people in the community, and, at their request, would notify them when he was off duty.

In one city thousands of young men were entertained in the homes, perhaps for a Sunday dinner, afternoon automobile trip, or for both Saturday and Sunday, remaining with the family overnight. Many a homesick soldier or sailor, away from his loved ones for the first time, has thus been held to a spirit of contentment, and many another to the clean life.

In the club referred to, thirty thousand enlisted men were aided and entertained there during the first four months after its organization. The club also co-operated with the churches in planning for large delegations of men in the service to attend

some social arranged specially for them, or to attend some church service—if for Sunday morning, to be taken to the homes for dinner.

The scope of the work may be grasped when it is stated that active committees served along the following lines: Club-house comforts, socials and dances, home entertainment, fraternal entertainment, civic entertainment and music, library, educational, athletics, sight-seeing tours, church co-operation, commercial amusements, dramatic entertainments.

It had been found by experience that the great majority of the enlisted men wanted to do the right thing, and appreciated everything done which would help them to live up to their highest ideals. It was a pleasure for people everywhere to do their part in this regard, gladly, cheerfully, and thus cheat the men and women of degraded lives from getting hold of these noble fellows from the firesides of our country.

MORALITY

CAMP CLEANER THAN A CITY.

Camp Custer's record showed that, out of thirty thousand or more men, only six cases of venereal disease developed in two weeks, and but one of syphilis, according to *Association Men* for June, 1918:

"In the whole camp there were 187 cases. Investigations show that in any city of similar size more than five hundred cases of venereal disease would be found. Every red-light district within fifty miles of Battle Creek has been put out of business. Soldiers are safer in the camp than at home."

SOLDIERS APPRECIATE CLEAN CAMPS.

The effort of those in authority to make the military training-camps clean inside and to prohibit vice within an effective radius, was appreciated by a great majority of the enlisted men.

Here are extracts from letters similar to thousands that could be given:

From a sailor: "The morals of the men are very high. I have been surprised to find what a fine, clean lot they are."

From one in the Field Hospital Service: "This war has established a cleaner relation between God and man, and I think every fellow who comes back will be a better Christian and look at life in a different way."

From a soldier in a Southern camp: "The men of my battery are a lot of fine, clean, moral fellows. I don't know what would happen to a man who brought disgrace upon his fellows by his action. We are standing for the best things."

From one in the Aviation Service: "I am delighted to learn that the moral conditions incidental to army life are far better than I was led to suppose previous to my enlistment. The men with whom I am associated come from some of the best homes in the country."

GENERAL PERSHING STANDS FOR CLEAN LIFE.

Daniel A. Poling tells, in the *Christian Endeavor World* of June 6, 1918, of an interview with General Pershing, while in France:

"When we discussed the morals of the soldiers in France, the General's face lighted; and well it might, for no nation has ever been represented by cleaner-living men than those who wear the uniform of the United States in France to-day; and the program of the military authorities in France to safeguard and inform the country's fighters is a source of gratification and pride to all who believe that efficiency and morality are twin brothers. General Pershing said: 'When the report shows an increase in the venereal rate of *one-thousandth of a per cent.*, I learn the reason.'

"Early one Sunday morning the General motored nearly thirty miles to a certain brigade headquarters, which, while

American authority was in control, served both French and American troops. This situation made it embarrassing, to say the least, for any action to be taken affecting the recognized customs of our splendid Allies. But General Pershing's trip was not a pleasure-jault. Several French wine-shops had been injuring the discipline of American soldiers. Conditions had not been improving. General Pershing permanently closed every wine-shop in the village, and so diplomatically did he proceed that the cordial relationship between the two armies was not disturbed."

MORTALITY

WHEN THE NERVES BREAK.

That the nervous strain in wartimes is fatal in many instances among civilians at home, was shown in the fact that during the first year after America entered the big war, the death-rate in the United States Senate was eight and one-half per cent. The Senators who passed away were not old, as the average age of statesmen go. They were Stone, of Missouri; Lane, of Oregon; Newlands, of Nevada; Brady, of Idaho; Broussard, of Louisiana; Hustling, of Wisconsin, and Hughes, of New Jersey.

SOLDIERS SAFER THAN IN CIVIL WAR.

Surgeon-General Gorgas said, in May, 1918:

"There seems to be an impression in this country that to fight in the present war means almost sure death. As a matter of fact, there is no comparison with our Civil War. Then our mortality was something over five per cent. for the four years. The French suffered almost the same losses during the first five months of this war, but that was the most disastrous period for our allies, who were unprepared in every way.

"By 1916 the French had reduced their mortality to about two per cent. for a year—a rate of only twenty per thousand.

Even in civil life a rate of thirteen to fifteen per thousand is usual. After a three days' battle in our Civil War—such a battle as Gettysburg, for instance—a third of the men engaged were left on the field. You can not find in the present conflict any three days as disastrous as that."

THE SOLDIER AND THE BABY.

Out of every one hundred men who engage in battle, two are killed, so experts determined after the great war had continued for nearly four years. With all the dangers of warfare, the soldier has seven times the chance of life of every baby in the United States, for here fourteen of every one hundred babies pass away before their first year. "Baby Conservation Week," observed throughout America, is certainly needed, in the face of such conditions.

MOTHERHOOD

TRUE TO THE MOTHER AT HOME.

It was announced at Washington that 1,600,000 letters were written by American soldiers overseas to their mothers, on Mothers' Day, May 12, 1918. General Pershing promised the boys "over there" that mail for mothers would be given preference at that time over everything else, that the missives might reach their destination with as little delay as possible.

WOULD NOT CALL SON BACK.

In one of the large Western cities a boy of eighteen enlisted in the U. S. Army. He left home without telling his mother what he had done, so anxious was he to get in the service for humanity. Knowing that he was under age, he was afraid she would restrain him from going. With tear-dimmed eyes the mother told the story to a recruiting officer, and he offered to send a telegram to Chicago to have the son intercepted and

returned home. Instantly the mother raised her hand in protest as she said:

"No, don't do it! I would not have felt so bad if he had only told me good-bye. But I'm proud of my boy and would not call him back if I could."

THE BOY WHO FIGHTS FOR MOTHER.

The following poem was written by Fred Emerson Brooks, the California poet, for the Y. M. C. A.:

"On the lips of each flower is a kiss and a prayer
From the mothers of men to their boys everywhere;
'Tis the love of all mothers to each valiant son
Who has sworn to turn back the red scourge of the Hun.
Though the blossom may wither, the love still endures—
In the land of the free every mother is yours.
Man honors the brave as he honors no other,
And God loves the boy who will fight for his mother."

Here is another poem by the same author, on "The Mother's Love":

"They can measure the earth, and the sea, and the sky;
They may count you the gems in the azure above;
They can follow the trail where the swift comets fly—
But not 'til he fathoms the depth of a sigh
Can a boy ever measure a mother's love.

"As the mother of souls she gives birth to mankind,
And out of her life springs the anthems of joy.
When heroes march forth, shall her boy stay behind—
'Twixt her pride and her tears will her white arms unwind!
Oh, the love in that kiss when she gives up her boy!"

MOTHERS OF PATRIOTS.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, says: "I owe every measure of success I have achieved in life to my good, old-fashioned mother. There are no greater pleasures in my life than when my mother comes to visit me in Washington, or when I am able to visit her in Goldsboro."

He goes on to say that on such occasions his visits are not unlike Harry W. Grady's story of his visit to his mother in

Athens, which was as here given: "I don't think I ever felt happier than when I reached the home of my boyhood. I got there at night. Mother had saved supper for me, and she had remembered all the things I liked. She toasted me some cheese over the fire. Why, I had never tasted anything like it since I put off my round jacket. And then she had some home-made candy she knew I used to love, and, bless her heart! I felt just sixteen again as we sat and talked, and she told me how she prayed for me, and thought of me always, and what a brightness I had been to her life, and how she heard me coming home in every boy that whistled along the street. When I went to bed, she came and tucked the covers all around me in the dear old way that none but a mother's hands know, and I felt so happy and peaceful and so full of tender love and tender memories that I cried happy, grateful tears until I went to sleep."

This sentiment has an echo in the hearts of millions of American men. As one editor of a great paper comments: "In these stirring times it should be remembered that the greatest things in church and state, and the sweetest things in individual life, grow out of a sanctified Christian motherhood."

A PICTURE FOR HER SOLDIER SON.

Yes, I want my picture taken—
Oh, I know I'm growing old,
And that years have turned to silver,
Locks that once were shining gold.
Make it cheerful, Mr. Artist—
Do your very best, I pray,
For it's for my soldier laddie
Who is far, so far away.

Yet he must not read the sorrow
In his waiting mother's face.
Make it happy, Mr. Artist,
And the sadness—please erase.
Make it bright and all triumphant;
Let the lips this message tell,
That his loving, waiting mother
Whispers to him, "All is well."

—Susan H. Martin, in *The Lookout*.

TO MY BOY.

Mrs. Katheryn Beuttell, of Cincinnati, O., wrote the accompanying poem to her son, Private R. R. Linek, machine gunner, which was printed and copies posted in all the Y. M. C. A. buildings at Camp Sheridan:

"I am all alone in the house to-night,
For the space of an hour or two;
And in the glow of the warm firelight,
I am dreaming, dear, of you.
I think with a smile of your baby ways,
And the odd little things you said;
I live again through your childhood days—
The days that too quickly sped.

"And still you are only a child in years,
With a man's real work to do;
I struggle between my hopes and fears,
But, son, I am proud of you.
I love, in a tender, happy way,
The boy that you used to be;
What my heart holds for my boy to-day
Only One can ever see."

IT'S MOTHER, MOTHER, EVERYWHERE.

No one word was so much in the minds and on the hearts of the soldiers in the trenches as "mother." If an enlisted man had done anything worth while, the first thought was to "let mother know." If he was wounded, he wished his mother could be there to take care of him. If he was so seriously injured that he could not recover, the uppermost thought was that he wanted some one to write to his mother for him. The thought of mother kept many a boy straight in the midst of the most severe temptations it is possible for a youth to endure. When he got his life insured, as practically all of the enlisted men did, and his mother was living, he usually said, "Make it out to mother."

Mrs. Cornelia Barnes Rogers, who with her husband gave entertainments to our boys over there in many of the Y. M. C. A. camps, says that often, after she had recited, a soldier boy

would step up and ask where he could get the words; another would hand her a carefully copied poem which mother had sent to him, saying something like this: "My mother sent me this; it's just how she felt, exactly, when I went off. She's *fine*, my mother is. Maybe I could have a copy of that poem you recited. I think she'd like it. We often send verses to each other."

Continuing, Mrs. Rogers says: "Frequently in the camps they sit and look at me, not as a personal tribute, but because I am an American woman. 'It's good just to see an American woman and hear her talk,' said one. 'It seems like home to see you,' said another. I never go before them without an inward prayer that I may say the right word that will remind them of you, wives and mothers of America; of what you stand for to them, of the home principles, of your love for them and trust in them. Through you, your spiritual messages, they will be kept straight."

STATEMENT FROM A MOTHER.

Rheta Childe Dorr, famous writer on sociological subjects, and a leading suffragist, who visited the battlefields of France, said upon her return to America:

"I have seen some of the effects of a partial success of the German war lords' plan, and I, the mother of a soldier, at this very hour in deadly peril of his life in the Toul sector, say to the mothers of other soldiers that I would be ashamed to have him anywhere else. The next message that comes out of the sector where the Americans hold the line will bring mourning and tears to many women. And yet I can truthfully say that I would be happier to have my son dead in France, sleeping in a soldier's grave beyond the sea, than to have him alive and safe, shirking his duty in a bullet-proof job at home. I do not believe that in the years to come there is going to be much happiness for the men who are shirking, nor for the women who

may be encouraging them to shirk. The men who come home will be the rulers of America's future destiny. They will be the strong builders of our greatness."

Within a few weeks after her return to America the newspapers reported her son had been wounded—shot in the leg by a German machine-gun bullet, and that while in the hospital he was restless to get back into battle again.

BECAUSE OF HIS MOTHER.

A young man who was a citizen of the United States, serving in the British Army in France, while in a hospital recovering from a wound, asked one of the nurses to write a letter for him to his father, from which the following is an extract—and no doubt many a young man has enlisted for the same reason given by him:

"You know, dad, every fellow has his own private reason for getting in this big game—his country's honor, of course; but then the one definite thing that brings home to him just what his country's honor means, something more than waving a flag and marching to a gay tune. Well, my particular reason was because of mother. When, as a kid, I began to see the other fellows at school get letters from their mothers and boxes of eats, I used to keep mighty quiet and think about the woman you knew—the mother who passed on that I might live.

"I remember the first time you let me snap open the back of your watch, and we looked at the young girl in there together, and you said: 'Jim, you've got to be her boy, son.' Things like that may not seem much in certain ways until the occasion comes. Underneath everything I used to feel how near she was to me, nearer, perhaps, than if she had lived. When this war began, suddenly I felt her bringing it all home to me, just as if she had been with us that year when the stories used to come in of the mothers of Belgium, the women of the 'Lusitania,' the women killed. I felt her standing right beside me, waiting for my

decision, and I couldn't have looked at her or at you another day if I hadn't signed up even before America officially came in."

THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Tis fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon and battle-shots,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men,
But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!
No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! their battles! they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.
Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.
Oh, ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kindest victories fought,
Were fought in those silent ways.
Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kindest warrior born! —Joaquin Müller.

MUSIC

LAWS AND SONGS OF NATIONS.

Andrew Andrew, of Salteum, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, said:

"I care not who makes the laws of a nation if I can but make the songs."

Whether or not the power of music in the creation of a people's sentiment has been realized, it is nevertheless a fact

that the character of the prevailing songs and the general character of a people go hand in hand. It seems that patriotic sentiment can be more fully expressed in song than in any other way.

MUSIC HELPED DEFEAT NAPOLEON.

Ivan Narodny, in discussing the influence of music upon soldiers, in *Musical America*, at the beginning of the great war, said that Napoleon attributed his defeat to the effect of the Russian music upon the soldiers of that country, as well as a bad winter. Mr. Narodny quotes as follows from Napoleon's notebook:

"The weird and barbaric tunes of those beastly Cossack regiments simply influenced the half-starved Muscovites to the maddest rage, and they wiped out the very cream of the army."

Another writer, Redfern Mason, says that when Napoleon's Swiss soldiers heard the "Bans des Vaches" they were so overcome by the longing for home that whole regiments of them deserted, and Napoleon made it a crime punishable by death to play it where they could hear it."

MUSIC A STIMULANT TO COURAGE.

Herbert Gould, song leader at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, says: "From time immemorial, music has been used as a stimulant to men's courage. The cymbal, harp and lute have cheered the ancients, and the brass band stirs the hearts of our men to-day. Martial airs keep the head high, the tread firm, and keep staunch the heart, whether it be for the lusty line sweeping our peaceful boulevards 'mid the cheering, half-weeping throngs, the 'thin red line' going over the top, or the ill-fated battalion on the deck of the sinking transport.

"No one agency can do more toward keeping up the morale of the men in camp than the mass singing, for it is one of the noblest forms of self-expression, greater than tongue or pen, because these things give us words (weak vehicles for inspired

thought), while singing is the uplifting of the soul, the outpouring of pent-up energy, the outreaching of the inner man toward a higher sense. It is not the song nor the singer, but the spiritual reaction which comes to the soul when it reaches out—it knows not where—but that it seeks freedom.”

AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

During the busy hours of the day the soldier away from home for the first time has but little cause for getting homesick, but when the evening hours come on, with twilight and darkness, it is different. This is when his thoughts will inevitably turn to his home and the home scenes. The Y. M. C. A. workers in the camps well understood this, and planned accordingly. One of their plans was shown in the following lines from Minna Irving:

“It keeps the soldier’s heart in tune,
With dear ones far away,
To have a little singsong
At the closing of the day.”

MISS WILSON SINGS FOR SOLDIERS.

Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President, visited many of the army camps to sing for the soldiers, and everywhere she was greeted by great crowds of cheering men. She never knowingly permitted anything to interfere with her mission. At one camp where her automobile drew up to the Y. M. C. A. building where she was to sing, she noticed hundreds of men in khaki standing at the windows straining for a peep at the stage. She went direct to the stage, and as usual, before beginning, sized up the sea of faces before her. The building was packed to the limit. A frown of displeasure fitted across her brow, and then, without wasting a word in explanation, she said:

“I came down here to sing to the enlisted men. I notice large crowds of men outside, unable to get in, while almost the entire front of the building is occupied by officers and civilians.

Before I begin my program I will ask all officers and civilians to kindly retire, in order that the men outside may come in and have seats. After they are seated you may return and take such seats as may remain."

She said it in a way that could not be refused. Immediately her request was obeyed to the letter. It was her idea that officers and civilians were able to secure or create entertainment outside the camp, while the private soldier had none to amount to any thing except that brought to him.

SOUSA WRITES AMERICAN MUSIC.

Because of the inspiration which the new martial spirit in the world brought to him, Lieut. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," launched forth in the composition of pieces which his friends believe will prove his best work. Among his new compositions is the "Anchor and Star" march, dedicated to the navy, and "Sabers and Spurs," written for the 311th Cavalry while stationed at Fort Riley, Tex.

MUSIC A VITAL FORCE IN THE WAR.

This paragraph is from a magazine article published in the early part of 1918:

"Without bands it would be impossible for many of the forced marches to be made by the soldiers at the front. This has been the history of all wars, but in this great conflict the value of music has been emphasized as never before. Perhaps its greatest usefulness is in preserving the morale of the men. Most of the infantry charges are preceded by a heavy barrage fire, with the deafening roar of the guns lasting from three to six hours. Picture the soldiers forced to endure this terrible cannonading while expecting a charge at any moment. Is it any wonder that their nerves are soon strained to the breaking-point? There is nothing that will bring relaxation like music. The officers, with their innumerable duties, often take the time

to bring their men back to the line for a band concert before a general charge. Curiously, music does not affect all men alike. It calms the man suffering from nervous tension and stirs the sluggish. It gives courage to those weighted down with fear and arouses the patriotism of all. It seems to give to each one the particular aid he needs."

SINGING RESTS TIRED SOLDIERS.

That music promotes military as well as social team-work and enthusiasm is well known. The song-leader in one army camp, who carried with him in his auto a folding organ and song charts, that could be hung up most anywhere he happened to stop, came to a group of forty men at work pulling stumps. He saw at once that these soldiers were very tired. Conferring with the officer in charge, suggesting a rest while the men enjoyed a "sing," he was told to go ahead.

He opened his organ, hung up the charts and asked the men to sing. The transition from weariness to energy was marked and sudden. They sang and sang and sang. They didn't want to stop. After the song-leader had started away he heard them from the distance singing as they tugged away at the stumps with real vigor: "Pull away, pull away, pull away, the vict'ry's ours!"

SINGING TO AND WITH SOLDIERS.

In the spring of 1917 John D. Barker went to Great Britain to do Y. M. C. A. work in the huts, but, owing to his exceptional ability in getting others to sing, he was assigned to the work of singing to British soldiers in training-camps. He traveled all over the South of England, where tens of thousands of soldiers heard him sing, and followed him in song, bringing new life and enthusiasm into many hearts.

All he asked was a piano and a platform. He didn't need any song-books. He knew so many songs by heart that he had

no difficulty teaching the tunes and words to others. If it was a new song to his hearers, say of eight lines to a verse, he divided it into phrases of two lines each. He played and sang the first phrase, then got his hearers to sing it; next he played and sang the second phrase, and had his hearers sing the first and second together, and so on to the finish.

He was always happy in this kind of work, and every one within the range of his voice caught the same spirit.

WORKING WHILE THE BAND PLAYS.

The first paragraph in the U. S. Navy Regulations pertaining to bands reads: "The band shall play while coaling ship."

W. J. Delano, formerly ensign and bandmaster in the Illinois Naval Reserves, applauds it as a wise provision that might well be extended to other industrial fields of labor. Speaking of the order, he says:

"There it is in black and white. The commanding officer has no discretion in the matter, and so for this task, the most arduous, monotonous, and cordially hated job in a sailor's life, there sits the band playing lively music, and lots of it, until the bunkers are filled; not merely to keep them busy, but because Uncle Sam has found by careful experiment that about *thirty per cent.* more coal is put in with music than without it."

BRASS BANDS FOR SHIP-BUILDERS.

In 1918, under the "speed up" orders of the Government, one of the United States destroyers built at Mare Island, near San Francisco, was launched just seventeen days from the time the keel was laid, as against sixty-five days for the same amount of work the year previous.

One of the features of this great plant, under the new order of things, is a brass band, which furnishes music in the vicinity of the ship-building during the noon hour, for the benefit of the mechanics working there. In addition to this, high-class enter-

tainers were secured to add variety to the day's toil, all for the purpose of helping to keep the men in good spirits.

This is considered a big improvement over old conditions, when saloons were permitted to furnish the "spirits." By order of the Government, all saloons within a radius of several miles of the plant were closed tight.

Many shipyards throughout the country have good hands composed of their own workmen.

A SONG FOR SHIP-BUILDERS.

W. D. Strahl, an employee of the Standifer Construction Company, of Portland, Ore., is the author of the following song for ship-builders, entitled "Help Trim the Kaiser," to be sung to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia":

"Bring the adz and hammer, boys, the axe, the saw, the plane;
We'll build some ships for Uncle Sam to sail across the main,
To carry to the battle-front munitions, men and grain;
Thus will we help trim the Kaiser.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we'll send the ships to sea;
Hurrah! hurrah, we'll set the captives free.
While helping whip the hellish Huns, our daily song shall be,
Up, boys, and help trim the Kaiser!

Think of all the horror, boys, of babes and mothers slain—
Of girls who suffered worse than death in anguish and in pain,
To satisfy the German lust for murder, rape and gain;
That's why we'll help trim the Kaiser.

"Freedom's voice is calling, boys; our country looks to you;
To do our very utmost is the least that we can do.
Let each of us strive earnestly—let every heart be true—
Up, boys, and help trim the Kaiser!"

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1918.—The Department of Commerce's first patriotic songfest to-day was marked by a strange coincidence. As several hundred men and women of the department were gathered on the sidewalk in front of the building,

singing "The Star-spangled Banner," the funeral *cortege* of a grandniece of Francis Scott Key, author of the national anthem, passed by *en route* to the cemetery.

WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS.

Oh, say, can you sing from the start to the end,
What so proudly you stand for when orchestras play it;
When the whole congregation, in voices that blend,
Strike up the grand hymn and then torture and slay it!
How they bellow and shout when they're first starting out,
But "the dawn's early light" finds them floundering about.
'Tis "The Star-Spangled Banner" they're trying to sing,
But they don't know the words of the precious old thing.

Hark! The "twilight's last gleaming" has some of them stopped,
But the valiant survivors press forward serenely
To "the ramparts we watched," where some others are dropped,
And the loss of the leader is manifest keenly.
Then "the rocket's red glare" gives the bravest a scare,
And there's few left to face "the bombs bursting in air."
'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save
The last of the verse and "the home of the brave."

—John Rodemeyer, in *Nevada City News*.

"AMERICA SINGING TO HER DESTINY."

When Whitman wrote, "I see America go singing to her destiny," he expressed, as Herbert Gould says, the idea that is now back of the music in all of our great training-camps. On the front page of the Civic Music Association song-sheet used at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station is this paragraph:

"The voice of your songs is the voice of the nation of to-morrow. Sing to-day so that America may sing to-morrow. The spirit with which you sing is the spirit with which you fight. A singing America will be a victorious America."

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF MUSIC.

The National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music (affiliated with the War and Navy Departments) compiled a book of songs, a small pocket edition, for use in all of the American camps, so that Uncle Sam's men everywhere would know

the same songs and have like editions. The book contains songs the boys like to sing. Piano and band accompaniments were also provided.

AMERICA, MY COUNTRY.*

BY JENS K. GEONDAHL.

America, my country, I come at thy call;
I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all;
In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal—
I'll carry thy flag through the fire and the steel.
Unsullied it floats o'er our peace-loving race,
On sea nor on land shall it suffer disgrace;
In reverence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine;
America, my country, command; I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth—
They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth;
And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled,
There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
Thy milk and thy honey flow freely for all—
Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call;
Who quaffs of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
America, my country, command; I obey!

America, my country, now come is thine hour—
The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and power;
Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might;
Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall—
America, my country, I come at thy call!

CHORUS.

America, my country, I answer thy call,
That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall;
I owe thee my all, and my all will I give—
I do and I die that America may live.

—*Words and Music Copyrighted by Daily Republican, Red Wing, Minn.*

* "America, My Country," is said to be one of the greatest song-poems of the world war. Some have hailed it as a new national anthem. It received the applause of Congress, when Hon. Isaac Siegel, of New York, quoted it in his patriotic speech at one of the tensest moments in American history, on the day war was declared against Germany. The National Editorial Association sang it at Red Wing and Minneapolis. Men have enlisted because of the stirring sentiment therein expressed. The Teachers' Loyalty League of Minnesota has named this as one of four songs to be learned by all pupils in the public schools of the State. In Illinois, Rhode Island and other States, also, it has been adopted for use in the public schools.

MUSIC MASTER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

The cheer leader has found his place in college sport and is a recognized factor in winning the game. The men who march with the army, with drum or fife or bugle, stir the soul of the regiment. The United States called upon Sousa to organize several bands to play on battleships. General Bell urged that men be taught to sing in camp and on the march as a factor in the morale of the troops.

Who would have thought that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" would have been the martial music in the Philippine campaign? Who would have picked "Tipperary," which has had its run in Britain? What sane man would have said that "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" had any big place in the gospel ministry, but it has, and Alexander's "Glory Song" set all England a-humming.

Men song-leaders, like Rodeheaver and Alexander, are scientific crowd handlers—masters of the "psychology of the crowd." And a man has just that place in every Association and every army camp to put cheer and life in the crowd as the lighting of the fire does when night casts its pall over the camp. The human heart is the greatest instrument there is to play upon, and music is its master. One night in a meeting in an army camp of fifteen hundred men there was the keenest rivalry kindled in singing, by State groups, the song, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." It brightened the crowd into fellowship and into faith, and the dignified Episcopal clergyman on the platform swayed in cadence with the Catholic cowboy on the rear seat. In this camp the song of all songs sung was, "I Need Thee Every Hour."—*Association Men.*

SONGS THE SOLDIERS LIKE.

A chaplain with the American Army in France was much impressed with the class of songs most enjoyed by the soldiers

over there. The two favorites above all others, he said, were, "Abide with Me," and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

"It is not patriotic songs," he continued; "they are *living* their patriotism, day and night. Songs of home and religion—that's what they want. Why, I have heard them singing 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' at night, when every singer was within range of the enemy's guns.

"On the eve of one big battle a soldier handed me a letter in which he gave me the addresses of his father and his sweetheart, so that I could write to them if he fell. He said that in the last battle one of his brothers was killed and another wounded, and added: 'If I fall, I shall die without regrets and with a heart of content; but it will go hard with those at home; and I want you to break the news gently. These are terrible times for those at home.'"

The chaplain gives the following as one of the favorite home songs of the soldiers:

"There's an old-fashioned house, in an old-fashioned street,
In a quaint little old-fashioned town;
There's a street where the cobblestones harass the feet,
As it struggles up-hill and then down.

"And, though to and fro through the world I must go,
My heart, while it beats in my breast,
Where'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned home
Will fly like a bird to its nest.

"In that old-fashioned house, in that old-fashioned street,
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair;
I can see their two faces so tender and sweet,
And I love every wrinkle that's there."

JUST AFTER A BATTLE.

Lieut. E. G. Odell, a Canadian officer, describing the return of soldiers from a battle on the French front, said:

"We were in there four days and nights, working, watching, fighting, with only a few moments of sleep snatched now and then. We were dead beat—but we *had* to keep up. And we did

it as long as the need existed. But when we were relieved at last and had started back on our eight-mile march to the rest billets, the exhausted men began to drop out, one by one, from sheer fatigue. We left the front line about midnight, and it was daylight before the last man was in.

"Do you want to know how they came? It seems to me, looking back on it now, one of the really beautiful things in war as I saw it. It was August then, a night of quiet loveliness—except for the guns! We had gone back quite a long way when those of us who were still trudging ahead heard the sound of bagpipes—faint at first, but growing nearer all the time. And they were playing, 'The Campbells Are Coming!' Instinctively we straightened our weary backs, held our heads higher, and began to *march*—not to *plod*. When they met us they wheeled about and played us in, the bagpipes shrilling 'The Campbells Are Coming,' and the 'Cock o' the North,' and airs like that.

"And when *we* were in, they went back to pick up the stragglers, and they played them in too. Over and over again they did this, bringing the men by twos and threes, and even one man at a time. It was daylight when the last tired soldier was back. And that seems to me one of the most stirring and beautiful things I have ever seen done."

NAMES

ROOTING OUT GERMAN NAMES.

Soon after America entered the world war a regular tidal wave of patriotism for things American swept over the country. The word "German" was eliminated in thousands upon thousands of cases. Probably but few persons had realized before what an influence had been set up in this country to help "Germanize" America. Many towns, townships, streets, banks, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, charitable institutions, business houses, etc., had

been known as "German." The elimination went further. Things bearing the word "Berlin," "Bismarck," and other German names, were treated the same way, while many naturalized citizens with distinctly German names appealed to the courts for permission to change to those that would not embarrass them in the future.

The same tidal wave swept the teaching of German from many of our schools, colleges and universities. It was a healthy movement, and as important in saving America for American ideals as the cutting out of a cancer to save the body.

NAMING TOWNS AND POST-OFFICES.

There are more post-offices in the United States named "Union" than any other—one hundred of them, counting the "Uniontowns" and "Unionvilles." No wonder we Americans enthusiastically sing, "One Union Forever." Some names of prominent men honored in the naming of towns are these: Franklin, 31; Clinton, 30; Washington, 28; Lincoln, 23.

WILSON AVENUE IN PARIS.

The city of Paris, in appreciation of what her Allies have done for her in holding back the Huns, has decided to rename some of her thoroughfares. One of the finest will hereafter bear the name, "The Avenue du President Wilson," in honor of the part our President and our country have played in the war. Others were named in honor of noted men of England, Italy, Belgium and Portugal. When President Wilson visited Paris, in December, 1918, the people there entertained the man in whose honor they had named the beautiful thoroughfare.

AN ARMY OF ONE NAME.

Of the men enlisted in the United States Army up to April 1, 1918, more than 100,000 were named "Smith"—1,500, William Smith; 1,000, John Smith, and 200, John A. Smith. There were

15,000 Millers, 15,000 Wilsons and 262 John J. O'Briens. These figures and others were cited by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance as a reason why applicants for Government insurance, or for allotment and allowance payments, should sign their full name rather than initials only.

"THE LADIES OF HELL."

Basil Bancroft, an American boy who was living in London when the war broke out, and whose brother, W. B., lost his life when the Germans sank the "Lusitania," was so deeply moved by the tragedy that he enlisted with a London regiment composed of Scots, and served in the war until wounded. This famous regiment became known as "The Ladies of Hell." How this came about he explained to a reporter upon his return to America:

"Ours was the first regiment in kilts to go over the top, and when the Germans saw these strange men in short skirts and bare legs, and when they felt the thrust of our bayonets—or darning-needles, as they are known over there—they said that the ladies of hell had come up to fight them."

THE BEGINNING OF "UNCLE SAM."

Many years ago Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, to buy provisions. The inspectors in charge of the goods were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson, the latter known to every one as "Uncle Sam." It was his duty to superintend the work of overhauling the provisions. The casks were marked "E.A.—U.S.," of course referring to the United States Government. Anderson, thinking to have a little fun, asked one of the workmen what the initials stood for. "Uncle Sam and Elbert Anderson," he answered, laughing—"Uncle Sam Wilson, I mean." The joke took and became very popular, until to-day the United States and Uncle Sam are one and the same.—K. S. Boblitz, in *Boys' World*.

NEGROES

COLORED MAN MAKES FINE RECORD.

The negroes of the United States have proven their loyalty to their country so many times and in so many ways that it is never questioned by any one who is well informed on the subject. They have also proven to be just as capable along many lines as others. A gang of negro riveters working with Charles Knight at the Bethlehem Steel Corporation plant in Maryland drove 4,875 three-quarter-inch rivets, two and five-eighths inches long, in nine hours. They did this in May, 1918, to help speed up work for Uncle Sam on a steel steamship, and in doing so wrested the world's championship from Scotland, where a record of 4,442 had been made. Since that time even this record has been broken.

NEGROES MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS.

Early in the war an effort was made to switch young negro men, who had enlisted, to industrial brigades, but their leaders protested so strongly that they were given a chance to fight. They conducted themselves so heroically on the battlefields of France that General Pershing made special mention of them in one of his communiques. A secular paper, in speaking of the colored man in camp life, said:

"The eagerness with which negroes are taking to every program inaugurated for their advancement and improvement is illustrated in the way they responded to the work of the Y. M. C. A. in arranging a set of lessons especially adapted to the urgent personal needs of those who could not read or write. They at once became imbued with a new ambition. So rapidly did they learn that in one camp five thousand of them wrote letters to their home folks at Christmas time.

"The men are also getting a new attitude toward immorality, and disease incident thereto, just by answering the appeal that

comes to them from military discipline and the recreational, social and religious activities of the Y. M. C. A. In several regiments there has been a distinct falling off in profanity and gambling as a result of evening and Sunday afternoon evangelistic meetings and of letter-writing facilities provided for free use."

THE NEGRO NOT A SLACKER.

The total number of colored soldiers in the U. S. Army at the close of the first year after America entered the war was 157,000—certainly a splendid showing in proportion to the percentage of population. Two complete divisions had been organized. Four thousand were detailed to educational institutions to perfect themselves in radio engineering, auto mechanics and other arts. Two thousand veterinarians were among the number enlisted.

OUR COLORED SOLDIERS.

Many thousands of negro soldiers responded to the call of our country in the great world crisis, and black mothers with hearts as loving and tender as beat in the breasts of white mothers gave up their boys with mingled feelings of pride and deep anxiety. Here is a statement made by a colored soldier to a St. Louis man which is worthy the earnest thought of every true American:

"I was really the man without a country until Uncle Sam adopted me, and so help me God I'll die a most noble death if it is for fighting for the 'Stars and Stripes.' Our race is the most loyal in the world, born fighters, and our blood has flowed heavily in the past wars, and our reward has been lynchings, hangings and burnings. Even after all of this, we hang close to the United States of America. There is no place on record where the colored man has been convicted of being a spy. *The black man has never been a traitor.* In the Civil War we won

honor; in Cuba, in Mexico; and our lips are closed; but we think to ourselves, what will happen when Sambo goes to France?"

RIGHT KIND OF PATRIOTISM.

The citizen who does what he can to make the citizenship of the United States more intelligent and trustworthy is as true a patriot as ever faced a cannon on the field of battle. Sam Daily was a poor colored man, down in Alabama. He had a large family, and a farm with a mortgage on it, and yet rendered a wonderful service to his country. He took, one after another, boys from the Birmingham juvenile court. He fed them, clothed them, and taught them industry, cleanliness of body and mind, and honor.

He taught them well, too, for ninety-five per cent. of his boys made good citizens; and he thus raised over three hundred of them before he died. Two hundred and eighty-five of these once poor and outcast boys remained true to the high ideals he set before them, and made citizens of whom their friends were proud. Sam Daily never received a cent from any outside source to aid him in this work. He did it all himself and with his limited opportunities. The *Survey*, commenting upon the wonderful work of this one poor man, truly says:

"Sam Daily gave his life to the State just as truly as if he had laid it down in the forefront of a battle; but it was dedicated in peace, not in war, and so its gains were greater."

OPTIMISM

ANXIOUS TO KEEP GOING.

Fourteen Americans, the crew of a ship torpedoed by a German submarine, had jumped into the icy waters of the Atlantic, expecting the U-boat to take them aboard, but were disappointed. As they struggled bravely, a youth with a rich Irish accent,

after shaking his head vigorously and spitting the water out of his mouth, began to sing:

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

HE WILL WIN IF YOU GRIN.

William Herschell, in a poem in the *Indianapolis News*, exhorts all who write to soldiers away from home to send only cheerful letters. The poem concludes thus:

"Ah! you'll notice by and by,
If you smile instead of sigh,
In the pictures he sends you
He'll be looking happy too.
Gloom has never won a fight,
Moping doesn't nurture might;
They who battle with a grin
Somehow always seem to win.
So, with him, you must enlist
As a fighting optimist."

SAME AS A COLD.

It must be said to the credit of the great majority of America's young men that they had no desire to avoid the draft law requiring service in the army, but, nevertheless, with characteristic good humor, there has been considerable joking about it.

"How did you come to be a soldier?" one man asked another.

"Just like I got a cold in my head."

"Why, how's that?"

"Got caught in the draft."

LOOKING FOR MORE SALARY.

They receive some very exceptional letters in the London "Family Separation" office, which looks after the families of soldiers at the front. In one of the optimistic letters was this question: "My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon. Will I get more pay?" Investigation showed that "Bill" had been placed in charge of a "platoon."

ORPHANS

THE ORPHAN SOLDIER.

Not for me are the pleasures of home;
A wife waiting there by the door,
The eyes to grow bright when I come;
Of a babe smiling up from the floor.

Friendless and lonely I go
With a prayer to the Father above,
To stand with my face to the foe
And fight for the flag that I love.

Not for me are the heartache and sigh,
The eye with a tear-laden glance;
A mother to kiss me good-by
And pray for her boy there in France.

Though orphaned and lonely I am,
My heart is the proudest on earth,
To know I can serve Uncle Sam,
And fight for the land of my birth.

Though my comrades are richer than I
In kindred and friendship and love,
Our hearts are still bound by one tie
As long as our flag floats above.

So I go with a proud lifted glance,
With no one to weep if I fall.
I can die if need be in France—
My country, my flag, is my all.

—Cynthia Wilson, in *San Francisco Call*.

AMERICANS ADOPT WAR ORPHANS.

When the people of the United States began to realize what an awful calamity had befallen France and Belgium in making so many orphan children, a wave of love for the fatherless and motherless children swept over this country. Here are two of many dispatches that came from all parts of the United States:

“DUQUOIN, Ills.—Although his only two sons are fighting across the sea, Frank Urban does not feel his obligation to France is complete, so has adopted fourteen French war orphans to be brought up and educated in the United States.”

"LOS ANGELES.—Mr. and Mrs. William Doran have already adopted ten babies of French parents, and in addition to this have decided to adopt an orphan a month from France until the war is over."

GENERAL PERSHING ADOPTS ORPHANS.

While one of the greatest battles of the world was raging in France, General Pershing, in charge of the American forces there, found time to adopt two French war orphans—a five-year-old girl, it is understood, and her six-year-old brother, contributing one thousand francs annually to their support. They will be brought up in a French family. Their father was killed at Verdun.

American soldiers fighting in France adopted many French war orphans, a single regiment adopting fifty-four.

This magnificent helpfulness on the part of General Pershing and his men is a reminder of the tragedy that came into the life of the General, in the loss of his wife and three children in a fire at the San Francisco Presidio.

THE ORPHANS OF FRANCE.

The *Stars and Stripes*, the official weekly paper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, in making an appeal for the support of the thousands of orphan children there, said:

"Some are ill, all of them hungry and poorly clothed. Some do not even know their own names, and are simply given a number and are enrolled as 'unclaimed.' They are public charges.

"We of the American Expeditionary Forces know the French children. Not a soldier in France but admires and loves them. They were at the dock to greet us. They followed our columns. They have been with us ever since. To the elder world of France we are yet (near beginning of 1918) an untried army. But the youth of France has not suspended judgment. They

know us, understand us, trust us. We are their ideals and their idols—everything a man and a soldier ought to be. And now we have a chance to do something for them.”

PATIENCE

THE COURAGE OF THOSE WHO WAIT.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame will never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

THE PATIENCE OF A NATION.

In the war of the United States with Spain, in 1898, there were many who thought our Government was too slow in declaring war upon that nation. We had protested against the oppressive treatment of Cuba, our island neighbor to the south. It was well understood that President McKinley was moving slowly, hoping for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. He realized his position most acutely, but was firm in his determination to resist

any action looking toward war as long as he could honorably avoid it.

Then, as preceding the entrance of the United States into the great world war with Germany, while the conservative action of the President was endorsed by the more thoughtful people everywhere, there were many who were impatient of delay, but time has proven the wisdom of every step taken by President McKinley in the matter. This impatience was manifested in many ways, in prose and poetry. One of the poems criticizing the seeming delay in beginning action against Spain, by Walter Malone, began as follows:

"We praise the heroes of a long-dead time,
The Spartan, or the Roman, or the Gaul;
We flatter in oration or in rhyme
The dusty corpses deaf and dumb to all.
But here we find beside our very door
True heroes who are battling for the right—
True heroes brave as any braves of yore;
True heroes, targets of the tyrant's might.

"We prate of wrongs our own forefathers felt,
But these have suffered more a thousand-fold;
We boast of brave blows those forefathers dealt,
But unto these, our neighbors, we are cold.
We sigh for sufferings of the ancient years,
While men to-day are tortured, hanged and shot,
While starving babes and women shed their tears,
And while this island Eden seems a blot."

DON'T WOUND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Every one should sympathize with the enlisted man who was wounded in the service for humanity, but should not endeavor to manifest sympathy by being too inquisitive. There is one thing that is almost as bad as nagging, and that is imposing upon the patience of a wounded soldier by asking foolish questions concerning his injuries.

The story is told of a woman who meant well, but the soldier in the hospital had answered the same question so many times before that it grated on his nerves.

"And how did you know you were wounded?" she asked sweetly.

"Saw my name in the list of the injured, in the papers," he replied wearily.

Another woman, coming to a cot where the soldier wore a heavy bandage on his head, asked:

"Dear me! And were you wounded in the head?"

"No, lady. It was my ankle, but the bandage slipped."

PATRIOTISM

WAR SCYTHES ON AN OLD TREE.

In 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, James W. Johnson, who had a farm near Auburn, N. Y., hung his scythe in the crotch of a tree, and said to his wife: "Don't touch the scythe until I come back." He marched away with a New York regiment and never returned. The tree grew around the scythe until now only portions of the blade protrude.

The farm passed into other hands, but the scythe never was disturbed. On the day the United States declared war on Germany, Raymond L. Schaeffer, son of the man into whose hands the farm passed, hung his scythe in the same tree, and went away to join the American Army. Fourteen months later his brother, Lynn Schaeffer, placed his scythe alongside Raymond's and joined the United States Navy. And there the three scythes hang, silent testimonials of American patriotism.

"REMEMBER THE 'MAINE.'"

On February 15, 1898, while President McKinley was endeavoring to bring Spain to terms of fair treatment for Cuba without resorting to arms, the whole country was startled by the news that the United States battleship "Maine" had been destroyed by a mysterious explosion while lying in the harbor of Havana, with 262 of the crew killed.

So general was the belief that the Spanish were responsible for this that the cry rang out everywhere, "*Remember the 'Maine'!*" and soon the war was on.

The destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila and Santiago followed on May 1 and July 3, respectively. One of the verses of a poem written soon after in praise of Admiral Dewey's work at Manila is as follows:

"Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
Is the hero of the day,
And the 'Maine' has been remembered
In the good old-fashioned way—
The way of Hull and Perry,
Decatur and the rest—
When old Europe felt the clutches
Of the Eagle of the West.
That's how Dewey smashed the Spaniard
In Manila's crooked bay,
And the 'Maine' has been remembered
In the good old-fashioned way!"

TAD LINCOLN'S LOVE OF SOLDIERS.

Tad, the little son of Abraham Lincoln, was every ounce a patriot. One Christmas season he begged the privilege of getting a box of things ready to send to soldiers encamped across the Potomac, just over Long Bridge. He had seen them there, with his father, one day. He put in the box a lot of books, for he was the recipient of a great many, and nearly cleaned out the White House larder for food. He helped nail up the box himself, and had the coachman print in large letters on the top and both ends (for Tad said it might get wrong side up): "*For the Soldiers, from Tad Lincoln.*"

Then he rode on the box with the expressman to the express office, waving his hand to boys along the way whom he knew. The soldiers appreciated the gift so much that they never forgot it. A few of them who had become old men, recalled the kindness of Tad while gathered round a camp-fire in 1897, thirty-five years later.

On another occasion Tad insisted on feeding several hungry boys with whom he played. His clinching argument, when making the request, was this: "They're as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are *soldiers*' boys!"

Within a short time Tad had ten small boys seated around him on the White House steps, enjoying the feast provided for them by the son of the great-hearted President.

PERSEVERANCE

THE THING TO DO.

Not many months after the United States entered the big war, this poem, signed "C. S.," appeared in a navy magazine:

"Let's win it, the fight for the freedom of earth!
It's ghastly, it's grim, and no matter for mirth.
We may have been loath, have been slow to begin it,
But now that we are in it, let's win it, let's win it!"

"Let's put aside boasting of what we can do,
And strain every sinew to see the thing through.
Let us waste not an hour, let us waste not a minute,
But since we are in it, let's win it, let's win it!"

"Let's win it! Away with all selfish desires!
Let us think of our children, remember our sires!
Up, up with the flag, every star that is in it!
The fight is our own, so let's win it, let's win it!"

DESERTERS GO UNPUNISHED.

It seemed to be characteristic of Americans to want to participate in the biggest thing going on, even though it might at the same time be the most dangerous. A continual complaint in France among American enlisted men at work back from the firing-line on some of the many commonplace jobs was that they could not be in the thick of the fight. Here is one instance of many:

"A BASE PORT IN FRANCE.—Three Americans deserted here, stowed away in loaded motor-trucks of a train leaving for the

front, and were not discovered until they were in the area of shell-fire. They deserted to get into the fight, and not away from it. These are heart-breaking days for Americans here who are not at the front."

"CARRY ON."

Through all the countless ages
Since first the world began,
And nations were divided,
And man made war on man,
No grander battle slogan,
Of viking, knight or don,
Has sounded than the British "Carry On!"

Though regiments are melting
Like wax before the Huns;
Though none are left beside you
To serve the smoking guns;
Though lines are bent or broken,
And hope is almost gone—
If still the flag is flying, "Carry On!"

—Minna Irving, in the *New York Sun*.

A WOMAN IN KHAKI.

Mrs. Hazel Carter, twenty-two years of age, of Douglas, Ariz., whose young husband, Corp. John J. Carter, of the United States Army, was ordered to France with the first American contingent to go over after our declaration of war against Germany, determined to accompany him, although permission to do so had been denied her.

She obtained a soldier's uniform and fell in as a private on his departure, unknown to him. She was five days out at sea on the transport before her identity was disclosed. After the arrival of the famous division in France, she was forced to return home to America, against her earnest protest. She immediately resolved that she would earn enough money to pay her way to France again, to serve as a nurse for wounded soldiers, but she was taken sick at Deming, N. M., and died in July, 1918. Her body was sent to her home town, where a military funeral

was held. A chaplain from a regiment stationed at Douglas officiated, an American flag was draped over the casket, and six soldiers acted as pallbearers.

"AMERICA WILL NOT TURN BACK."

These words, uttered by President Wilson in one of his great war speeches, were used as the title of a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, published in the Chicago *Examiner*, the last two stanzas of which are here given:

"She will not turn until that hour
When thunders through the world
The crash of tyrant monarchies,
By Freedom's hand down hurled,
While Labor's voice from sea to sea
Sings loud, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.'

"Then will our fair Columbia turn,
While all war's clamors cease,
And with our banner lifted high
Proclaim: 'Let there be peace!'
But till that glorious day shall dawn,
She will march on, she will march on."

"OUTWITTING THE HUN."

Pat O'Brien, a young man of twenty-three, who was born in Momence, Ill., was so anxious to help whip the Kaiser that in the early part of 1917 he went to Canada and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He was made a lieutenant and sent to France, where he had some wonderful experiences in fighting the Germans in the air battles, in one of which he was wounded and taken a prisoner.

After recovering sufficiently to be up and around he was placed on a train to be taken to a reprisal camp. The car in which he was taken was full of tobacco smoke, and he coughed as though choking from the smoke, at the same time raising his car window. The guard eyed him closely for a moment, then presumably concluded he wanted some fresh air, for he soon appeared to be dreaming. Pat O'Brien watched his chance and

slipped out the window, feet first, at night, with the train going about thirty miles an hour. He was painfully wounded in several places, but, fortunately, no bones were broken.

For many days and nights he crawled his way to liberty and freedom, although the hardships he endured are almost unbelievable. He himself says of them, in the preface to his book, "Outwitting the Hun," in attributing his escape to Providence:

"No one realizes this better than I do, and I want to repeat it right here, because elsewhere in these pages I may appear occasionally to overlook or minimize it: Without the help of Providence I would not be here to-day."

While "crawling through Germany," as he expresses it, he suffered from his wounds, from weakness, from hunger, thirst and loss of sleep, for he knew that to tarry would only be inviting capture again. On the ninth night after leaping from the train he crossed into Luxembourg. In writing of his awful experiences he said he was often discouraged, but would not give up.

"The only sleep I got during those days," he said, "was from exhaustion, and it usually came to me toward dusk, when it was time for me to start again.

"It was a mighty fortunate thing for me that I was not a smoker. Somehow I have never used tobacco in any form, and I was now fully repaid for whatever pleasure I had foregone in the past as a result of my habits in that particular, because my sufferings would certainly have been intensified now if in addition to lack of food and rest I had had to endure a craving for tobacco."

HE COULDN'T BEAT A RETREAT.

The story of the drummer-boy in Napoleon's army who couldn't beat a retreat has often been told, but it is well worth passing on from generation to generation. Here it is as given by Charles Oursler:

"The battle seemed lost for the Emperor, so the great general said to this drummer-boy, 'Boy, beat a retreat.' The boy made no response, and paid no attention even when the general called to him a second and a third time. Napoleon is said to have gone over to him, caught him by the shoulder and shaken him, demanding why he didn't obey orders.

" 'Sir,' he answered, 'I don't know how to beat a retreat. I can beat a charge, sir. I can beat a charge to make the dead get up and go. I beat it at Marengo; I beat it at Austerlitz; I beat it at Mt. Tabor and at the Pyramids. May I beat it here!'

"There was no alternative. Napoleon nodded his head in assent. And the boy beat the charge so well he inspired new courage in the hearts of the French soldiers; they pressed on and won a great victory. They won that victory because the drummer-boy couldn't beat a retreat—he didn't know how!"

WIN OR DIE, SAY BRITAIN'S WOMEN.

During the fourth year of the world war Miss Christobel Pankhurst, daughter of the noted English suffragist leader, addressed a meeting of women in London, when she declared, in speaking of the war:

"Victory must be won. Victory or death is our motto. We never will be a party to the signing of a compromise peace. We have got to win this war, and win it regardless of the difficulties. No matter what pain or sacrifice, what cost, we defy the soldiers to come back home without victory. We say: 'Don't come unless you are victorious. We are willing to share your difficulties, but not your defeat.' We will not live in a world over which Germany has triumphed. We will die to the last man and woman and let the Kaiser rule a desert of graves."

It is worthy of note that in every advanced nation participating in the war the influence of women was seen and felt as never before in the history of the world.

PERSONAL

"LET GEORGE DO IT."

An Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court, and, after a number of questions pertaining to the right to hold office, was asked:

"Could you be President of the United States?"

"No," he replied without the least hesitation.

"Why not?"

"Mister, you 'scuse me, please. You getta somboddy else. I vera busy worka da mine."

IS THAT SOMEBODY YOU?

[May be sung to tune of same title.]

Somebody's boy is going to France;

Somebody's heart goes with him along.

Somebody prays, "Oh, give him a chance,

Keep him courageous, well girded and strong."

Is that Somebody you?

Somebody's boy finds cold and wet—

The trenches are deep with death and mud.

Somebody's boy cries, "Don't forget—

'Tis for freedom and you I'm spilling my blood."

Is that Somebody you?

Somebody's home is safe and warm,

Far from the fighting and snug from the cold.

Somebody now is sheltered from harm,

Laying up income of silver and gold.

Is that Somebody you?

Somebody hears the call for aid,

"Give of your money for Liberty's need."

Somebody's hand is strangely stayed;

Somebody's waiting while brave men bleed.

Is that Somebody you?

Somebody leaps up, eager and true,

Working and lending and giving his best.

Somebody's loyalty, flaming anew,

Is answering the summons—is meeting the test.

Is that Somebody you?

—Eugene Thwing, in *Grand Rapids Press*, 1917.

“BY GUM, THAT’S ME!”

The *Washington Star* says that in a certain newspaper office a linotype operator was setting the numbers of those drafted, when he came to his own number, and, without halting his fingers in their flying task, he exclaimed to the man next to him, “By gum, that’s me!” and went on with his work without further comment.

That is the spirit in which the great majority of the young Americans received the news that they were included in the draft.

“By gum, that’s me!” The prospect of being one of those in France in all the perils of war, perhaps to die instantly from a shot or shell or to be maimed for life, did not ruffle this man’s nerves or cause him to miss a stroke on the keys of his linotype machine. The descendants of the men who made America were not the men to flinch or falter when they heard the call of duty.

PERSONALITY

TALLEST MAN IN THE ARMY.

It is not an uncommon thing to find soldiers over six feet in height. It is believed that the honor of being the tallest man in the American Army goes to Sergt. William C. Vaillancourt, of Amesbury, Mass., who became attached to the Hospital Corps at Fort Bliss, Tex. He is six feet and ten inches tall. When ten years of age he was six feet even, and considered a freak who would not live. At the age of seventeen he enlisted with the Coast Artillery band, stationed at Boston, in which he played the snare-drum. After three years he was transferred to the Hospital Corps. At one time he weighed 340 pounds, but after getting in perfect physical condition his weight was 265 pounds. He wears a 14-EE shoe and the size of his glove is 14.

The London *Tit-Bits* of May 18, 1918, says that Private J. J. Lawrence, of Calgary, Alta., with the Canadian forces, was the tallest man in the British Army, being six feet ten and a half inches.

Dan W. Hagin, a member of Company E, Hospital School, Great Lakes, was one of the tallest men in the U. S. Navy, being six feet seven and a half inches.

COLOE OF EYES SIGNIFICANT.

Capt. E. R. Breese, stationed for a time at Camp Bowie, Tex., says that after eight months' experience at the rifle-range there, it was clearly demonstrated that the color of a man's eyes has much to do with his marksmanship; that proficiency in this regard usually runs according to the color, men with gray eyes being the best shots, gray-blue coming next, blue third, hazel fourth, brown fifth, and black sixth. Why this is so he did not state.

Regardless of the color of a man's eyes, if his heart is the right color, and he does the best he can, he suits Uncle Sam all right.

BLASPHEMY OF THE KAISER.

In December, 1917, William H. King, U. S. Senator from Utah, in speaking of the Kaiser's many references to God being on the side of the Germans, referred to such talk as "sacrilegious effrontery," and said:

"The Emperor is not a Christian. Surely a merciful Father, who has us all in the hollow of his hand, would never permit the triumph of a cause represented by such evil and sinister forces of which the Emperor is an example. God is not the ally of the German people. It is monstrous to affirm it. It would be the height of wickedness to believe it."

Two of the utterances to which Senator King referred are here given—this one made by the Kaiser in March, 1901:

"We shall conquer everywhere, even though we be surrounded by enemies on all sides, for there lives a powerful ally—the good old German God in heaven who has always been on our side."

In his proclamation to his army in 1914, the Kaiser said:

"Remember that you are the chosen people. The spirit of the Lord has descended upon *me* because I am the *Emperor* of the German people. I am the instrument of the Almighty. I am his sword. His servant. Woe and death to all the world who shall oppose his will. Woe and death to all those who do not believe in *my mission*. Let them all perish, all the enemies of the German people. And God demands their destruction; God, who by *my mouth* bids you to do his will."

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

When the Czar of Russia was deposed, and the people clamored for their rights, Alexander Kerensky, a Jew of about thirty-six years of age, born in Simbirsk, sprang into leadership for the masses like a rocket shooting skyward. For a time he held the center of attention, even in 1917, with the great war raging in all its fury on the western front.

He was poor, practically obscure in national affairs. As a high-school student and while attending the University of Petrograd, he was noted for his wonderful, natural oratory. He prepared himself for the legal profession and allied himself with the Labor party. He was a man of the people, standing for the rights of the masses against the classes. He was elected to the Duma in 1913.

When the revolution came and he was forced into public attention because of his intense devotion to the welfare of the working classes, he exhibited remarkable kindness toward his enemies. Some think this is why his leadership did not longer continue; that he was too lenient to bring order out of such chaos.

Although physically weak because of a complication of troubles, including the loss of one kidney, he had far more than the

average perseverance. In the great Moscow conference, in 1917, his wonderful personality cemented, for the time, all factions. In one memorable address he spoke almost continuously for *fourteen hours*, according to Alexander Thompson, in the *London Mail*, with his hearers listening as if spellbound. His audience arose as one man and cheered him as but few men have ever been cheered. The scene will long live in the annals of history in Russian literature.

BELGIUM'S WONDERFUL KING.

Philip Gibbs, in his book, "The Soul of the War," tells of seeing King Albert while at Furnes: "A number of the staff officers came down the steps of the Town Hall and stood as though waiting for some one. Presently a very tall soldier came out to join them. It was the king of the Belgians, distinguished only by his height from the simple soldiers who stood around him. He had the dignity of his own manhood, but no outward sign of royalty. Living plainly as a simple soldier, sharing the rations, the hardships and the dangers of his men, visiting them in their trenches and in their field hospitals, steeling the nerves to the sight of bloody things and his heart to the grim task of fighting to the last ditch of Belgian ground, he seemed to be the type of early kingship, as it was idealized by poets and minstrels."

PIONEERS

READY TO GIVE ALL FOR COUNTRY.

John Hancock, a well-known signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a man of great wealth. An instance of his contempt for wealth, in public expediency, is recorded. At the time the American Army was besieging Boston to expel the British, who held possession of the town, the destruction of the city was proposed by American officers. By the execution of such

a plan the entire fortune of Mr. Hancock would have been sacrificed. Yet he readily agreed to the measure, declaring his willingness to surrender all, should the liberties of the country require it.

TIME HAS PROVEN JEFFERSON RIGHT.

Thomas Jefferson, who served as the third President of our beloved nation, discussed the republican form of government in his inaugural address on March 4, 1801:

"I know indeed that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong; that this Government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a Government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest Government on earth. I believe it is the only one where every man, at the call of country, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others; or have we found angels in the form of kings, to govern him? *Let history answer this question.*"

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

It seems next to impossible to take anything for granted. The unexpected often happens. The great world war was believed by many as an impossible thing a few years ago. It will impress the reader as strange, no doubt, that the very nations referred to by Martin Van Buren in a most friendly way, in his annual message to our national law-makers, in 1837, should be the very ones with which we should be in combat in the world war. Referring to our international relations at that time, he said:

"With Austria and Prussia, and with the states of the German Empire, now composing with the latter the Commercial League, our political relations are of the most friendly character, while our commercial intercourse is gradually extending, with benefit to all who are engaged in it."

DANGERS FORESEEN A CENTURY AGO.

James Monroe, one of the early Presidents of our nation, in his inaugural address, in 1817, reviewed the highly favored condition of our country, and declared: "Experiencing the fortune of other nations, the United States may again be involved in war, and it may in that event be the object of the adverse party to upset our Government, to break our union, and demolish us as a nation."

It is a remarkable coincidence that in just a century from that time such a purpose should be uncovered in the attitude of Germany toward America.

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

When Patrick Henry stood before the second Revolutionary Convention of Virginia, on March 23, 1775, in the old church in Richmond, the work of fortifying Boston had already been in progress several months, and the battle of Lexington occurred less than a month after. The country was tense with excitement of the impending conflict. Referring to statements that our nation was weak, he declared:

"Sir, we are not weak if we make proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us."

A little further along in his remarkable speech he shouted:

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? *Forbid it, almighty God!* I know not what course others may take; but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death!*"

When Patrick Henry had finished there was a silence as of the grave. According to William Wirt, the biographer: "After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry '*To arms*' seemed to quiver on every lip and gleam from every eye. They became impatient of speech. Their souls were on fire for action."

NOT AFRAID TO BE IDENTIFIED.

The name of Charles Carroll is the only one on the Declaration of Independence to which is added the place of residence of the signer. The reason, according to "The American's Own Book," is said to be as follows:

Those who signed that document did it almost literally with ropes around their necks, it being generally supposed they would, if unsuccessful, be hung as rebels. When Carroll had signed his name, some one at his elbow remarked: "You'll get clear—there are several of that name—they will not know which to take." He immediately replied, "Not so," and added the words "of Carrollton."

THOUGHT HIMSELF EXEMPT.

Benjamin Huntington, in the trying days of the birth of the American republic, said to William Williams, who had signed

the Declaration of Independence: "In case of failure of the effort, I shall be exempt from the gallows, for my name is not attached to the Declaration, nor have I written anything against the British Government." To this Mr. Williams replied with spirit, his eyes kindling with indignation as he spoke: "Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged for not having done your duty!" "He that is not for me is against me."

PRAYER

A PRAYER FOR VICTORY.

The following was written by Evelyn Buechner for Liberty Day, for the *Oakland Tribune*, and was published shortly before July 4, 1918:

"Infinite One, our King, in this great hour
Surround us with thy majesty and power.
On this great day we lift our souls to thee
In one supreme appeal for victory.

"We pray for those so brave, so young to die,
So far from home, beneath an alien sky;
Bless thou the mother hearts so filled with pain,
And grant them strength to live and smile again.

"Protect our sons upon the rolling sea,
Giving their all to fight for liberty;
Watch o'er the lads 'somewhere in France' to-day,
A wall of steel, armed, ready for the fray.

"And give us patience here to do our part.
Ah! keep us strong and true and brave of heart;
O Father, watch us, keep us close to thee,
And lead us, lead us on, to victory."

PRAYER BELLS IN AMERICA.

In the town of Verbena, Ala., every evening at six o'clock, the church bells ring for prayer. Then the people, with heads uncovered and bowed, repeat these words: "God bless our President, our soldiers, our nation, and guide them to victory." When the bells begin to ring, men halt in the streets, wagons

stop, women cease to work, and all pray. In Middletown, Del., and in many other villages of the State, all the church bells ring for a few moments at noon, and the people stop wherever they are and pray for the triumph of the Allies.—*Christian Herald*, July 10, 1918.

FAITH OF GREAT MILITARY LEADERS.

History gives many instances of the faith of great men in military positions. A chaplain with the Canadian forces in France said of Sir Julian Byng: "No wonder Byng is such a success. No wonder the men adore him. When the men were ready to go over the parapet, when everything had been done that could be done to obtain success, Sir Julian went down on his knees and prayed for God's help."

Chief Commander Sir Douglas Haig, of the British Army, remarked to a friend: "Prayer is very precious to us in this struggle."

General Hoxne made this statement: "I have a firm belief in prayer as a support always, and an inspiration often. I am convinced that prayer puts the finishing touch to our sense of duty, and provides a stimulant that carries us through danger and difficulty."

PREPARATION

TWO ROADS TO FAME.

When William of Prussia, head of the Hohenzollerns, in his own esteem partner of God and natural dictator of the world, was making his plans for war, Woodrow Wilson was teaching good citizenship to the boys of Princeton.

Suppose some fortune-teller had said to the emperor, looking in the palm of his hand: "Beware of an American schoolteacher with light gray eyes, who dresses neatly and has a wonderful lower jaw. That schoolteacher is to be mentioned in history

as leader of the crowd that ended your family, your divine right and divine partnership, and all your dream of world dominion."

The emperor would have been surprised, probably. But that is exactly what Woodrow Wilson, the schoolteacher, is doing and will finish. He hath lifted up the humble with a vengeance.—
Arthur Brisbane, May, 1918.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

He's a clever little fellow, with a smile and with a will,
And he looks just like a soldier, but he isn't trained to kill.
A boy in size—but watch him—in his doings he's a man;
He's on the job and pledged to help where, when, and as he can.
Beside the schoolwork training, he has just the right amount
Of common sense in learning to produce the things that count;
His eye is peeled for action, and his hand for work is bared,
And he's marching to the music of the motto, "Be Prepared!"

He's not a gallery artist, he's in line for something higher;
Scouty knows the way to help 'em in a wreck or in a fire.
And many are the wounded ones that owe the lad a debt,
For he it was who knew the spot to twist the tourniquet.
And the boy from out the river that seemed drowned beyond a doubt,
'Twas Scouty did the first-aid stunt and soon put fears to rout.
It's look around and help for his—the utmost never spared,
For he's marching to the music of the motto, "Be Prepared!"

Hold still—young men—salute him—seems like you clean forgot—
Take off your hat to Scouty—he's the biggest thing you've got.
A dozen years and he will show the measure of his worth,
He'll make a better homeland of this precious bit of earth.
There's three hundred thousand like him, fit and snappy, every one.
You can hear them—listen!—tramping louder, *louder, coming on!*
He's the sample of a legion that to righteousness is squared,
And he's marching to the music of the motto, "Be Prepared!"

—J. H. Taylor, in *Boston Globe*.

REMARKABLE GENERATION OF BOYS.

John B. Mott, in an address in New York City in the early part of 1918, said there are eight million boys in the United States within the years with which we deal. "The most remarkable generation of boys that this world has ever known," said he, "is the one coming forward right before our eyes in these momentous wartimes. No generation of the youth of the nations

has had pass before its susceptible brains such significant, such deeply moving events and forces.

"This is true because of the great issues that await these boys. It requires great issues to call out and develop great men. This has ever been true, but never has there been such a concentration of great issues, of momentous movements, of far-reaching tendencies, as those which are now in progress, are now presenting their appeal, and are going to call for treatment on the part of those so soon to come into positions of leadership."

On the other hand, Mr. Mott called attention to the increased danger from temptations due to the very conditions mentioned, and of the necessity of the Y. M. C. A., and all other organizations interested in the proper development of our boys, increasing their efforts to the highest possible point of efficiency in order to properly meet the critical period.

"If we see and seize our opportunity," he continued, "we can do more in the five years right before us than in all the history of the Young Men's Christian Association that lies behind us. And I can not conceive of decades after these next five years that will be like them in opportunity."

Other portions of this great address include this paragraph, which should impress itself deeply upon the mind of every real friend of boyhood:

"If any people of our nation are to be neglected, we simply must not neglect the boys. They must have the guiding hand. They must have the steadying hand. They must have the friendly hand. They must be introduced to our Saviour, the great Keeper, the Lord of life."

WHY GERMANY IS CROOKED.

William Heyliger, the well-known author of boys' books, thinks that the story-writers of America, who almost invariably emphasize the importance of fair play and a square deal for

everybody, are largely accountable for our boys coming into manhood with this trait so prominent and which makes our nation stand out conspicuously along this line. Discussing the subject, he says:

"Germany has no national sport. Consider that her boys have no books dealing with fair play and boyish standards of honor in competition. Perhaps that is why Germany to-day stands convicted of the foulest crimes against fair play and decency. The Anglo-Saxon cry of a 'fair field and no favor' has no counterpart in her language. She doesn't understand fair play. We would be dealing with a different Germany, perhaps, if her boys had been taught that a crooked victory was something to be despised, and if their juvenile literature had driven that lesson home."

PROTECTION

AMERICAN BOYS CAN BE TRUSTED.

Mrs. Winthrop Ames, writing of some of her experiences in France, in relief work, is reported in an Eastern magazine as follows:

"I was the only woman in a Y. M. C. A. hut in No Man's Land, hidden away in a little wood, at nightfall. There were two hundred of our soldiers there, and I want to say that if I had a daughter of sixteen I would leave her there alone, and if any man touched her with his finger, those boys would tear him into a thousand pieces."

SECRECY IN MOVING TROOPS.

No greater care and secrecy could attend the conveying of royal jewels than was observed in transporting American troops to France. Many think that the precaution against German submarines after a troop-ship sailed constituted the only one, but this is a mistake. Embarkation often began several days before

the transport sailed. All good-byes had been said before the troops started for the ship. No relatives or friends could accompany them. The rules applied to all, officers included. Until they reached the pier they did not know the name of their ship. It was only a number to them.

When the boat finally left port it was without any outward indication of the beginning of the wonderful voyage. Only the head officers knew the time of sailing.

UNCLE SAM LOOKS OUT FOR HIS FAMILY.

For the first time in its history the United States Government is making financial provision for soldiers' and sailors' dependents during the period of their life and service. It is doing this upon a co-operative plan known as the War Risk Insurance Law, whereby the enlisted man is required to allot part of his monthly pay to his wife or other dependent.

When a man has a wife, he is required to allot a minimum of \$15 a month. The Government deducts it from his pay and sends it to her for him, adding another \$15 to it. If she has one child, the Government makes its share \$25 a month; if two children, \$32 a month; and for each additional child above two, \$5 is added to the allowance, up to a maximum of \$50.

Moreover, if an enlisted man will himself make some provision out of his pay for a dependent parent, brother, sister or grandchild, they may be included in the Government allowance.

Each widow of an enlisted man killed in war will receive \$25 a month as long as she remains single; if one child of a man killed is left her, she receives \$35; if two children, \$47.50, with an increase of \$5 a month for each additional child. The allowances for children are payable until they are eighteen-years of age.

The rate of insurance ranges from \$7.80 a year for \$1,000, at twenty-one years of age, to \$9.84 a year at the age of forty-one. The lowest rate of commercial companies for soldiers

in the first year of the war was approximately \$58 for \$1,000.

—*Dudley Harmon, in Ladies' Home Journal, March, 1918.*

HUMOROUS SIDE OF AIR RAIDS.

A writer who was in Paris during a number of German air raids upon that city saw a man with an umbrella walking along the street when the alarm signal was given, warning every one to seek shelter. Instead of this man running inside, or going into a cellar, he quickly raised the umbrella and continued confidently down the street.

Another man, a stranger in the city, had carefully studied out the way leading from his hotel room to a certain cellar, in order to make quick time in getting there in case the warning should be given. One night he was awakened from a sound sleep by the alarm whistles, and, without stopping to even put on his slippers or throw a wrap over his body, hastened to the cellar. He was surprised to find he was the only one there, and after nearly freezing in the cold, damp place, in his bare feet, he cautiously picked his way back upstairs toward his room, when he learned to his deep chagrin that the whistle he had heard was the "All Clear," meaning the danger had passed. He had slept soundly during the raid!

KEEPING OUR BOYS IN CONDITION.

Profiting by the experience of past wars, the United States Government lost no time in launching a movement to protect our soldiers and sailors from vice in every form. President Wilson himself issued an important statement in which this paragraph appeared:

"The Federal Government has pledged its word that, so far as care and diligence can accomplish the results, the men committed to its care will be returned to the homes and communities that so generously gave them, with no scars except those won in honorable conflict. The career to which we are calling our

young men in the defense of democracy must be made an asset to them, not only in strengthened and more virile bodies as a result of physical training, not only in minds deepened and enriched by participation in a great and heroic enterprise, but in the enhanced spiritual value which comes from a full life lived well and wholesomely."

Within six weeks after our country entered the war, Congress enacted, under a special law, provisions whereby prostitution and liquor were absolutely forbidden within military environs, and prohibiting the sale of liquor to men in uniform anywhere.

It is also the law that any enlisted man in any branch of the service with a sexual disease forfeits his pay, and under some conditions is discharged from the service.

PROVIDENCE

WASHINGTON AND "THE GREAT SPIRIT."

In 1775, George Washington was a lieutenant in the battle in which General Braddock received his death-wound, and sixty-three of the sixty-eight English officers were killed, while more than half of the private soldiers perished. An Indian who was captured declared that he had aimed directly at Washington no fewer than seventeen times, but, he said, "the Great Spirit protected him." Washington seemed to have no fear of them that could only kill the body.

"MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES."

There are many instances in the wars of the world indicating that faith in God has changed seemingly certain results into just the opposite. To emphasize this thought it is necessary to call attention to only two well-known historical facts.

In 1588, King Philip II. of Spain sent the "Invincible Armada" out of to conquer England. The fleet set sail with 130

large war vessels, 30 smaller ships of war, 19,000 marines, 8,400 sailors, and over 2,000 slaves, and was armed with 2,631 cannon.

When word reached England of the coming of the Armada the people were terror-stricken, until many of them besought God to avert the impending calamity. Before the fleet reached England it encountered such terrific storms that it was necessary to give up the expedition, and turn back to Spain. Seventy-two of the ships of the Armada and ten thousand men were sent to the bottom of the sea by the heavy gales.

One day the great and terrible Napoleon told the Russian ambassador he would destroy that empire. The ambassador's reply was: "Man proposes, but God disposes." To this, Napoleon replied in thunder tones: "Tell your master that I am he that proposes and I am he that disposes."

With this defiant boast, sounding like a challenge to God himself, Napoleon advanced with four hundred thousand men, but he did not destroy the Russian Empire. Instead, he encountered such severe snowstorms and cold weather that his mission was a complete failure.

Near the Russian town of Vilna is a stone which tells the tragic story in a few words, with this on one side: "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 400,000 men." On the other side is this: "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 9,000 men."

THE UNKNOWN GRAVES.

In the great war tens of thousands of men were buried in unknown graves, with no stone to mark their last resting-place. Many thousands more were killed and buried by the bursting of great shells. The loved ones of such at home may find comfort in these words from "The Soul of the Soldier":

"When Moses died no man knew the place of his burial. It has not been found to this day. But we know that he died in the presence of God; that God strengthened him in the dread

hour; and that with His own fingers He closed the lids over the prophet's brave, tender eyes. God buried Moses, and God was with every one of our missing lads to the last, and He knows the narrow bed in which each lies sleeping. The grave may have no cross above it, but it will often know the tread of an angel's feet as he comes to plant poppies, primroses and daffodils above the resting-place of the brave."

RELIGION

AMERICAN PEOPLE RELIGIOUS.

In compliance with orders from the War Department at Washington for the taking of a religious census of enlisted men, the results at Camp Lewis, Wash., were perhaps indicative of the general condition in this regard. Of the thirty thousand men there (January, 1918), it was found that 118 different sects were represented. Here is the most distinctive thing about it: Less than two hundred of the large number gave no religious belief—six agnostics, thirty-six infidels and 153 atheists.

Seven religions were found: Christian, Confucian, Moham-medan, Jewish, Yogi, Buddhist and Pantheist. The following churches had over 1,000: Roman Catholic, 7,390; Methodist, 4,483; Presbyterian, 3,154; Lutheran, 2,492; Baptist, 2,229; Episcopal, 1,603; Christian, 1,388; Congregational, 1,112.

GENERAL PERSHING'S BOYHOOD.

Maj.-Gen. John J. Pershing, leader of the American expeditionary forces in France, as a boy received religious training in a Methodist Sunday school. His brother, a Chicago business man, is quoted by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as saying:

"I attribute the many fine characteristics of my brother to our early and strict Christian training. Our mother was an ardent and devout Methodist. We always had family prayers and Bible reading, and observed the Sabbath."

He tells an incident illustrating the General's conscientiousness as a boy: "One of my brother's traits has always been absolute truthfulness. He is and always has been on the square, through and through. One Sunday a gang of boys, including John and myself, went for a walk. We came along by the Margrave orchard, and the peaches looked tempting. As boys will do, we got into the trees and filled our pockets. That night John and I talked it over, and John insisted that we must tell father. Even if he should have us arrested, he said, it would be better than having it on our consciences. So the next morning we went to father, and John confessed. Nothing happened except that we felt better for it."

CHRIST ALWAYS REVERED.

A soldier fighting in the trenches in France wrote in a letter home: "Our chaplain isn't far out when he says, in his book, that though we may speak lightly of the church, we don't think or speak lightly of Christ. However careless we may be when we are out of the trenches, when we are in we all pray. There is nothing else we can do."

AID OF THE CHURCHES REQUESTED.

One of the best possible testimonials to the need of the Christian religion, in the trying times of life, was the request of General Pershing, made through the War Department, for more chaplains in the American Army in France. In his appeal the General said:

"I believe the *personnel* of the army has never been equaled, and the conduct has been excellent; but to overcome entirely the conditions found here requires fortitude born of great courage and lofty spiritual ideas.

"Counting myself responsible for the welfare of our men in every respect, it is my desire to surround them with the *very best influence possible*. In the fulfillment of this solemn trust,

it seems wise to request the aid of the churches at home. To this end it is recommended that the number of chaplains in the army be increased for the war to an average of three per regiment, with rank of major and captain in due proportion, and that a number be assigned in order to be available for such detached duty as may be required. Men selected should be of the highest character, with reputations well established as sensible, practical, active ministers or workers, accustomed to dealing with young men."

PRAYED, FACING THE FOE.

Professor Acheson tells of a Y. M. C. A. pastor-secretary in the front trenches in France who approached a sentry at a listening post on a Sunday morning and asked: "What do you do at home at this hour?" "Attend church, sir," was the reply. "What about a little service right here?" he next inquired. "I would like it, sir."

And right there, his hand gripping his rifle, his eyes keen on the front, and gas mask at hand, the pastor by his side read a chapter from the Bible and offered prayer.

"Thank you, sir. You have helped me," said the sentry, kindly, and the worker passed on. In that one day he conducted fourteen similar services with men in groups of two to twelve.

SUNDAY REST FOR ENLISTED MEN.

In every great crisis of American history our Presidents have provided for the quiet observance of Sunday, so far as possible. Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, occupying the highest position in our country at the times when it was at war, issued orders to this effect. After America entered the war with Germany, President Wilson followed the example of his worthy predecessors, and issued similar orders. In doing so he said:

"The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becom-

ing deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine Will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strictest necessity."

THE DEATH OF RIFLEMAN STONE.

He was but a boy, and beautiful with youth and goodness. His comrades loved him as David loved Jonathan, with a love passing the love of women. Every day, they told me in their grief, he knelt in the trench to say his prayers and to read his Bible. One night after praying he laid down and slept. He had often sung the evening hymn:

"Jesus protects; my fears be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thy arm I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

"While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who then shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast."

As he slept God took him without waking him. His heart-broken comrades gathered together his broken body, and a Congregational preacher, who was serving in the ranks, read the burial service over him.—From "*The Soul of the Soldier*," by Thomas Tiplady.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S STATEMENT.

The *Sunday School Journal* gives the following incident as told by a wounded soldier: "I was wild and going to the bad. But one night I was wounded and lay in a deserted shell-hole, shot through the thigh, and unable to move for fifteen hours. I was feeling for a cigarette in my pocket to ease the pain a bit, but all I could find was a little pocket Testament which some one had given me, but which I had never read. I managed to get it out, and, thinking it might be my last hour, and that I

might never be found, I started to read and to try to forget my wound. I read the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, and, sir, that little book changed my life. I have read a chapter every day since then. I was picked up by the infantry and carried to a hospital. One night when I could not sleep for pain, the nurse asked me if she could do anything for me, and I asked her to read the Bible to me. Yes, I say my prayers on my knees in my tent now. Another boy has joined me this week; and the language is getting better. I'm off for the front to-morrow to have my turn again. But I'm no longer alone up there in the trenches. It's different now."

CHRISTIANITY MUST CONQUER.

Col. Henry Watterson, in his paper, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, after nearly four years of the world war, gave expression to these forceful words:

"Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue, underlying the issue of democracy, is the religion of Christ and him crucified, as a mighty force and principle of being. The word of God, delivered by the gentle Nazarene, sanctified by the cross of Calvary, has survived every assault. It is now arrayed, upon land and sea, to meet the deadliest of all assaults, Satan turned loose for one last, final struggle.

"The Kaiser boldly threw down the gauge of battle—infidel Germany against the believing world; kultur against Christianity; the gospel of hate against the gospel of love. Thus is his Satan personified, 'Myself and God,' merely his way of proclaiming it, for his 'god' is Beelzebub, the Angel of Destruction; his creed the devil's own; his aim and end a hell on earth. Never did Crusader lift battle-ax in holier war against the Saracen than is waged by our soldiers of the Cross against the German. The issues are indeed identical.

"For fifty years Germany has been organizing and laboring to supplant the Christian religion with 'kultur,' the genius of

infidelity. Her college professors have been obsessed with it. Her universities have seethed with it. When our armies have crushed it, naught will have been gained unless the glorious banner of the Cross is hoisted, and the misled masses of Germany are bade to gather about it and beneath it as sadly they collect the *debris* of their ruin for the reconstruction of the Fatherland."

JUST BEFORE A BATTLE.

Lieut. Ernest G. Odell, of the Twenty-fourth Canadian Battalion, who was in active service in France, wrote an article for the *American Magazine* on "What a Man Thinks About Just Before a Battle."

"We had been preparing at Mansil-Bouche, seven miles behind the lines," said he, "and on the afternoon of the 7th we came to the last thing in that preparation—a church service. At the front a man can always get out of going to a church service, if he wants to. Every man who was to participate in the attack was present that afternoon. There were almost six hundred of us in all—an open-air service.

"Army service books were passed around, and those ranks of steel-helmeted men read the Psalm and the prayers—not with their lips only, but with their hearts as well. You will never feel the full significance of the ninety-first Psalm unless you read it, as I did that day, with hundreds of other men who were going into battle.

"It is a wonderful Psalm. As we read the words there came into our hearts a great peace. And I want to interrupt my story here to tell something which others who have been at the front will corroborate. I have seen the bodies of many of our soldiers who have been killed in battle, and perhaps the most lasting impression I have is the look of peace and rest on their faces. I've often spoken of this to others, and they have said the same thing; that there was no look of pain, or of dread, on

the faces of these men who have 'gone West;' but that they were calm, unbelievably serene. I like to remember this.

"The hymns we sang that day were 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and 'Rock of Ages.' I suppose there are two thoughts uppermost in a man's mind at a time like that—the thought of his mother and the thought of God. And there is something of the same quality in both—the child's longing for comfort and protection.

"The chaplain talked to us for awhile, and then told us that those who wished to take communion were to go to a big tent close by. Fully ninety-five per cent. of the men went! Where else, I wonder, would that happen? Nowhere, I believe, except close to some other battlefield.

"What I wish I could make you, here in this world's 'home,' realize, is that if your boys go to that other Home, beyond the setting sun, they go there with peace in their hearts and on their faces. Out of the horror of this war have come some wonderful things—courage, self-reliance, sympathy. But the finest of all, and, as I believe, the *most common*, is that peace which comes to us in the trenches because we have found again the old faith and trust in the God of our mothers."

"SERVICE" AND "SERVICES."

Many a Christian man who has gone to do Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers has concluded that there is sometimes more religion in "serving" than in "holding services" in the old, formal manner. Although two thousand years have passed, many are just awakening to the fact that Christ, so far as the Gospel record goes, more often served people than he preached to them. The New Testament contains scores of instances where he fed the hungry, visited the sick, healed the diseased, comforted the sorrowing, and in other ways ministered to the needy ones of earth. That was the one big thing about the Y. M. C. A. work in all battle-torn places.

A company of American soldiers in France had marched many weary miles through the rain. At evening, muddy and tired, they came to a Y. M. C. A. canteen, and the woman in charge hastened to prepare hot coffee. A well-meaning preacher who was there said to them: "Boys, before this good woman begins to serve, don't you think we ought to have a word for Jesus?" One of them courteously replied: "She's putting it in the coffee."

A person must not too hastily conclude, however, that soldiers do not like good preaching, for they do. Here, again, is where the example of Christ, when followed, finds ready response. He first met the physical needs of people before preaching to them—then "they heard him gladly."

Some well-meaning people have gone to the other extreme of thinking the soldier wants "something funny." It is related of one minister who had an audience of five hundred soldiers, that he immediately proceeded to tell a lot of funny stories. Scores of the enlisted men left the hut in disgust. Figuratively speaking, they expected bread and were given a stone.

The fact seems to be that the men more frequently desired to hear of the higher things of life than simply to be entertained. One prominent minister who was to preach to them, mounted the platform and asked if he should begin his talk right away, or would they prefer a "movie" first? A tall, raw-boned fellow stood right up in the audience and sang out a protest against any delay, and said: "Let us hear about religion."

Another who spoke to a crowd of soldiers told about the parable of the sower and the seed. When he had finished, a soldier from the mountains of Tennessee stepped up and said: "That about some of the seed falling on hard ground and never taking root hit me right where I live. Hard ground, that's me. Now, how can I soften?" he inquired anxiously.

The preacher who talks about practical religion in a practical way finds ready hearers among Uncle Sam's enlisted men.

SACRIFICE

NOT TOO OLD TO HELP.

When the big war developed what is called trench fever and the physicians of London asked for volunteers that they might experiment upon them in search of a remedy for the disease, there were many young soldiers who responded, but the big surprise to the doctors was that a number of old men, heroes of former wars, offered themselves also. Their ages ranged from sixty-four to seventy-eight. One of them allowed a leg muscle to be removed that it might be examined under the microscope, since the center of trench fever is in the legs. He suffered greatly, but did it with a proud smile, because he was in this way able to render some service in the war.—*Gleaned from Christian Endeavor World.*

“THAT’S ALL I HAVE.”

John Lampas, a young Greek of San Francisco, gave the Red Cross his automobile, his gold watch, his bank account of \$521 and \$26 in cash, saying as he did so: “That’s all I have, and I am glad to do it.”

Having done this, he enlisted in the U. S. Army. This is one of the most remarkable examples of self-sacrifice the war brought out, and coming from a Greek is all the more noteworthy.

DIED FOR HIS COMRADES.

An American ordnance officer, upon his return from France, related this impressive incident: A soldier who had been on outpost duty, straightening the pins in grenades, returned to his dugout with some of the bombs in his coat pocket. He had scarcely entered when one of them fell out, and, as it fell, the straightened safety-pin slipped out. Apparently realizing that within five seconds it would explode with death-dealing force, and

that it would probably kill himself and four of his comrades who were with him, he instantly seized the grenade, and, keeping his own body between it and his companions, rushed to one corner of the dugout, when the bomb exploded, killing him instantly. By making his body a barrier, he saved the other four from even the slightest injury.

While the soldier's name may never be known, the story of his sacrifice to save others will live in American history as one of the bravest acts of the war.

BLIND DEVOTION OF THE SERB.

Fortier Jones, in his book, "With Serbia in Exile," published in 1915, gives this picture of the Serb's nature: "Whether you believe in the Serb's ambitions or not, you instantly see that he believes in them, worships them, dies for them with a gladness that takes little account of self or family. If it meant sure defeat, they would jump in and fight for their liberty until utterly exhausted. They can not help it. They are built that way. They may or may not be too extreme in this. It is well for the American, who can sit calmly and weigh the advantages and disadvantages of fighting, no matter what is involved, to realize that such people do exist."

TREASURED KEEPSAKES RETURNED.

A touching incident during the Red Cross drive in San Francisco, in June, 1917, was related of a young man who had come from the State of Washington to the Presidio, to train in the Officers' Training Corps. He gave a seal ring to one of the Red Cross collectors, within the circle of which was inscribed, "Keepsake from Mother and Sisters." This was told at a public meeting and the ring exhibited, whereupon some one suggested that the young man should not make such a sacrifice of a keepsake that no doubt was very dear to him, and that a collection be taken in the name of the ring. This was done, and

the amount thrown in the hats was \$406, which was given to the Red Cross, and the ring was returned to the owner, with the request that in the name of the Red Cross and his mother and sisters he should wear it next to his heart when he went to France.

STUMP SPEECHES AGAINST KAISERISM.

An Irish hospital orderly unpacking some supplies for wounded patients, referred to the wooden legs he was unwrapping as "stump speeches against the war."

After the big war was over there were many thousands of wooden legs chugging along on the sidewalks of the world as so many stump speeches against Kaiserism. As these unfortunate men and their loved ones are daily reminded of the sacrifice, by the lost limb, the artificial members should be a continual spur to us all to take a stand against everything that bears the slightest resemblance to "German kultur."

DEATH OF HARRY LAUDER'S SON.

When Harry Lauder's son, John Lauder, a captain in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed in battle in France, in 1916, it changed the father's life completely. For a time it seemed he would give way to utter despair, but with characteristic optimism he decided to make his great sorrow a blessing to others. Here is what he himself says of his attitude at that time:

"When a great blow like that hits a man, boys, he takes one of three roads: He may give way to despair, sour on the world and become a grouch; he may try to drown his sorrow in drink and become a wreck; or he may turn to God. I have chosen my road. I have turned to God."

So Harry Lauder, who had entertained thousands, and had received \$5,000 a week for his work, invested all his savings in bonds to help win the war for England, and then gave his ser-

vices, going from camp to camp and from trench to trench in France, singing for the soldiers, all in the name of his son, whom he loved so much.

"I have been in France," he says. "I realize more than ever now that my son has not died in vain. And then there comes through the gracious agency of God that other thought—that out beyond I will rejoin my boy."

THE SOLDIER ON CRUTCHES.

Every thoughtful person must have been impressed with the courage and optimism often manifested by men wounded in battle, perhaps coming home with an arm or leg missing, or otherwise physically handicapped. How small it makes the trivial inconveniences of those who remain at home seem! Edgar A. Guest pictures in rhyme the boasting of individuals over their cash sacrifices as compared to a brave young soldier who came stumping in on crutches because he had lost a leg in the war, and concludes:

"Some day in the future in many a place
More soldiers just like him we'll have to face;
We must sit with them, talk with them, laugh with them, too,
With the signs of their service forever in view.
And this was my thought as I looked at him then:
O God, make me worthy to stand with such men!"

FOR HIS BELOVED FRANCE.

A Red Cross nurse in a large hospital in Paris, where three thousand severely wounded soldiers were being cared for, wrote to a friend in America of a most unusual case, and yet perhaps typical of the spirit of the French people in their devotion to their beloved France. She said that nearly every man in that hospital had lost either arms, legs or eyes.

"Walking along by the cots," she wrote, "I came to a man who had lost both legs, one arm, and the use of both eyes. I was stirred to the depths of my heart, and stopped to talk to

him, saying among other things, 'What a wonderful sacrifice you have made!' Imagine my surprise when he raised up on his one arm, and, turning his sightless eyes to me, said: 'Sacrifice? Sacrifice? No, no! If France wants this other arm of mine, I would gladly give it. No, no—it is no sacrifice.' ”

THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES.

We were too proud to live for years,
When our poor death would dry the tears
Of little children yet unborn.
It scarcely mattered that at morn,
When manhood's hope was at its height,
We stopped a bullet in mid-flight.
It did not trouble us to lie
Forgotten 'neath the forgetting sky.
So long sleep was our only cure
That when Death piped the rest made sure,
We cast our fleshly crutches down,
Laughing like boys in Hamelin Town.
And this we did while loving life,
Yet loving more than home or wife
The kindness of a world set free
For countless children yet to be.

—*Lieut. Conningsby Dawson.*

WELL-DESERVED REBUKE.

In the early part of the world war a well-known New York society woman was among those stranded in France. Being unused to annoyances, she grumbled a great deal. One morning she went to a small inn, and, because her breakfast was half an hour late, she sent for the proprietor and gave him a severe lecture for “daring” to permit her to be treated thus, saying:

“Even if France and Germany are at war, do you think, sir, that I am going without what I am accustomed to have?”

“Madam,” said the old man, “we all have to do without some of the things we used to have. You for a little while, I forever.” Then, calling her attention to a clump of trees in the distance, he continued with trembling voice and moist eyes:

“A few miles farther on the armies are fighting. My three boys marched away when the war broke out. First one, then the

second, was killed, and only a few days ago his old mother and I received the word that our third boy, and the youngest, was killed, so that he, too, is now sleeping somewhere beyond those trees."

THE GIVING OF LIFE.

The great war seems to have brought the world to realize that it matters not so much how long we live as *how* we live; not so much when we die as *how* we die. The thought is set forth in a poem by Dr. James D. Hughes, for more than thirty years superintendent of education of the schools of Toronto, Canada. Greater significance is given the following lines from the fact that his own son was killed in battle and lies buried somewhere in France:

"God gave my son in trust to me;
Christ died for him, and he should be
A man for Christ. He is his own,
And God's and man's; not mine alone.
He was not mine to 'give.' He gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that a Christian should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns! Oh, torpid soul!
Awake and see life as a whole.
When freedom, honor, justice, right,
Were threatened by the despot's might,
With heart aflame and soul alight,
He bravely went for God to fight
Against base savages, whose pride
The laws of God and man defied;
Who slew the mother and her child;
Who maidens, pure and sweet, defiled.
He did not go to 'feed the guns';
He went to save from ruthless Huns
His home and country, and to be
A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come!" you say.
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray,
But through the clouds the sun would shine,
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is, I know,
Not, 'Will he come!' but, 'Did he go!'"

THAT HE MIGHT SAVE OTHERS.

A French soldier, only twenty years of age, died shortly after inhaling poison gas from a German shell, from which he made no effort to escape, notwithstanding he saw the deadly clouds rolling up to his scouting-post. He refused to put on his gas mask, for to have done so would have prevented him calling out loud enough for his comrades to hear him and save themselves. He continued to shout without his mask until he sank down, but saved the lives of an entire brigade by thus sacrificing himself.

THE TREASURE AND TRINKET FUND.

An organization known as the National Special Aid Society, with headquarters in New York, launched for the purpose of helping to win the war, had an Aviation Committee, with Mrs. William A. Bartlett as chairman, which inaugurated a plan for raising money for what was named "The Treasure and Trinket Fund."

This fund was used in providing necessities and comforts for men in the aviation service of America. Many communities vied with each other in the good work, and up to January 30, 1917, nearly \$21,000 had been raised. Donated articles, sent to the United Assay Office to be melted and turned into cash, ranged all the way from some tiny bit of jewelry to gold watches.

Among the articles sent to the aviators were sweaters, helmets, wristlets, scarfs, socks, phonographs, books, magazines, gloves, dominos, checkers, blankets and goggles. One young man who was the recipient of a pair of goggles appreciated them so much that he wrote a letter of thanks to Mrs. Bartlett, among other things saying:

"We can not help feeling the incentive to continue in the purpose to fight for the great cause with added zest, knowing that we have the prayers and confidence of the brave women of America with us in spirit and thought."

PREFERRED COUNTRY TO EYE.

Henry C. Estep, a veteran of the Civil War, residing at Lewistown, Pa., saved \$100 to have the sight of his left eye restored, which he had been assured could be done by treatment. He went to Philadelphia for that purpose, but dropped in at a meeting which was being held to promote the sale of Liberty bonds. The appeals stirred him deeply, and he gave the money for two bonds. He returned home without even seeing the specialist, remarking to some friends that the boys in France needed what the money would buy more than he needed the use of the eye.

THE SILVER THIMBLE FUND.

When the women of England began to realize that their husbands and sons, their brothers and lovers, were being seriously wounded, many of them falling in the awful battles in France, they plunged into a frenzy of giving, that their men might have every possible protection against suffering. The women and girls could not bear the thought of wearing flashing jewels while the men were fighting and undergoing the hardships of the cruel war. The rich gave first—money, gems and plate. Titled women denied themselves everything save stern necessities, that more hospitals might be opened, more bandages supplied, and more doctors sent to the front.

Then, all over England were many other women who longed to help, but who had no jewels to sell. Many of them had felt actual want since their men had marched away to war. One day in July, 1915, Miss E. H. Hope-Clark, of Wimbledon, conceived the idea of collecting silver thimbles to be melted down and turned into money to aid in war relief. The suggestion met with instant response. Thimbles seemed to come rolling in from everywhere. Those who did not have thimbles sent bits of silver or gold in other forms—an old spoon or two, a napkin ring,

a cuff link, a watch-charm. To inquiries as to what would be acceptable, the answer was, "Nothing too large, nothing too small."

Within a few days the contributions made in this way, to what was named the "Silver Thimble Fund," resulted in netting \$75,000. Of course the idea spread to other towns, with similar results—and it even hit London, where the contributions brought in the equivalent of \$50,000 in cash the first week.

In a number of instances touching letters accompanied the gift of some trinket, showing that while it was a sacrifice to part with it, the gift was made willingly at the thought that it might help some wounded soldier or sailor to be tenderly looked after who might otherwise not receive the care so much needed.

—*From a descriptive article by Anna Steese Richardson.*

SALUTE

THE SALUTE.

When a soldier meets another higher in command,
Up, in instant recognition, goes his hand—
Gives salute in silent greeting; 'tis the way
That he says at every meeting—"I'll obey!"

When an officer, in passing, has salute,
Quick his heart and hand responsive, grave and mute
On the sea or on the earth he pledges as they meet,
By his rank, "I shall be worthy!" so they greet.

—*M. E. Buhler, of the Vigilantes.*

THE SOLDIER'S APOLOGY.

This story came from Camp Sherman, Ohio's army melting-pot:

An enlisted man noticed that a comrade failed to salute Gen. Edward Glenn, commander of the camp, and called his attention to the neglect. The recruit admitted his error, and later went to the General's headquarters, and apologized, saying:

"I'm sorry, but that don't excuse me for not saluting you, so I've come for my punishment."

General Glenn looked at him with a smile wreathing his face, as he said kindly:

"That's all right this time. But for goodness' sake don't fail to salute any of the young second lieutenants, or you'll get sent to the guard-house for life!"

RESPECT FOR THE UNIFORM.

A military officer of the United States made the following statement: "The salute is merely an act of respect for the uniform and laws of the country. It is not personally demeaning, but, on the contrary, the strict observance of the salute is a proof of intelligence, good breeding and good manners. The officer or man who neglects to salute is not showing the proper respect for his own uniform, and is in a measure demonstrating that he is unworthy to wear it.

"Those guilty of not giving the salute sometimes offer as an excuse that they did not see their senior. It is the *duty* of every man in uniform to *see and hear everything*, and he should not be caught napping. Any man should be ashamed to offer such an excuse."

If this is true of the salute in the military branch of the Government, it is just as true and important in every phase of our united lives. The good citizen should be alert to every opportunity for showing the proper respect for the liberty he enjoys in this land of so many blessings for each and every one.

SELF-CONTROL

WHEN THE GOOD-BYES ARE SAID.

It is well for all concerned that when loved ones must say good-bye, those who leave and those who stay at home bear up bravely. When a soldier boy gets away from home it is a matter of untold encouragement in the long, trying hours to come if the last expression he saw on the face of father,

mother, brother, sister, wife or sweetheart was that of a smile, followed by a cheerful waving of the hand, even though he be as certain as of anything he sees with his eyes that they gave way to tears within a minute after he was out of their sight, as he knows he, too, had to choke back the sob in his heart until he marched away from the home town.

Yes, they all know they will miss each other, and that they love one another more than words can tell. The scenes of weeping that are not witnessed will be pictured in the mind, but will serve only as a background for the beautiful picture of the courageous smile and hand-wave, the whole making every one who undergoes the experience stronger for the new duties than if the good-bye could in reality be said without feeling it.

It is this strong love that keenly misses the object of the heart's affection that makes life worth while, and that intensifies the appreciation of each for the other in times of great trial and great sacrifices.

L. W. McCreary, of St. Louis, wrote thus of a scene he witnessed at Camp Doniphan: "My visit to the camp was in time to see about fifteen thousand of the boys off for the front. My heart will always beat faster when I remember the eagerness and the courage with which they said good-bye. Oh, it was glorious! But the loneliness and heartache which manifested itself in the sweethearts and mothers after their departure still pierces my bosom like an arrow whenever I think of them. They bore up bravely until the last words were spoken, then, like tired birds with songs forgotten, they sought shelter and the quiet Presence to sob out their hearts until He should give them relief."

TWO SEVERE BATTLES.

A. Nevelyn Newman, in a magazine article in May, 1918, tells some of her experiences in Europe, and of her observations in a Y. M. C. A. library hut far off to the north of France:

"It is evening, and the men are gathered round one of the women workers sitting before the open fire. It is the last night before they leave for the trenches. One by one they say good-night, until only two or three are left lingering in the shadows. One fellow stands long before the warmth, then pulls out a little note. 'Will you see that this goes to my wife? She's fine and she's working hard. I'd like her to know I'm trying. There have been temptations. I just had to tell somebody.'

"The canteen worker listened. As he turned to go, she picked up a pencil and said: 'I'm going to write your wife to-night myself. I am going to tell her of our talk. I'm going to tell her how hard you are fighting, and I'm going to tell her you will be a good soldier for her sake. I trust in you, and she does too.'

"The man's eyes had in them an expression of more than happiness when he left the hut. A battle, other than the one he was going to and far harder, had been won."

PRINCE CALM AS KINGDOM CRUMBLES.

Fortier Jones, who went to Serbia in 1915 to assist in relief work for the distressed Serbs, tells of the wonderful self-control of the natives, in his book, "With Serbia in Exile," in which he says:

"The Serb has an astonishing ability to suppress all traces of feeling when he so wishes. I have never yet seen one admit that misfortune had got the better of him. With seeming light-heartedness the crown prince took his afternoon walk while his kingdom crumbled. I remember meeting an officer I had known in happier days. He had passed through butchery as bad as anything on any war front; he had seen his regiment almost wiped out, his country devastated, his private fortune and his home destroyed, his family in peril, and had himself frozen and starved for six weeks—he who until 1912 had never known a day's hardship. After greeting me warmly and happily, his

first act was to give a very funny pantomime of how necessity had taught him to conceal the very significant fact that he had to scratch. Lack of feeling! A few minutes later I caught him off his guard, and a clearer expression of abject misery I hope I may never see."

SERVICE

"THE GREATEST MOTHER OF THEM ALL."

The world war taught Americans how to attack big tasks in a big way. The first Red Cross campaign in the United States to raise funds for war relief, after America entered the war, resulted in securing \$105,000,000; the second campaign brought in \$170,000,000.

The Red Cross has rightly been termed "The Greatest Mother of Them All." One unique thing about this work is that all the higher officers and executives receive no salary, and most of them even pay their own traveling expenses. The great army of nurses, attendants, clerks, stenographers, correspondents and district agents are all paid out of the annual fees paid by members of the Red Cross, who numbered more than twenty-two million persons in 1918. So that of every dollar contributed to the War Fund, one hundred cents goes for war relief and *nothing for expenses*.

"NOTHING ELSE COUNTS WITH ME."

Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board in 1918, in an address in Chicago, referred to Charles M. Schwab, head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, as "the master shipbuilder of the world," and a typical American; and said that when he asked him to join the Government and leave his own business, Schwab replied:

"Hurley, I am a soldier. If the Government wants me, nothing else counts with me."

BLIND MEN MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS.

Many of the women of Great Britain show their patriotism by marrying men made blind in war activities. Sir Arthur Pearson announced that, up to May, 1918, 109 of the men sent to St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind had been married after learning trades, and made good husbands. They were serving as masseurs, shorthand writers, telephone operators, carpenters and market gardeners.

GIVING UP HIGH POSITIONS.

One of the fine things developed by the war was the spirit of service in the hearts of so many who might have found an excuse for staying at home. When the call became so urgent for more men to serve in the Y. M. C. A. huts in France, to minister to the boys in the army, many men high up in the business and educational world dropped everything to respond. Here are just a few of hundreds of instances that could be given along this line:

W. H. Danforth, president of Ralston Purina Company, bank president, president of Missouri State S. S. Association.

William A. Shanklin, LL.D., president of Wesleyan University.

William H. Crawford, LL.D., president of Allegheny College.

Albert A. Boyden, managing editor of the *American Magazine*.

Arthur M. Harris, a New York banker.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, D.D., who had been preacher at Yale, Princeton, Cornell and the University of Chicago.

Dr. James Naismith, physical director at the University of Kansas.

MANY DENTISTS FOR UNCLE SAM.

There was such a rush of dentists in response to the request of the Government for army service that, at the close of the first year after we entered the war, examination of applicants for

the work was suspended, the announcement being made that the list of applicants was sufficient to care for the teeth of an army of five million men.

The fact that so many men were willing to "look down in the mouth," concerning a branch of our army equipment, must not be taken as an indication that they were pacifists or doubtful of victory for Uncle Sam and his allies.

GAS MASKS INSTEAD OF COFFINS.

The United States Government took over the \$1,000,000 plant of the National Casket Company, at Long Island City, to be utilized for the manufacture of gas masks for the soldiers in France, instead of the making of coffins. This large building accommodated two thousand workers, in addition to the gas-mask plant of the Government adjoining it, where five thousand men and women were employed.

The action seems very opportune. It is better to save life, where possible.

LITERALLY GAVE HIS SHIRT.

The Red Cross workers throughout the world come in touch with many unusual incidents of human kindness. A young officer in the Italian army was on a crowded train with Italian refugees who had been deceived by the Austrians and were fleeing for their lives, when a woman who had been riding for sixteen hours gave birth to a baby. The poor mother, hungry, tired, miserable and in a terribly weakened condition, had scarcely enough clothing for herself, and not a thing for the new-born babe.

The young officer, throwing all ceremony and false modesty aside, removed his coat and deliberately took off his shirt, and there among the frightened, half-starved crowd helped to wrap the little babe in the first covering its frail body had known—his own shirt. When the train reached Bologna, Italy, he got in touch with the American Red Cross workers, and mother and

babe were afterwards nursed back to health and cared for tenderly.

Contrast this action of the noble young officer in looking after a mother and babe under such distressing circumstances with the action of German officers in murdering in cold blood helpless women and children. Does any one believe that an arrogant German officer with the Kaiser spirit would ever have done such a thing, even for those of his own country?

TOO OLD TO FIGHT, BUT NOT TO WORK.

The Rev. Ira Van Allen, of Syracuse, N. Y., applied for a position as messenger "boy," although seventy-two years of age, in order that a young man of twenty, who had the job, might serve his country in the army. The minister was accepted, and went to work for the Western Union in the early part of 1918. His hours were from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. He had been a preacher for forty-two years.

TRAINING PIGEONS FOR WAR WORK.

The little homing pigeon having proven itself of great value to the battle operations of the British and French in the war against the Germans, the United States Army established a "pigeon reserve" of twenty thousand birds in the early part of 1918, for service in France.

The pigeon is almost indispensable under some circumstances. The barrage and the shell break down telephone poles and wires and wireless aerials. All that is needed with the pigeon is a rubber band and a piece of rice paper. Released from an aeroplane, or a front-line trench, it proceeds to go home; wounded sometimes, but it usually gets there. A whiff of poison gas would soon end the little messenger, but the bird flies high and escapes this form of attack.

A homing pigeon is especially adapted to aeroplane work, for it weighs next to nothing, and takes up only a small amount

of space. The aviator writes down his message, or outlines his diagram, usually on a piece of paper 10 x 14 inches, fastens it with a rubber band to the leg of the bird, and away it speeds to its familiar abode, where the message is received.

The speed of a young pigeon is about eleven hundred yards a minute. One of the remarkable records of flight was that of a pigeon flying from Havana, Cuba, to East Orange, N. J., in winter, the distance being thirteen hundred miles. It is said that ninety-seven per cent. of messages entrusted to pigeons reach their destination. The pigeons are not the soft dove of fiction, but alert, strong game birds, with far-seeing eyes and courage almost unbelievable.

PRESIDENT SETS FINE EXAMPLE.

For many years the great union railway station at Washington, D. C., has contained a beautiful suite of rooms set apart exclusively for Presidential and diplomatic use, while waiting for trains, or receiving noted personages. By order of President Wilson, these rooms were turned over to the Red Cross Bureau of Canteen Service, to be used as a canteen station for soldiers, sailors and marines in transit.

Following this action, a general request was sent out from the national headquarters of the Red Cross, asking that railroad canteens be established in the railroad stations to handle small detachments of enlisted men traveling on regular trains.

Before this, there were over seven hundred canteen stations throughout the United States doing canteen work for large numbers of men on regular troop trains.

THE DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN.

Some one has said that the patriotism of the heads of many corporations is spelled, "Pay-try-it-ism." The American people are to be congratulated, however, upon the fine spirit of most of the men of wealth and great capacity for doing big things,

as manifested after our country became a party to the big war. As the Government is not allowed to receive service without pay, hundreds of able men who were engaged in important war work accepted salaries of one dollar a year. Many of them are deserving of the applause called for in the following poem by Amos R. Wells:

"How a hearty and vigorous cheer, men,
For the patriot dollar-a-year men!
At a million, indeed,
In this time of need,
They wouldn't be costly or dear men.

"They are leaders, the bosses, the key men,
At work without glory or fee, men.
Obscurely at work,
No slacker, no shirk,
That you and I may be free men."

GUNSTOCKS BETTER THAN BARS.

A New Jersey innkeeper offered to the Government, without charge, the black walnut top of his bar, which had been in use one hundred years, for making gunstocks or airplane propellers. The Springfield *Union* says that even a prohibitionist should be able to applaud this action.

REBUILDING FRENCH VILLAGES.

Smith College, with six thousand alumnae and seventeen hundred undergraduates, enthusiastically backed up the Smith College Relief Unit, organized soon after America entered the war, for the purpose of aiding in rebuilding the villages of France. Eighteen girl graduates from the college took the responsibility of looking after sixteen villages so near the battle-front—said one writer, in April, 1918—that "the distant boom of cannon is a constant undertone, and windows have to be darkened at night for fear of hostile aircraft. One day thirty Boche planes were counted as they flew over one of the villages."

When the girls went to France to take up the work, they took with them a lot of new harvesting machinery and great

quantities of seeds; also six cows, three trucks and other articles, that they might immediately begin to plan for the needs of the people.

A hospital and dispensary were fitted up at once in a garage, and during the first month over five hundred treatments were given. There was much illness among the French people, for they were living in wet, malodorous cellars, sometimes ten or fifteen in a cellar. From the start conditions began to improve, for the girls went to work with love, enthusiasm and a determination to render every service possible to the stricken ones in their respective districts.

THE RED TRIANGLE IN WAR.

Let me tell you that every boy in khaki, the moment he sees the Red Triangle of the Y. M. C. A., knows it means "Welcome." It stands for need, not creed; and you will please notice that it stands on its apex, not its base. If it stood on its base it could stand alone. It stands on its apex, which means that if it is not supported on both sides, it will topple over, which, interpreted, means that they need *money* and *men*. You did magnificently on that big \$53,000,000 drive. You gave because you knew that what you gave would be spent on your boys, and you can never pay the debt you owe to the boys—*never in the world!*—*Gipsy Smith, to an American audience, April, 1918.*

THE SILENT VOLUNTEER.

An American lieutenant, serving as a veterinary with our army in France, wrote as follows to a director of the paper, *Our Dumb Animals*:

"Our horses have been obtained mainly from the French Government, and are certainly wonderful animals—splendid workers, never refusing to pull and never attempting to shirk. The officers and men have placed their horses before themselves in regard to care and comfort. Could you see how these horses are

cared for I am sure you would, with your fondness for animals, be well pleased. This regiment deserves all the nice things said about the care given to its horses. The same is true of all horse organizations here, and nothing possible for the comfort of a horse is left undone."

Another lieutenant, L. Fleming, who has since given his own life fighting in the trenches in France, wrote the following lines, entitled "The Silent Volunteers":

"No less real heroes, than the men who died,
Are you who helped the frenzied ranks to win,
Galloping heroes—silently—side by side,
Models of discipline.

"You, too, had pals from whom you had to part,
Pals rather young to fight, or else too old,
And though the parting hurt your honest heart,
You kept your grief untold.

"Thus in the parting have you proved your worth,
As you have proved it time and time again,
You, the most human animal on earth,
Nobler, perhaps, than men.

"Nobler, perhaps, because in all you did,
In all you suffered, you could not know why,
Only you guessed and did as you were bid,
Just galloped on to die.

"There, where your life-blood spilled around you fast,
Lying unheeded by the surging van,
You closed your great big, patient eyes at last,
And died—a gentleman."

HYMN-BOOKS FOR WADDING.

"When Christians fight, are they Christians?"

In answer to this question, Rev. A. E. Keigwin, in the *Christian Herald*, replies: "Yes, when the cause is just." He then relates this incident:

"When General Washington moved his troops to West Point in 1780, the Hessians followed, expecting to stamp out the flame of freedom in the breasts of the Continentals. As they approached Springfield they were met by a company of farmers armed with

flintlocks. The colonists fought desperately in defense of their firesides, families and liberty, until the wadding for the muskets gave out. At this important moment, Rev. James Cauldwell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, mounted a horse and galloped away, shouting: 'Hold them a minute longer, boys, until I get back!' He entered his church, gathered up an armful of hymnals from the pews, and hurried back to the bridge where the battle raged. Tearing the leaves from the books, he cried: 'There's your wadding!'

"Was he a Christian? Go to Springfield, N. J., some day, and you will find the answer. There, standing in front of the Presbyterian Church, is a magnificent monument erected by the sovereign State of New Jersey, an expression of gratitude and approval as it is the verdict of an enlightened Christian conscience. Inscribed upon the face of this monument are the words:

"Of what avail the plow or soil,
Or land or life, if freedom fail!"

THE Y. M. C. A. HUTS.

This poem, by Henry van Dyke, was read at a meeting of students at Princeton University, November 15, 1917:

"In the camps around our country and in countries far away
There's a lot of wooden houses that are marked Y. M. C. A.
And some are painted yellow and some are brown or green.
Now, say, who owns these houses, and what do the letters mean?

"They mean a bit of comfort, and they mean a place to rest,
Where every tired soldier boy is welcomed as a guest.
They mean a bit o' friendly talk, some music, and some jokes,
And some quiet little corners for writing to your folks.

"They mean a bit of human love amid the storm of war.
They mean the word of healing for spirits wounded sore.
They mean a simple message from God's own holy Word,
And they mean the thought of the homeland where the sweet old hymns
are heard.

"You ask who owns these houses! I think you know His name.
You call him Saviour, Master, Lord; the meaning's just the same.
'Tis the One who gave Himself for us, the Leader of our life
We pray He'll lead and keep our boys in peril and in strife.

"Oh, keep them strong and steady, and keep them clean and true!
Help them to battle for the right and put the victory through!
Be thou their shield and buckler; but if one is stricken down,
Oh, Captain of salvation, give him the heavenly crown."

A GOOD ANGEL OF THE CIVIL WAR.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Clara Barton, of North Oxford, Mass., was serving as a clerk in the U. S. Patent Office, but when the first wounded soldiers reached Washington, her heart was so touched that she resigned her position in order to give her entire attention to their care. From the deplorable condition in which the wounded arrived in Washington, she soon decided that she was more needed in the field than in the national capital. She obtained a general pass to all posts held by the army, and, after accumulating a large quantity of medical, surgical and hospital supplies, organized a corps of assistants, and led them to the front, where she ministered to the soldiers in the field hospitals, and even under fire on the battlefields, regardless of danger.

She had many narrow escapes from death, but seemed to bear a charmed life, for no missile ever struck her. The soldiers called her the "Angel of the Battlefield." She freely used her own funds to augment the funds contributed by the Government and others.

After the close of the Civil War, exhausted by the strain, she went to Switzerland to recuperate her health. There she became acquainted with and joined the then recently organized Red Cross. While still in Europe, the war between Germany and France burst forth with the suddenness and fury of a tornado, and Miss Barton took a prominent part in the Red Cross war work, for which she was honored by many medals, including the Iron Cross of Germany, bestowed upon her by the grandfather of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

She returned to America. In 1881, President Garfield appointed her president of the newly organized "American Associa-

tion of the Red Cross," in which position she served until 1904. Despite all her arduous labors and ordeals, she lived to the ripe old age of ninety-one, passing to her reward in 1912.—*Frances L. Garside*.

SLACKERS

A NEW "S. O. S." CALL.

Before the citizens of San Francisco entered upon the campaign to raise their share of the \$100,000,000 Red Cross fund in May, 1918, they adopted as a slogan, "S. O. S." It was not used, however, in the way that mariners use it, but the meaning given the letters for this drive was, "Smoke Out Slackers." And it was done in a systematic, persistent way that brought splendid results.

THREW SHOE AT SLACKER'S HEAD.

During a patriotic parade in Chicago, some one—presumably the owner of the missile—threw a 4A shoe at the head of a man who failed to remove his hat when a flag was passing. Two policemen, who had been reproving the man for his lack of patriotism, immediately began a search for the woman—not to arrest her, but to compliment her upon her good aim and good Americanism.

LAD TAKES SLACKER'S PLACE.

Henry A. Stevens, a London lad of only fifteen years of age, was so chagrined because an older brother in the British Army deserted when on leave, that, in order to save the honor of the family, he dressed up in khaki and impersonated his brother, reporting to the proper officers, and served in his brother's name in France for some time before the facts became known. While in service he said he killed many Germans—in fact, said he couldn't miss them. In view of the unusual circumstances in

the case and the patriotic intent of the boy's actions, the military authorities declined to prosecute him, and when he was returned to England the civil authorities likewise refused to take action against him, notwithstanding he had violated the law by his misrepresentation.

HIRED DOCTORS TO MAKE THEM SICK.

While the people of Great Britain responded gloriously to the call of country for service in the great war, slackers were found there the same as everywhere. One method of avoiding service in the army, unearthed by the medical boards before whom men appeared for examination for exemption, was operated by a regular school of unscrupulous physicians and chemists in London, who assisted men of military qualifications to avoid service. The report included these statements:

"Use of drugs which affect the heart is more difficult to detect, and because of that fact is the most in demand among 'clients' of the doctors' school. The fee charged is \$50 in most cases, but in many instances the amount paid is said to have been much larger. Money is no object among the shirkers."

MOTHER OBJECTED TO SON SLACKING.

It has been said that the love of a mother for her son or daughter is the strongest love known. Just what does mother love mean? A fine point has been raised in this connection by the action of Mrs. John Lynch, of Connecticut, who notified the exemption board in her district that she was holding her son a prisoner until an officer could come and get him, to compel him to enlist in the service of the U. S. Army. He was past twenty-one years of age, and had refused to offer his services.

When the officer came for him the mother said: "It's for the honor of the family and of the country that I do this." At the same time she had three other sons in the service overseas, and her husband was a member of the State Reserve militia.

She later received a letter from President Wilson commending her upon the contribution she had made to the fighting forces of Uncle Sam.

ANYTHING BUT A SLACKER.

A son of J. L. Harbour, the story-writer, who was in the U. S. Army, said in a letter to his father that he had been working forty hours without sleep, "but I'd rather be a dead soldier here than a live slacker at home." Another of his sons, a lieutenant, wrote of being in the trenches ten days at a time, without even his boots off, and such sleep as he got was broken by rats, vermin and the noise of battle. Mr. Harbour, in mentioning these incidents in an article in the *Boston Transcript*, says:

"Such sacrifices as we are making buying Liberty bonds 'over here' seem like cheap, easy patriotism, and trifling, when compared to the sacrifices our boys are making 'over there.'"

IS THE CIGARETTE A NECESSITY?

Provost Marshal General Crowder, in discussing the "work or fight" law, requiring men of draft age not in the army or navy to engage in some *useful employment*, said:

"The spectacle is not a satisfying one of a contingent of drafted men from Class 1 being marched down the street to camp, while other men of their own age, watching them from the windows, *remain behind to sell cigarettes* or dispense soda-fountain drinks, solely because they have received deferment on grounds of dependency. They should get into some useful and effective occupations, or else forfeit their deferment from military service."

The only inference possible from the above is that selling cigarettes is not a necessity, because it is not a useful employment. If selling them is not classed as a necessity, it is reasonable to assume that General Crowder does not consider smoking

them a physical necessity, either, for, in the very nature of things, all necessary articles must be dealt out by some one standing between the producer and the consumer.

SPIES

THE FIRING SQUAD.

This poem by Capt. George Steuneberg, of the U. S. Army, was published in the *Army and Navy Journal*:

"I wonder how long we'll continue to be a health resort for spies
And other industrious gentlemen that the papers criticise!
The place for an agent of Kaiser Bill is six feet under sod—
I want to hear some corporal yell, '*Fall in, the firing squad!*'"

"If we riddled a few incendiaries, the industry would decline;
If we plugged a couple of profiteers, the rest would stand in line;
And a lot of these devilish anarchists would get in and carry the hod
If a few of their leaders went over the range to the tune of the firing squad.

"Arrested, interned, or put on bail—it's ever the same old song.
And we lay the paper aside to remark, 'How long, O God, how long!'
We've seen enough devilment this past year to arouse the wrath of God!
Then, what is it we are waiting for! *Come on with the firing squad.*"

WEAR UNIFORMS OF THE DEAD.

One method of the Germans in deceiving their antagonists in war was to don uniforms taken from the enemy dead on the field of battle. Thus disguised they were often able to carry on their spy work in plain view of the enemy. On one occasion two Germans, attired in the uniform of British soldiers, strung telephone wires, connected them up with instruments and communicated with their comrades beyond the trenches, evidently giving the location of some of the big guns of the British, for the firing from the Germans was almost immediately directed at their positions. This at once aroused suspicion, and the two spies in British uniforms were smoked out. They started to run, but were pursued, and one was shot by a British officer. The other ran in front of a flying shell and was instantly killed.

SPY-PROOF LETTERS FOR GERMANY.

The U. S. Government put in operation a method for handling letters written in America to friends or relatives in Germany which was considered spy-proof. All such letters were handed to officers of Red Cross chapters, when they were forwarded to Washington. Here they were rewritten, and the wording absolutely changed to prevent the sending of any diagram or secret code. When this had been done they were forwarded to the persons addressed. Letters of this kind averaged over one thousand a day, so it meant much work, but was considered time and money well spent.

WOMEN SPIES FOR GERMANY.

Some one made the striking remark that Germany's war successes were due more to her spies than to her armies. Before the war her spy system was costing close to \$50,000,000 a year, and covered the entire world, with an army of spies estimated at half a million, according to a Pennsylvania paper.

One hundred thousand of the number were women. Many of these received very small salaries, if any at all, while a few were paid exorbitantly. Ninety per cent. of the poorly paid were German subjects or sympathizers, working as servant-girls, bar-maids, governesses, music-teachers, shopgirls and salesgirls, earning their living honestly, but always on the lookout for information to convey to their superiors, the highly paid spies.

Among the noted executions of women spies following the beginning of the war were the cases of Mata Hari, the Javanese dancer, who captivated London and Paris; and Felice Schmidt, both of whom were shot in Paris. The latter went to France disguised as an apple-seller.

Many women of German parentage in America enlisted in the Red Cross and went to France to minister to the wounded soldiers. Working in advanced dressing-stations, they were able

to secure valuable information from the wounded and the prisoners. Later a ruling was made that no American, man or woman, of German parentage, would be allowed to serve in the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. or other organization of like character in France.

Another class of women working as spies for Germany operated almost exclusively in diplomatic or high social circles, in this way endeavoring to obtain important secrets from men high in authority. Among these was the beautiful Mme. Storch, who, although only twenty-three, was one of the most clever of them all. With consummate daring she came to America, engaged an elegant suite of rooms at the Hotel Shoreham in Washington, almost next door to the White House, the State Department and the Bureau of Justice. Before her arrest in the early part of 1918 she had been operating extensively, sending regular reports to Germany, in the private mail-bag of a neutral country. Within a week after her arrest by U. S. Secret Service men, and while at the detention camp on Ellis Island, New York, she died of pneumonia.

STRENGTH

THE BLESSINGS OF EFFORT.

Strength of character, in individuals and in nations, is developed by service and sacrifice. "These are they that came out of great tribulation."

"Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease;
The able sailor hails from stormy seas."

TENDERNESS OF STRONG MEN.

Here is an incident, characteristic of many strong soldiers, related by Private Pete in the *American Magazine*: "After the first gas attack at Ypres, in April, 1915, I was knocked out for awhile and was in the clearing-station at Merville. One day

when I was lying there, a poor, miserable soldier came in, covered with mud and blood, minus his overcoat, and his tunic torn by shrapnel. He was shivering with cold and pain, for it was raining. The nurse hurried to him and asked what had become of his overcoat. With chattering teeth he replied: 'Oh, my pal was killed back there, and he looked so cold, lying there in the rain, I took off my coat and put it over him.' "

There it is—the love and tenderness of a mother for her child, in the heart of this strong young man for his chum, both of whom went out together to fight for the things that make life worth while for men, women and children.

WHAT MAKES A NATION GREAT?

Not sorried ranks with flags unfurled,
Not armored ships that gird the world,
Not hoarded wealth nor busy mills,
Not cattle on a thousand hills,
Not sages wise, nor schools nor laws,
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause—
All these may be, and yet the State
In eye of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,
Whose songs are guided by his word;
Where justice rules 'twixt man and man,
Where love controls in art and plan;
Where, breathing in his native air,
Each soul finds joy in praise and prayer—
Thus may our country, good and great,
Be God's delight—man's best estate.

—Alexander Blackburn.

TEMPERANCE

CLEANING UP AN ISLAND.

Love of country means love of fellow-men. Secretary Daniels of the Navy shows his patriotism by doing all he can for the good of humanity. By his order the sale or distribution of intoxicating liquor on the Island of Guam, far out in the Pacific Ocean, was prohibited, beginning July 1, 1918. Before that date

conditions there were described as intolerable. Guam is entirely under naval control.

DRINK AMONG ARMY OFFICERS.

Nothing could more sharply bring out the change in the country's attitude toward gaming and strong drink than the recent case of General Donnelly, of Missouri, who was forced to resign his command and who had to bring pull to escape a court-martial, because he drank and played cards with members of his staff and subordinate officers.—*Edward H. Hamilton, in San Francisco Examiner, May 17, 1918.*

It seems only a few short years since even drunkenness among soldiers, and practically unlimited drinking among army officers, was looked upon as a matter of course. It is safe to predict that such a condition will never again prevail in America.

AUTOCRACY OF ALCOHOL DOOMED.

Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, of Chicago, elected president of the American Medical Association, in an address following his installation on June 11, 1918, said:

"In the slow evolution of civilization, many great wrongs became so entrenched that it required centuries of education or revolution to extirpate them. Among these great wrongs, too long tolerated, none has done more injury to mankind than drink. Now the swiftly moving course of events is writing the death-warrant of autocracy and rule by 'divine right,' and science and education should eliminate not only plagues and epidemics, but also the curse of strong drink from the world."

Referring to the action of eliminating liquor from the American army as one of the greatest single factors in the interest of health, Dr. Bevan declared: "The health of the men is better looked after in the army and navy than it was when the men were still in civil life. The army death-rate has been less than ten per thousand in the mobilization and concentration camps—

twice as good as the record held by any country prior to this time."

COURT-MARTIAL BRINGS DRY NAVY.

A newspaper dispatch dated Philadelphia, January 1, 1918, quoted Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, as saying that the order of the Secretary for a dry U. S. Navy, issued before the big war started, was brought about by a court-martial. Her statement follows:

"A young officer had been court-martialed for being intoxicated, and Mr. Daniels had approved of the court-martial sentence, when an uncle of the boy, a member of the Society of Friends, came into my husband's office and upbraided him for having approved the sentence. He said the boy did not know the taste of liquor until he went into the navy. My husband then issued his order, feeling that it was right for him to do so, even if it only meant the welfare of one young officer."

Because one man protested against unjust conditions, thousands of sailors were liberated from a great temptation.

ENGLAND'S MOST DEADLY FOE.

Soon after Germany and Austria had declared war on Great Britain, David Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions and as Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and—drink, and, so far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink."

Daniel A. Poling, who later spent several months in the war zone, in commenting upon the above statement, said: "These words, more than any others spoken in either the Old World or the New, have advanced democracy toward total prohibition. They were the weights that turned the balance in Canada and in a dozen States of the American Union. They brought demoralization to the liquor forces. Their unequivocating charge of disloyalty against drink has been irresistible."

THOUGHTFULNESS

A CAREFUL OFFICIAL.

A sergeant who always wanted to be sure he had done things about right, being a little doubtful as to whether or not he had distributed rifles to all the men, called out:

"All you that are without arms hold up your hands!"

STOOD ON MIDDLE GROUND.

A German officer on a road in Belgium met a boy leading a mule, and addressed him in jovial fashion, saying:

"That's a fine mule you have, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet."

"Oh, no, officer," the boy quickly replied. "I think too highly of my king."

At this the German scowled and said: "I hope you don't dare to call it William!"

"Oh, no, officer. I think too highly of my mule."

BRAINS AND POWDER UNITED.

In war, as in the pursuit of peace, the man who first thinks out a proposition stands the best chance to succeed. A great commander was engaged in besieging a strongly fortified city. He concentrated all his forces at a point where the fortifications were strongest, and at 2 P. M., under a bright sun and a clear sky, ordered an assault. When expostulated with by an under-officer, the commander replied:

"At this point such a general is in command. At this hour of the day he invariably retires for a long sleep. When informed of our approach he will deny the fact and send a messenger for information. Before the messenger returns we shall gain possession of the fortress."

The result was exactly as predicted.

TRAINING

SOWING BULLETS TO REAP EFFICIENCY.

It costs a lot of money to train soldiers right, but Uncle Sam believes in thorough preparation. For instance, in just one of our Government army camps—Camp Fremont, near Palo Alto, Cal.—the system of training called for practice on the rifle-range, two thousand soldiers firing each week, with each man using 250 rounds. This meant 2,000,000 rounds used there each month, or an aggregate of 1,125,000 pounds of lead left in the soil at that camp in a year.

Uncle Sam's soldiers are called the best marksmen in the world. "There's a reason." Sow bullets on the rifle-range, and reap a big harvest of captured, wounded or dead enemies.

THE BOY SOLDIERS.

In a touching poem in the *Christian Endeavor World*, Denis A. McCarthy pictures the boys of a few years ago "playing soldier," contrasted with the change from the make-believe to the real:

"All day, when the summer vacation had come,
We'd see them go by with their little toy drum,
Around by the common and out by the store
And back to their favorite drill-ground once more.
And none of us dreamed, looking on, that as men
The same little lads would go marching again,
No longer where make-believe missiles are hurled,
To fight for their homes—and the homes of the world!"

TRAINING Y. M. C. A. WAR SECRETARIES.

The place of the Y. M. C. A. in army life is now recognized as one of the indispensable things, if the boys in khaki are to render the maximum of service it is possible for them to give. The demand for Y. M. C. A. men to serve in the huts on the battlefields taxed America far beyond the dreams of the most optimistic in this branch of the service. The call was sent to

every community in the United States. The response was wonderful. Successful business men left their posts, some of the most talented ministers vacated their pulpits, physicians closed their offices and gave up a remunerative practice, as did lawyers and men in other professions, all to answer the call to help our boys and the boys of other countries in fighting for the most sacred principles of humanity.

In order to lose as little time as possible, a training-school for these men was opened at Princeton University, where classes were formed. Each class was given a week of strenuous, intensive training. In this school the men received the results of the best study, thought and experience furnished by the most successful workers and executives of Y. M. C. A. activities in the world.

The course included two lessons each day in French or Italian, according to the location of the army camps where they were to be assigned. In this way they began their work with about four hundred of the most necessary words, and had gained enough of the principles of grammar to make the rest of their labor in acquiring a working knowledge of the language easy and wholly a matter of practice.

What was required of these men is clearly indicated in these words from A. A. Ebersole, head of the overseas department of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A.:

“Among the positive qualities that make for fitness over there are good health, power of endurance, adaptability to the different manners and customs, unselfishness and willingness to work at anything, a deep-rooted sense of obedience to military regulations, great resourcefulness and a self-control which nothing can shake.”

KEEPING CALM IN TIME OF STRESS.

When the battleship “Maine” was blown up in Havana harbor on the night of February 15, 1898, causing the most

intense excitement throughout the United States, Captain Sigsbee, in charge of the ship, was in his port cabin writing a letter to his wife. All the lights went out in an instant. A correspondent of a New York paper, then in Havana, tells the story as follows:

"Captain Sigsbee, running out, bumped into a perfectly disciplined marine orderly, who, amidst shrieks, groans, flames and horror, and in the dark, saluted and said: 'Sir, I have to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking.' The marine, named William Anthony, said to me when I spoke of it: 'Oh, that's nothing—any Yankee marine would do that.'"

"This coolness was noticeable among the men everywhere, and when the boats and their maimed loads left the wreck for the hospital, there was no jabbering, no excitement. The officers who had something to do, did it quietly. The others said nothing."

TREACHERY

A MOTHER'S CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

The *Spicer*, published by American soldiers of the engineering service in France, relates this incident:

A mother in Belgium saw a German approaching her home, so hid her children in the cellar, knowing what had happened to many other boys and girls. The German demanded supper, lodging and breakfast, which she provided. In the morning she was amazed when he paid her for the accommodation. Thinking here was at least one German soldier who had a tender heart, she told of her fears and of how she hid her children.

"So?" replied the man; "I, too, have children. Let me see yours."

Whereupon the fond mother called up the treasures of her heart from the cellar. When they appeared in the room, as deliberately as he would have killed a dog, the German shot them both dead at her feet. In her awful grief she told the

story to a neighbor—but now she tells it through the bars of her window in an insane asylum.

DEATH FOR KRUPP BETRAYERS.

According to *Pearson's Weekly*, there was an underground apartment in the mansion occupied by Bertha Krupp, of Essen, where the great German ordnance plant was located, fitted out as a court. Here traitors employed in the most guarded arsenal in Europe were tried for the crime of treachery. The judge was the cannon queen herself. If a workman was found guilty of betraying any of the treasured secrets of the plant, the death penalty was invariably the sentence pronounced. It is said that Bertha Krupp passed the dread sentences without the slightest indication of emotion, in spite of the shrieks for mercy from the doomed prisoners.

The loyalty of the workers in this great industry was subjected to the most searching tests. Scores of detectives were employed there and all kinds of traps set to catch men suspected of treachery.

WHEN A MAN BETRAYS HIS COUNTRY.

A lifetime of the best service a man can render his country is not enough to offset one act of treason. There is something so contemptible about one going back on the country that has sheltered him and offered him everything worth while that it is almost impossible to ever again recall the good he may have done.

This is illustrated in the case of Benedict Arnold. Before he proved a traitor to America he had rendered her much splendid service. He had been a daring soldier, suffering untold hardships, and bearing wounds on more than one battlefield. After the battle of Bemis's Heights he was made a major-general and given the command of Philadelphia. In 1780 he was given the command of West Point. Here was the most valuable arsenal

and depot of stores in America, and it was this which he had formed the treasonable design of giving over to the British Government.

The negotiations were carried on with Andre, who was captured and the scheme frustrated. Arnold fled to the British army, where he was given a sum of money and a command. Early in 1781 he led a British force into Virginia and made an attack on New London.

The British Government gave him 13,400 acres of land in Canada, and his sons received commissions in the British army. He went to London in 1782, where he made his home to the time of his death in 1801. His treachery brought him no respect from those he sought to serve, for in London he was despised and shunned, and died in obscurity. From the day of his betrayal of America, the land in which he first saw the light of day, January 3, 1740, he has been named only with loathing and contempt.

It is indeed a terrible thing to be a traitor to one's country.

WOMANHOOD

THE MOTHER OF TWO HUNDRED BOYS.

The blessed influence of noble women in our war work can never be estimated. The following is given as a typical description of what occurred in many places:

"Mother" is really about thirty-five; a bright, sweet, wholesome woman who is in one of the Y. M. C. A. canteens. The soldier boys worship her. The canteen is near a town. When a boy goes out in the evening she asks:

"Where are you going, Jimmy boy?"

"To town," he replies pleasantly.

"All right. Have a good time, but look in on me here when you get back."

"But I may be late," says Jimmy.

"That's all right," answers mother. "I'll be up and waiting for you right here."

And mother does wait, and every Jimmy knows it. One by one they come in upon their return and say good-night to her. But never too late. "Oh, come on, fellows," the word will go around in a crowd; "mother's up and waiting for us, and we don't want to keep her up too long."

"Mother" knows, and the boys know she knows, but they love her for the quiet little game that she plays.

REMINDED HIM OF HIS OWN MOTHER.

Here is an extract from a letter by a soldier to his mother:

"Monday night, at an affair here where I had charge of the automobiles, I helped an old lady about your age in a machine and put the blankets around her. She wanted to shake hands with me, and as she held my hand and wished me luck in this game, and then hoped I would get back to my mother who must be proud of me, I broke down and had to leave without even thanking her. She reminded me so much of you and seemed so good, but she did not know how sick my mother then was, and how badly I wanted to be with her and help her."

WHEN A FRENCH SOLDIER DIES.

"The French soldier, whatever his coarseness or his delicacy, needs feminine consolation," says Philip Gibbs in "The Soul of the War," "and all his ideals and his yearnings and his self-pity are intimately associated with the love of women, and especially one woman—his mother. So when a Frenchman lies dying, almost unconscious before his last breath, it is always a woman's name that he cries out, or whispers, though not always the name of his wife or mistress. One word is heard again and again in the hospital wards where the pollus lie, those bearded fellows so strong when they went out to war, but now so weak and helpless before death. 'Mother! Mother!' It is to the bosom of

motherhood that the spirit of the Frenchman goes in that last hour.

“Yet if the reader imagines that because of this thread of sentiment running through the character of France there is a softness in the qualities of French soldiers, he does not know the truth. Those men whom I saw at the front and behind the fighting-lines were as hard in moral and spiritual strength as in physical endurance.”

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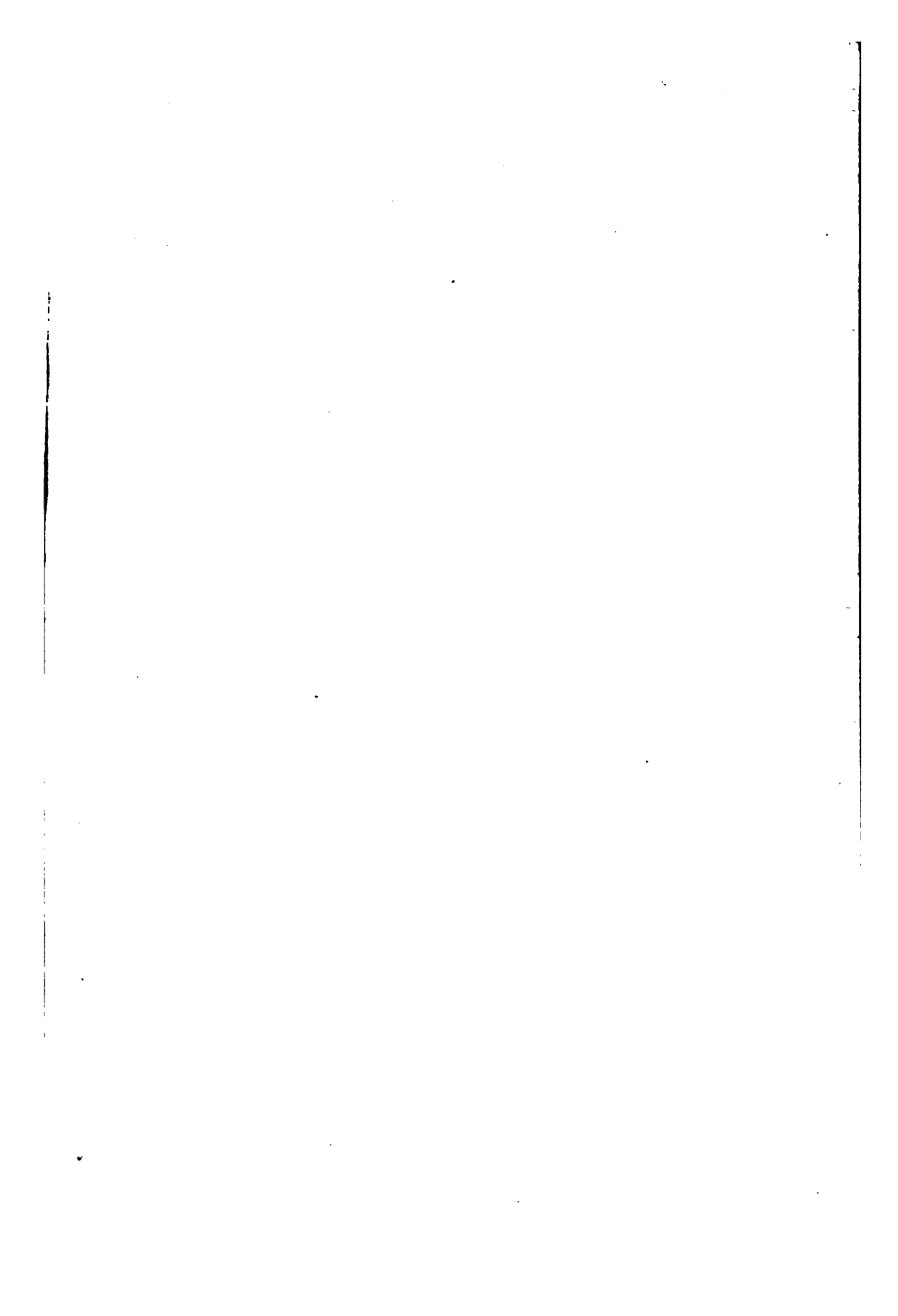
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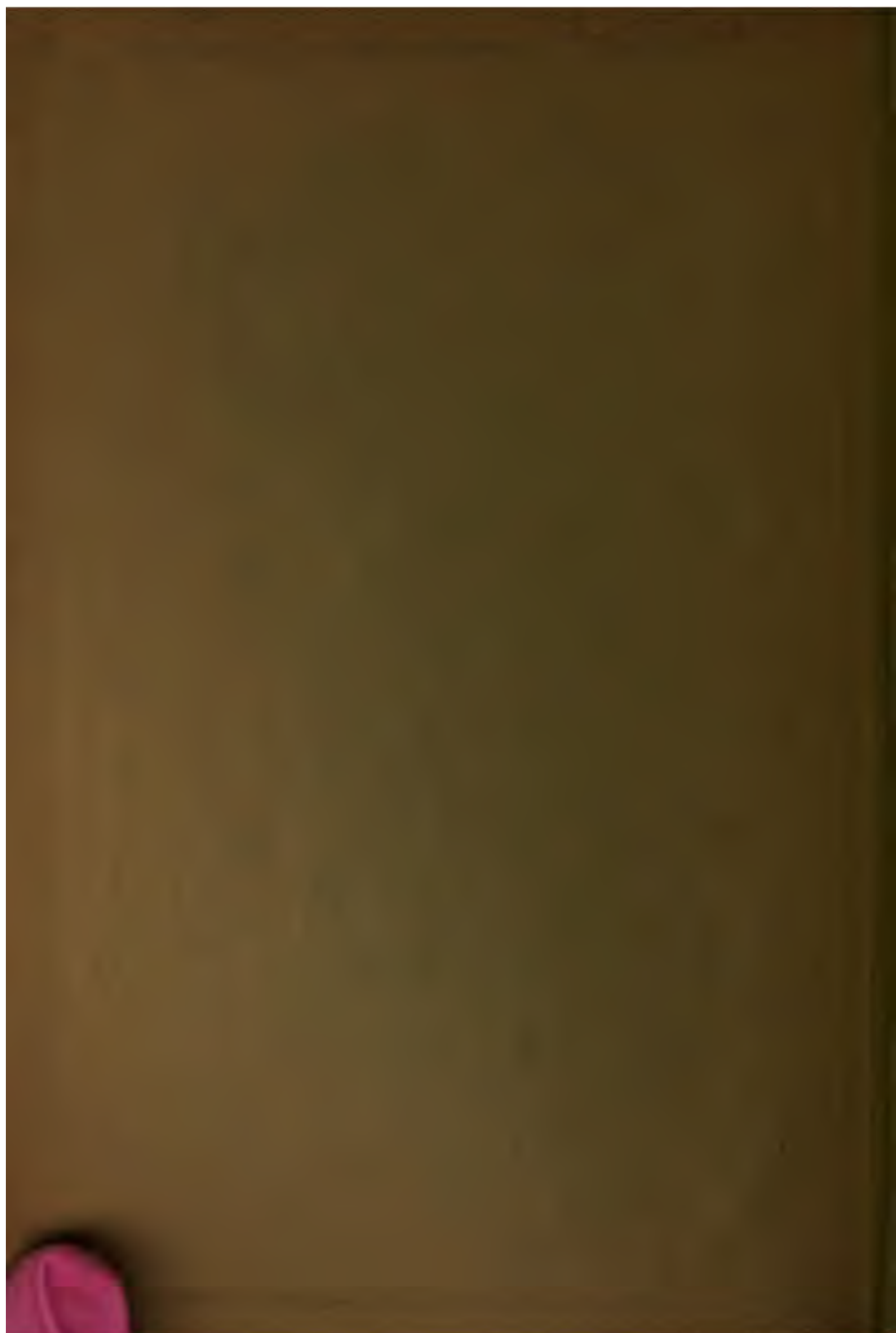
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